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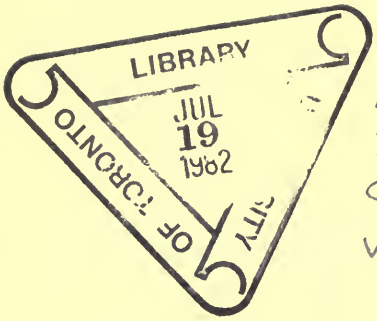
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Christophe Colomb

THE

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COLUMBUS.

Christ-bearer, world-revealer, hail! all hail!
All noble minds salute thy venturous sail.

FORTUNATE is he who along all the ways of life is guided and upheld by a great thought, a divine aim, a steadfast purpose. It is well with him, for by his own spirit he is exalted and made to know and feel that this is God's world, in which he is God's workman. Whatever his visible environment, his home is in the unseen infinite, which for him is not only real, but the only absolutely real; and though he be neglected or scorned, yet, in the general heart of men, he shall live. An inner light makes his pathway plain, and it he will follow, whether praise of him shall abide on earth to give birth to noble deeds, or he shall sleep without his fame. Dante is driven from his native city into exile, but he bears his world with him, and gives to it such body and consistency that it remains a deathless thing, while the Republic of Florence is become but a name. Shakspere holds horses, but his home is in realms where kings may enter and beauty keep its charm for ever fresh only by his leave. King Charles and his court may drive Milton, old and blind, into an obscure corner, but they may not forbid those thoughts which wander through eternity, those visits where the Muses haunt "clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill." Galileo's prison is a futile thing. He feels the earth sweep down the ringing grooves of change into ever-widening spheres, until all men see that truth and love alone, like God, are immutable. What, indeed, is the history of the inspired men of courage, of insight, and of faith, who have uplifted the race and led it into

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larger and more human ways, but the history of men who lived apart with their own thoughts, nourishing a hope sublime, in a world which knew them not, which doubtless, for the most part, was altogether incapable of knowing them? They were born to be the helpers of all noble souls through all the ages, and the crowd of money-getters, place-hunters, and pleasure-seekers can take no delight in them, can have even no proper conception of the life that is in them.

How lonely Columbus stands at the gate of the monastery of La Rabida, asking for bread and a drink of water for the weary child whom he holds by the hand. He who is about to give another world to mankind is himself a beggar; and when he shall have made his gift, he shall be a prisoner, and shall turn his last feeble gaze, in the midst of want and neglect, to the manacles he has worn—sad memorials of human gratitude. In the wholesome air of poverty, living from boyhood upon the ever-moving wave, in rude conflicts with the elements, buffeted by storms and with frequent noise of battle around him, his soul has waxed strong and heroic. His cradle was rocked by the side of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. From the hills of Genoa, with their Alpine background of eternal snow, his young eyes looked out upon the white sails and saw them fade away southward, while his heart followed after them. And later, in the silent watches of the night, clinging to the mast or leaning over the dark, mysterious waters, what dreams have come to solace him, what vague forebodings of the task which God had set him! His father may comb wool; he will seek the golden fleece farther than Colchis and the Pillars of Hercules, farther than the Hesperides, and he will find a New World, deep hidden through the ages and guarded by dragons of more horrid shape than those which affrighted the imaginations of the heroes who sailed with Jason, in the good ship Argo.

The greatest men stand out from their fellows, and the character of their age and other environment throw but a partial and uncertain light upon the causes which make them what they are. However favorable to the appearance of a great poet the England of Elizabeth's day may have been, we are left in the dark when we come to ask ourselves why an untutored country boy, growing up in an obscure corner, remote from the busy haunts of men, should among millions be the only mind capable of endowing with immortal life the Middle Ages, when they were about to dissolve and disappear before the breath of the modern world. Genius, like sanctity and heroism, remains

for ever marvellous and inexplicable. Its vesture, woven on the looms of time, we may behold; but the eternal Infinite, whence it draws its inspiration and its power, throws about it deep clouds of mystery, which we can penetrate only by the fitful gleam of its lightning flashes. It moves in curves whose sweep is too vast for our comprehension; it rises to heights where common men can only gasp for breath. We see the parts; the genius looks on the whole; we see what is done; he beholds the boundless possible, which whispers from infinity, asking to be done; we tread the beaten path of dull routine; he leads to fresh thoughts and loves, or sails away to discover new worlds.

We may not, however, regard him as unrelated to his time. He is the embodiment of aspirations and tendencies of which the multitude are as yet but vaguely conscious; and he belongs all the more to his age because he sees in it little else than the promise of better things: for a noble contempt for whatever is now quite accomplished, a sort of divine discontent with the whole world of mere facts, as being but the shadowy symbol of the eternally real, is the mark of genius.

When Columbus comes before us, the great historic movement among the Christian peoples which we call the Renaissance, the New Birth, had reached its culminating point. The residence of the popes at Avignon and the Schism of the West had weakened the central authority of the church, while the development of clearly marked nationalities had undermined feudalism and prepared the way for the substitution of independent monarchies in the place of the Holy Roman Empire. New forces, such as the printing-press, gunpowder, paper, and the mariner's compass, helped to hasten the transformation. With the fall of Constantinople, which was captured by the Turks in 1453, the Eastern Empire passed away. The Greek scholars who fled from their fanatical and barbarous conquerors gave a fresh impulse to the mind of Western Europe, and awakened new enthusiasm for classic arts and letters. The year in which America was discovered Copernicus was at the University of Cracow, busy with those studies which were to produce a revolution in the accepted theories of the constitution of the physical universe. Everything pointed to a transition from the old to a new order.

The centre of this activity was Italy. Her language was the first of the modern tongues to acquire form, consistency, and polish, and hundreds of her sons were eager lovers of the new learning, when its spirit was as yet scarcely recognized in France and England, Germany and Spain.

Even before the fall of Constantinople Italian enthusiasts had begun to make pilgrimages thither, to hold intercourse with men of learning, and to seek for precious relics of the past.

An Italian renaissance, in fact, in which the literature of the language sprang into fulness of life in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, preceded that of the fifteenth century. Petrarch created a new method in scholarship and became the author of humanism, while Boccaccio addressed himself to the study and commendation of Greek literature. The church encouraged the prevailing enthusiasm, and among the great names whose influence was especially felt in the classical revival is that of Pope Nicholas V., the founder of the Vatican Library.

Before the end of the fifteenth century a knowledge of the writings of Greece and Rome had become wide-spread, and the mediæval world-view had, to a large extent, been superseded by the modern. In the cultivation of the fine arts Italy also led the way. Giotto holds the relation to painting which Dante holds to poetry. In architecture Brunelleschi, and in sculpture Donatello, rivalled, in genius and skill, the artists of the age of Pericles, and we are on the eve of the appearance of Raphael, Titian and Correggio, Bramante and Michael Angelo, who will wed the grace, the strength, and the loveliness of ancient art to the purity and sweetness, the humanity and tenderness of Christian faith.

In scientific research, too, at this epoch the place of honor belongs to Italy. Leonardo da Vinci, born in 1452, is not only one of the great artists of the world, but he was also an anatomist, a physiologist, a botanist, an astronomer, a geographer, an explorer, who anticipated in many directions the results of modern scientific investigation. There is probably no other man who so well deserves to be called a universal genius. Paolo Toscanelli, with whom Columbus corresponded, is also worthy of mention as one of the pioneers who helped to enlarge the boundaries of natural knowledge.

The Italian republics, which were still in the fifteenth century the chief centres of the commercial activity of Christendom, were also the homes of the spirit of adventure and discovery. They had sent Marco Polo, in the latter half of the thirteenth century, by the overland route to the court of the great Kublai Khan, in far-off Cathay. In 1291 the Vivaldis and Tedisio Doria freighted two ships, and weighing anchor at Genoa, and sailing through the Strait of Gibraltar, turned boldly south to see whether it was possible to live under the equator, and

whether or not there was a southern passage around Africa. They disappeared beyond the horizon and no tidings were ever brought back to tell their fate. It was Italy who gave Perestrello, Usodimare, and Cadamosto to Prince Henry of Portugal, the Cabots to England, Verrazzani to France, Columbus to Spain and to all mankind. The intellectual outburst of the fifteenth century was not, however, confined to Italy. A fresh mental vigor, a new delight in the things of the mind, was discernible in every part of Europe. The fifteenth century is an age of inventions, of discoveries, of voyages to unknown regions, as well as an age of art and literature. Goethe's faith in culture and his knowledge of what had been done in the fifteenth century led him to affirm that the world would be farther advanced had Luther never been born; for the Reformation, for two hundred years, diverted the best minds of Europe from the pursuit of truth and beauty to bitter theological controversies, which, while they threw no light upon any subject, aroused everywhere the spirit of fanaticism. Whether there was moral gain seems doubtful. The fierce zeal of Calvinism and Puritanism has doubtless made itself felt as a mighty force, but it is not in harmony with the gentle spirit of Christ, and cannot remain as a permanent influence upon the conduct of men. Hatred and intolerance, contention and war, are surely not the best means to bring about moral and religious improvement; and the light which in the fifteenth century was spreading everywhere, unforbidden and hailed with salutations of glad welcome, would have fallen in the dark places where alone abuse and corruption thrive.

Of this fifteenth century Italy, with its aspirations, its yearnings, its forebodings of wider, freer, nobler life, Columbus is a child. In him, united with a deep and genuine love of knowledge, we find also a sincere religious faith and piety which urged him to heroic enterprise. In the middle ages zeal for the conversion of the heathen was the most potent impulse to geographical discovery. During the thirteenth century Franciscan and Dominican monks traversed Mongolia and Tartary and wrote accounts of their travels, and later on Catholic missionaries brought to Europe the first authentic accounts of China and India. As religious enthusiasm united the barbarous and contentious populations of Europe in the eleventh century and hurled them against Asia, until finally the progress of Islam was arrested and Christendom saved from the yoke of Mahometanism, so religious faith impelled and guided the immortal sailor of Genoa to the New World. Columbus, of course, was not the first or the only man

who believed that Asia could be reached by sailing westward across the Atlantic. This opinion was held by several, and among others by Paolo Toscanelli, whose reputation as a man of science gave weight to his arguments, and enabled him to confirm Columbus in his persuasion of the feasibility of the enterprise in which he was absorbed.

The awakening mind of Europe, in fact, was turning itself in every direction; and, as a result of this activity, the spirit of enterprise and discovery was aroused. As scholars went back to classical literature for knowledge and inspiration, so the vigorous, practical minds of the age felt themselves straitened in the world, and yearned for new regions into which to carry the commerce and the civilization of the Christian people. The returning crusaders had brought back from the East marvellous stories of its splendor and wealth, and in the latter part of the thirteenth century Marco Polo astonished Europe with accounts of the wonderful countries he had visited. His book of travels, which many looked upon as a romance, was the chief source of Toscanelli's information concerning the countries where the spices grow, and through him it helped to stimulate the ardor of Columbus, to whom Polo's writings were probably unknown. In the fourteenth century Catholic missions were founded in the chief cities of China, and an overland traffic between that country and Italy was established. It is to these early voyages that Europe was indebted for its knowledge of printing, and, possibly also, for that of the mariner's compass. The secret of making gunpowder was probably learned from the Saracens of Spain. By these instruments and forces the awakening western mind was roused to an intenser consciousness of the power which impels to action.

The Genoese were the first to seek to make the Atlantic a highway for their traffic.

In 1291, as we have already said, Ugolino and Guido Vivaldi freighted two ships, sailed through the Strait of Gibraltar, turned southward to discover a passage around Africa to India, and never returned. A few years later a fleet set sail from Genoa and discovered the Canary Islands; but strife and other misfortunes soon led to the abandonment of the new-found lands.

Portugal next took the lead in maritime enterprise. The Genoese, however, were still the boldest and the most expert sailors, and to them generally the command of the Portuguese ships was entrusted. The Canaries were revisited, and in 1346



COLUMBUS SETTING OUT FROM PALOS.

a vessel set sail for the Rio d'Oro, on the African coast; but it never came back. In spite of repeated efforts to make new discoveries, carried on for half a century, little was accomplished. The Portuguese crept cautiously along the shore, not daring to trust themselves to the open sea, because they believed that once land was lost sight of return would be impossible.

The most powerful impulse to Portuguese maritime enterprise was given by Prince Henry, called the Navigator, who, like Queen Isabella, had in his veins the blood of the House of Lancaster. He devoted his time and fortune to systematic attempts to find new lands, but his sailors, after twelve years of effort, had nothing to report save the unimportant discovery of Porto Santo and Madeira. At sight of Cape Bojador the stoutest hearts quailed and turned back. Prince Henry, however, did not lose heart, but continued to lavish his wealth in fitting out new fleets, and at length one of his captains overcame the terrors of Cape Bojador, and in 1442 reached Rio d'Oro, just fifty years before Columbus led the way to the New World. As rumors of these voyages spread through Europe, adventurers and sailors flocked to Portugal to offer their services to Prince Henry.

The most distinguished and the most successful of these were Usodimare and Cadamosto, both Italians. In 1455 the latter, having command of a caravel, passed the Senegal and cast anchor twelve leagues beyond that river. When about to set sail again he caught sight of another Portuguese ship, under the command of Usodimare, and together they continued the voyage as far as the river Gambia, whence they returned to Portugal. This is all Prince Henry succeeded in accomplishing during the forty-four years in which he labored, with patient courage and noble generosity, to reach India by sailing around Africa. It was doubtless a knowledge of these voyages that drew Columbus to Portugal; and thus the name of Prince Henry, who, had he been able to find a man of genius and heroic will, to propose and execute the project of sailing westward across the Atlantic, would have needed no urging to fit out the fleet, becomes indissolubly associated with the discovery of America. But he, when Columbus arrived in Lisbon, in 1470, was no longer among the living. Columbus at that time was about thirty-five years old. He was tall, strong, and symmetrical. His complexion was ruddy, his hair reddish, his eyes light, and his nose aquiline. His bearing was dignified, and his apparel and diet were plain and

moderate. Though by nature irascible, he struggled manfully to control his temper, and, except on rare occasions, he was mild and affable. He fasted often, and heard Mass and recited the office every day. In Lisbon he married and gained a maintenance by making geographical charts. His wife, the daughter of a navigator of renown, brought him into contact with men who were familiar with the voyages of Prince Henry's captains, and as he himself had already sailed to nearly every known part of the world, their conversation ran much upon adventure and the wonderful lands which lay hidden beyond the ocean. That Columbus had even then acquired a certain fame we infer from the fact that he was summoned to a conference with King Alfonso V., in which the possibility of reaching the East by sailing westward was discussed.

Of the feasibility of this scheme Columbus was persuaded. He felt confident that it was as easy to sail westward as to sail southward, as the Portuguese had done; and since he had no doubt of the sphericity of the earth, he was convinced one might travel round the globe. He was in error as to the distance between Western Europe and Eastern Asia; but this error, in leading him to believe the distance much less than it is, helped to confirm his confidence in the success of the enterprise, with which his mind was busy as early as 1474. In that year he received a letter from Toscanelli in reply to one in which he had proposed his project to the consideration of his learned fellow-countryman. "I have received your letter," Toscanelli wrote, "with the things you sent me, which I regard as a special favor. I appreciate your high and noble desire to sail from the east to the west, according to the chart I sent you. I am glad you understand it, and that the voyage is not only possible but certain. The honor and profit will be beyond calculation, and the fame of it great among all Christians." The letter of Columbus, to which this is a reply, has been lost, but Toscanelli's words make it plain that he was then, eighteen years before he was finally able to set sail, resolved to follow his plans of discovery with the courage and strength of will which no obstacles or difficulties could affright or enfeeble. The undertaking was too great for even the mightiest and wealthiest private individual; for, besides men and money and ships, it was necessary to find some sovereign power to claim, hold, and defend the countries he might discover. Nothing at that time was to be expected from Portugal, which was engaged in an expensive contest for the succession to the throne of Castile; nor from Genoa,

which had suffered cruel reverses and was torn by factions; nor was there any other country to which he might have looked for help with any hope of success.

In 1481 John II. ascended the throne of Portugal and gave a new impulse to maritime discovery. He assembled the ablest astronomers and cosmographers of his kingdom for the purpose of devising some means to guide ships in unknown waters, under whatever part of the heavens; and as a result of their conferences the astrolabe was transferred to the use of navigators. A ship losing its course need now no longer grope its way back by the uncertain guidance of the stars. The fear lest, having sailed far into unknown seas, it would be impossible to find the way home again, need not henceforth trouble those to whom Columbus might appeal for aid. He therefore proposed his scheme to King John, and so far impressed him with his ideas that the matter was referred to a board in charge of maritime discovery. The board, of course, declared the project to be extravagant and visionary. The king then inquired of his privy council whether the way pointed out by Columbus was a better passage to India than the old one along the coast of Africa. The council decided in favor of the old way; and a year or two later, in 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese captain, was driven by a gale beyond the Cape of Good Hope, which Da Gama succeeded in passing again in 1497, five years after the discovery of America.

Columbus left Lisbon in 1484 to visit his aged father, for whose wants, though poor himself, he piously provided. A little later we get sight of him begging his way to the court of Spain, to bring his project to the attention of its rulers.

Isabella does not appear to have been present at his first interview with Ferdinand, in which, having explained his project to the king, he declared his belief that God had chosen him to carry it to a successful issue. Ferdinand, who seems to have taken a not unfavorable view of the matter, declared that before coming to a decision in a scheme of such importance it would be necessary to consult the men of learning. While waiting for the council of learned men to assemble, Columbus, as a means of support, resumed the business of making charts and globes, in which he had such poor success that at times he was in want of the necessaries of life, and had it not been for the kindness of Alonzo de Quintanilla he might have perished of hunger. This kind friend succeeded in bringing him to the notice of Cardinal Mendoza, who, next to the king, was the

most powerful man in Spain. The conference called by Ferdinand to consider the proposal of Columbus met at Salamanca, in the convent of St. Stephen, in 1486–87. The greater number of those who participated in the discussions had, before any meetings were held, decided in their own minds that the whole scheme was wild and visionary. Some of them disbelieved in the sphericity of the earth, as being opposed to the teaching of the Bible; others ridiculed the notion of the existence of antipodes, appealing to the authority of St. Augustine; and others advanced cosmographical arguments to show that three years' sailing would not suffice to carry Columbus to the regions which he hoped to reach. Then the heat of the torrid zone, it was said, was so excessive that it would be found impossible to live in it. If this danger should be escaped and the ships should reach the nether parts of the earth, what power would be great enough to bring them up again over the watery walls of the ocean?

All this, indeed, was foolish enough, but in an age when the knowledge of nature was extremely imperfect fanciful considerations carried weight.

"Before Columbus," says Las Casas, "could make them understand his theory and arguments, he had to remove from their minds the erroneous principles on which their objections were founded—a more difficult task than teaching truth."

Among these men of learning there was, however, at least one, the Dominican monk Diego Deza, who understood the man of genius whom others scorned as a dreamer, and whose courage and intelligence weakened the strength of the arguments advanced by those whom ignorance and prejudice made certain they were right.

No decision had been reached when, in the spring of 1487, Ferdinand and Isabella entered upon another campaign against the Moors, and laid siege to Malaga, whither Columbus followed them. Two years passed, while he waited and hoped, wandering from city to city, striving to awaken interest in his cherished enterprise.

In May, 1489, he was summoned to a conference with the king and queen at Cordova; but before anything could be done war was again declared, and Columbus followed the court and army to the siege of Baza, in which, as Zuniga testifies, he took part, giving proof of valor and wisdom. Baza was captured, and Ferdinand and Isabella entered Seville in triumph to celebrate

the victory. During all this time Columbus, though he received occasional allowances from court, was often in want.

"The Duke of Medina-Celi," says Las Casas, "knowing that Columbus was in want of food, commanded that what was necessary should be given him. To such distress had he come." From Father Deza also, and Quintanilla, he received assistance. It was in these years that he was forced to bear the mockeries and insults of which he complained in the sickness and poverty of his old age, when he had been abandoned by the people upon whom he had conferred a glory and a power that kings cannot give.

The frivolous and thoughtless crowd treated him as a madman, and the children, putting into act the prejudices of their elders, were accustomed when he passed by to point to their foreheads as a sign that he was demented.

The capture of Baza was the beginning of the end of the wars which the Spaniards for centuries had carried on against the Moorish invaders. The final struggle was at hand, and whose the victory was to be was not doubtful.

It was not to be expected that, in the midst of the exaltation of spirit which preceded the great national triumph, a project like that of Columbus should receive calm and attentive consideration. He, however, fearing lest these wars should still be prolonged for years, while he had but a brief space of life in which to accomplish his God-given task, set his friends to work to obtain from the court a decisive answer before another campaign should open.

Again the board was called together, and the conclusion reached was that the project of Columbus was visionary, and that the weak arguments of such a man should have no force to persuade great princes to engage in costly and hazardous enterprises. Father Deza, however, persuaded the king and queen to soften the blow by making a report to Columbus in which the cares and expenses of the war were alleged as a reason for not taking up his scheme just then, though they hoped in future for a favorable opportunity to examine thoroughly his project. When Columbus, little pleased with this report, went to Seville, to learn from the sovereigns themselves what their decision was, he was treated with consideration and gentleness, but was told that what he had heard was true. When, after five years of hope deferred, he was asked still to wait for an indefinite time, he grew impatient, and his thoughts turned to the kings of

France, England, and Portugal, from all of whom he had received invitations to lay his projects before them.

With this view he set out for Huelva to leave his son Diego, a boy of twelve years, with his brother-in-law. On his way he stopped at the convent of Santa Maria de La Rabida, to ask for bread and water for the child whom he led by the hand.

Whether this was his first or his second visit to La Rabida is matter of dispute. At all events, he found there in the prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, a friend who ever after remained steadfast in his devotion to himself and his great enterprise.

When the story of the sorrows and disappointments of his guest had been told the monk bade him take heart, assuring him that his high dream should yet become a fact.

He sent for Garcia Fernandez, the most learned man in the neighboring town of Palos, and for Martin Alonzo Pinzon, its greatest sea-captain, and having with their help and that of Columbus examined the scheme with all the thoroughness of which he was capable, he became an enthusiastic believer in its feasibility. As he had been the queen's confessor, he took the liberty to write to her to beg her to reconsider her decision. The letter was entrusted to Sebastian Rodriguez, a shrewd pilot of Lepi, who delivered it to Isabella, in her camp of Santa Fe, near Granada.

She was touched by the earnest faith and zeal of the monk, and bade him come to her without delay. The royal message was received at sunset, and before midnight Marchena was astride his borrowed mule on his way to Santa Fe, leaving Columbus in the convent to await the outcome of his mission.

Admitted to audience, he presented his case with such persuasive eloquence that the queen gave orders that Columbus should return to her, and that he should be provided with whatever was necessary to enable him to travel with becoming dignity.

He was as quick to start as Marchena had been, and when he reached the camp he was commended to the charge of his old friend, Alonzo de Quintanilla. He arrived just in time to see the Moorish power, which for eight hundred years had filled Spain with blood and battle, go down for ever before the warriors of Ferdinand and Isabella, who, having received the keys of Granada from King Boabdil, on the second of January, 1492, entered the city in triumph four days later, on the Feast of the Epiphany. Thus Columbus was witness of one of the most im-



COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF ISABELLA.

portant and dramatic events of history, and what he then saw helped to fire his naturally fervid imagination.

When the rejoicings and festivities were at an end, his project was again taken up by a royal commission appointed for this purpose.

Columbus, who for years had been a beggar, a figure for scorn to point its finger at, now made demands which would give him rank with princes, and which only kings could grant. He asked for the title of Admiral of the Ocean, with all the powers and privileges enjoyed by the admirals of Castile in their respective districts; he asked also to be made viceroy and governor of all the islands and continents he should discover; and, in addition to the pay and emoluments of these offices, he demanded a tenth of the net income of whatever should be found or exchanged in the new lands; and finally, he required that these titles and privileges should be made hereditary in his family.

As these demands excited both surprise and indignation, Isabella sought to effect a compromise by offering conditions which, if less extravagant, were still honorable and profitable. But Columbus refused to yield, and negotiations were broken off. The attitude he here assumed need not seem strange, if we bear in mind the fact that he believed himself called by Heaven to undertake this work, the accomplishment of which would lead him to other divinely appointed tasks, not less important, in his own estimation at least. Not a moment, therefore, did he hesitate, but bestrode his mule and took the road to Cordova, whence he intended to journey to Paris to lay his plans before the King of France.

His friends, Alonzo de Quintanilla and Louis de Santangel, deeply chagrined and disappointed at the turn things had taken, besought Isabella to consider again the loss of honor and glory to Spain, if another country should be permitted to reap the fruits of the discoveries which they all were now persuaded Columbus would undoubtedly make. His demands, they admitted, were extravagant, his spirit imperious; but a wise and mighty sovereign, when the right moment to engage in an enterprise of world-wide import had come, need not consider such trifles. If he succeeded in accomplishing what he promised his reward could hardly be too great; but if he failed the loss would be inconsiderable. The appeal to the magnanimity of Isabella produced its effect. A messenger was despatched to ask Columbus

to return. He overtook him two leagues from Granada, at the bridge of Pinos, on the road to Cordova.

As the thought of all he had suffered, of the delusive promises by which he had so often been beguiled, flashed across his mind, he betrayed a momentary hesitancy; then turning his mule, he rode back to the city. His ascendency was now complete. Isabella succeeded in gaining at least the formal assent of Ferdinand, and at Santa Fe, on the 17th of April, 1492, they both signed articles of agreement with Columbus, in which all his demands were granted. When it was asked whence the money to fit out the expedition was to be obtained, since the treasury was empty, Isabella replied: "The enterprise is mine for the crown of Castile. I pledge my jewels for the funds."

The money was borrowed from the ecclesiastical revenues of Aragon, and the loan was repaid with the first gold brought from the New World. On the 12th of May Columbus took leave of the king and queen and set out for Palos, which had been selected as the port from which he should sail. In a little while he found himself again in La Rabida, overlooking the seaport, henceforth the most famous, and here with the monks, who loved him as one of their own, whose habit he was accustomed to wear in token of his love of them and St. Francis, we, for the present, leave him.

"There are few," says Landor, "whom God has promoted to serve the truly great. They are never to be superseded, nor are their names to be obliterated in earth or heaven." In the list of these let us here place Queen Isabella, Juan Perez de Marchena, Diego Deza, Alonzo de Quintanilla, and Louis de Santangel. There was enough of the heroic and godlike in them to recognize the heroic and godlike in Columbus. They knew the man, they knew the right moment, and their names are imperishable.

J. L. SPALDING.

Peoria, Ill.

THE CHOICE.

O LOVER! filled with glorious joy
Of heart's success,
If in your loving be the base alloy
Of selfishness;
If for the adored you would not bravely pay
Service of tears,
And prove your stalwart fealty day by day—
Turn not this way!

Lover of life! if you would never know
Life's meaning deep;
Or how the maimed and fevered thousands go,
As funerals creep,
Across the hospital's sad threshold borne;
If too much pain
Comes with the life lived round us day by day—
Turn not this way!

Image of God! if you would serve Christ's love
But as you will,
And like the worm with aimless longings move
In darkness still;
If too much heart's-blood flows when you would pray
Before the Cross,
Where saints their daily tribute duly lay—
Turn *you* away!

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

ANOTHER WORD ON OTHER WORLDS.

I AGREE in general with what Father Searle has written in his recent article. This article has suggested, however, the present supplement, in which I wish to present some thoughts on the same topic, but in a different line of reasoning.

After all has been said, there remains in almost every mind the idea or sentiment, which cannot be driven out, that the ultimate purpose of the universe must be to serve as the habitation of rational beings. The only question is: whether it is intended to be the habitation of angels and men exclusively, or of other species of rational creatures also?

The former hypothesis is sufficient for the absolute exigency of reason, which demands that the material universe should stand in a due relation to the world of spirits and subserve their utility and happiness.

There is, nevertheless, a probability in favor of the second hypothesis, and what I wish to do is to show what are the conditions under which we can suppose, in conformity with sound philosophy and theology, that orders of rational beings other than angels and men may hereafter people the worlds which fill actual space.

There have been many speculations on this topic which will not bear a critical examination. Some fanciful and even silly attempts have been made to draw a picture of supermundane states of existence, which are nothing more or less than projections of earthly conditions into other spheres. More serious and Christian speculators, without contradicting any of the doctrines of faith, have imagined a repetition and multiplication of worlds and species like our own, with similar conditions of probation and the same final destiny.

This view is unphilosophical, untheological, and unscriptural. Whatever detracts from the unity of the universe, in a physical, intellectual, and moral sense, is unphilosophical. Whatever takes from the Incarnation of the Son of God in Jesus Christ its unique pre-eminence as the apex of the creative act, and from the triumphant church of angels and men its supreme and solitary grandeur as the central and highest kingdom in the universal empire of Christ, is untheological and unscriptural. The universe is for the glory of Jesus Christ and his saints, first and

above all things, and through this glorification of the church, chiefly, the final cause of creation, the glory of God, is accomplished.

The universe, as the dwelling-place of rational beings, is, therefore, principally the habitation of the glorified angels and saints. If there are other species of rational creatures who will hereafter dwell in the countless spheres which revolve in the celestial spaces, these are subordinated to the glorified princes of the kingdom of heaven, they are on lower planes of life, and go to fill up and complete the intellectual and moral empire of Christ.

Taken in this way, the hypothesis of rational inhabitants of other worlds, who are of different species from angels and men, is in harmony with theology, is possible, and even probable. And it is my present purpose to develop this idea, in order to show its probability. It will be observed that I speak of the existence of these orders of rational creatures only as future. For, not only the absence of all evidence of the habitability of other worlds, but the positive evidence of the unfitness of those spheres with which we are acquainted for any kind of life like ours, reduces the notion of other inhabited worlds to a mere possibility and a pure conjecture. But, when we propose the hypothesis that the celestial orbs are now in the process of evolution and preparation, to become in future ages the abodes of countless myriads of intelligent creatures, the whole aspect of the case is changed. And, as will presently be seen, our ideas of the probable conditions of life in these worlds undergo very essential modifications.

Those who speculate about the present and past existence of intellectual creatures inhabiting other worlds, and who seek to make their theories conform to Christian doctrine, usually imagine that the state of things in these worlds is analogous to the condition of the earth, as a probationary sphere. These rational species are supposed to move on lines parallel to ours, but separate and independent. They are supposed to be under a similar dispensation of law and grace, undergoing a moral probation, and working out their salvation, with a liability to sin, and exposed to all the risks as well as enjoying all the advantages which have attended the probation of the human race. They are not subordinated to the end and place of the beatified angels and men in the universal empire of Christ, but are, so to speak, separate and independent kingdoms.

Now, this is an untheological and unscriptural view. We

must take our departure from the postulate, that the whole universe has been created for the glory of Jesus Christ, and of those who are associated with him, *i.e.*, beatified men and angels. All other intellectual creatures must be ranged in order beneath this hierarchy and dependent on it.

Moreover, if the worlds are peopled only in the future age, after the Last Judgment and the general restitution of all things in Christ, there can be no corruption, decay, death, moral evil, and therefore no state of probation in them. Their inhabitants must be perfect, immortal, happy, exempt from all liability to sin and suffering, by their very nature and the laws of their being. They cannot, however, have a supernatural destiny, or be capable of attaining to the beatified vision of God, which is the exclusive heritage of the adopted sons of God, the glorified angels and men.

All theologians teach, and all Catholics believe, that God created the angels and constituted them in grace, that they might merit supernatural beatitude by fidelity under some trial of their obedience to which they were subjected. Those who were faithful were immediately confirmed in grace and exalted to glory. We believe, also, that men were created and constituted in grace, that they might through obedience and merit obtain a place among the angels in the glory of heaven, and that, after the fall of Adam, the way to heaven is open to mankind through Christ the Redeemer.

All theologians teach, also, that through the Incarnation of the Son of God in Jesus the Son of Mary, the elect angels and men have been exalted to a higher state of glory than that which could have been created if there had been no fall, but also no Incarnation and no Redemption. All theologians teach that Jesus Christ is head over angels as well as over men, that he is the sovereign of the universe, and that Mary, his blessed Mother, is Queen of Angels, Saints, and the whole universe. Not only are angels and men glorified in the Incarnation, but the whole universe is irradiated with a new lustre, all creatures are exalted and brought nearer to God. In the Incarnation the creative act of God is brought to its acme, the master-piece of divine wisdom is accomplished, and the creation attains its Final Cause in the most sublime possible manner.

The Incarnation of the Eternal Word in Jesus Christ, which took place on our earth, when he was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, is a solitary and unique act, never to be repeated.

St. Paul says of Jesus Christ the Son of Mary, our Saviour, that "God the Father hath translated us into the kingdom of his beloved Son, in whom we have redemption through his blood, the remission of sins; who is the image of the invisible God, *the first-born of every creature;* for *in him were all things* created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominations, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and in him: and he is before all; and by him all things consist. And he is the head of the body, the church; who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he may hold the primacy. Because in him it hath well pleased that all fulness should dwell: and through him to reconcile all things unto himself, making peace through the blood of his cross, both as to the things that are on earth, and the things that are in heaven" (*Coloss.* i. 12–20).

All these things are said of Jesus the Son of Mary, who died on the cross and rose again. It is he who has the primogeniture, who is the Father's first and only-begotten Son and Heir, the Sovereign of the universe, and having no compeer to divide with him the power.

In Jesus Christ the human race is exalted to the highest place in the kingdom of God, together with the holy angels who are ministers of Christ, and the associates of the saints, and over whom Mary is Queen.

All other orders of intelligent beings, however numerous their species and great their number, are inferior to the saints, and subordinated to them. Beatified angels and saints are, in a supernatural order, by adoption sharers with Jesus Christ in his divine sonship, co-heirs with him. By grace and the light of glory they have been deified and made partakers of the life and beatitude of God, in an ineffable union with the Blessed Trinity.

This is the exclusive privilege of angels and men; and there is not the slightest probability that any other intelligent beings will ever be elevated to the plane of supernatural grace and glory.

The merit and grace of Christ suffice, indeed, being infinite, to extend the privileges of the supernatural order to countless worlds; if such were the will of God. But we have no right to suppose anything of the kind. First, because there is no proof of it in revelation. Second, because there is negative proof to the contrary.

In rational nature there is no inherent right and no exigency for supernatural grace and glory. Grace is a purely gratuitous

gift. It is so great that one could not imagine it, much less believe that it has been granted, unless we were taught of God by a divine revelation. As, therefore, the hypostatic union of the uncreated and created natures in the Person of Jesus Christ, and the exaltation of Mary to be the Mother of God, are unique facts, so also the formation of a society of intelligent beings in the order of supernatural grace is, *a priori*, a fact which must be regarded as unique. The reason of being for such an order, the exemplar idea in the mind of God of a universe raised to the apex of metaphysical possibility, the purpose of glorifying himself in the highest and best act of creative wisdom and goodness, are fully satisfied and accomplished, by the formation of one society of glorified beings composed of angels and men.

Moreover, the Catholic Church is the Body of Christ, and the Bride of Christ. This is so continually affirmed in the apostolic writings that it is needless to quote texts. Now, Christ has only one body and one bride. The church militant on earth becomes the church triumphant in heaven. The angels of heaven belong to it already, but there are no embodied spirits belonging to this society, except those who have been prepared for it by receiving the grace of regeneration in the church militant on earth.

St. Paul writes to the Ephesians, repeating the statement which has been quoted above from another epistle, that Jesus Christ has the absolute pre-eminence and sovereign dominion in the whole creation; adding to it, that the extension and complement of his Incarnation is found in the Catholic Church.

"That you may know what is the exceeding greatness of his power towards us, who believe according to the operation of the might of his power, which he wrought in Christ, raising him up from the dead, and setting him at his right hand in the heavenly places; above all principality and power, and virtue and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come. And hath put all things under his feet; and hath made him head over all the church, which is his body, and *the fulness of him who filleth all in all*" (Eph. ii. 14–23).

This language is decisive and exclusive. The Incarnation has its entire and full complement in the church composed of human beings, inhabitants of the earth which was his birth-place, and his blood-relations by a common descent from Adam. There is no room left vacant for the denizens of other worlds, and no addition can be made to absolute plenitude.

The only plane of being which can be occupied by rational

creatures, the inhabitants of other worlds, is the plane of pure nature, in which their destiny is fulfilled by the possession of natural beatitude.

There is no reason to suppose that such beings, if they exist, are in a state of probation, liable to sin, or subject to suffering of any kind.

The existence of evil, especially moral evil, in the world is the greatest and most perplexing of all the problems which philosophers and theologians have been always trying to solve. It is not reasonable to suppose this anomaly to have any greater extension than we know it to have. It is congruous to a true idea of the goodness of God to suppose that he will permit only the *minimum* of evil, which will suffice for the fulfilment of the purpose he has in view in permitting rational creatures to abuse their free-will. It is a very common and grievous error, that free-will necessarily involves liability to sin. On the contrary, this liability is a defect of liberty. The blessed in heaven have free-will and are impeccable. Jesus and Mary have always from the beginning of their existence had free-will, and they were impeccable. God has free-will, but it is impossible for him to sin.

As a consequence of the error just noted, it is commonly concluded that rational beings can attain moral perfection and felicity only through probation, in which by struggle and effort they acquire habits of virtue. This is not so. There are multitudes of infants who die before they are capable of moral responsibility, and who never have any probation. All these human beings pass into a state of perpetual felicity, either natural or supernatural, without ever having run any risk of committing actual sin.

Liability to sin arises from a defect of intelligence, and a consequent variability of will in the choice between the true good, and evil under the guise of apparent good. If intelligence is perfect it cannot mistake apparent for real good, and therefore the will can only choose those things which are in harmony with its chief object of desire, viz., the supreme good. Give a rational creature an unerring knowledge of good, with rectitude of will, and it cannot sin. Give it a complete possession of all the good it naturally desires, and it cannot suffer.

It is perfectly easy for God to create rational beings in this perfection, and to give them perfect felicity, by an act of gratuitous goodness, without requiring of them to do anything to deserve or acquire this state of perfection.

He has not taken this course with angels and men. He has chosen to create them in an imperfect state, a state of equilibrium between good and evil, and to require them to determine themselves to good, in order to acquire a state of everlasting felicity by their own, personal merit. To adapt the language of a German writer, used in respect to another subject, to the present case: "He gave into the hand of human liberty a mighty two-edged sword; a sword equally sharp for good and evil: for the battle in behalf of virtue and truth, and the warfare of sin and error."

The only possible motive which could have determined the Divine Will to place this dangerous weapon in the hands of his creatures was a greater good to be obtained by the victory of good over evil, than that which would be gained by keeping evil entirely aloof from the rational creation. This good is amply secured by the warfare of good with evil in the angelic and human spheres. There is no reason, therefore, for supposing any permission of sin and the evils consequent upon it in any other worlds inhabited by rational beings.

If we assume that the worlds will be peopled only after the Last Judgment, it is certain that they are not the theatre of probation, a conflict between good and evil.

Holy Scripture teaches that a day is coming of the restoration, the restitution of all things.

"Jesus Christ, whom heaven indeed must receive until the times of the *restitution of all things*, which God hath spoken by the mouth of his holy prophets, from the beginning of the world" (St. Peter in *Acts* iii. 20, 21).

St. Paul writes: "Afterwards the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God and the Father, when he shall have abolished all principality, and authority, and power. For he must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. And the enemy death shall be destroyed last; for he hath put all things under his feet. And whereas he saith, all things are put under him; undoubtedly, he is excepted, who put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then the Son also himself shall be subject to him who subjected all things to himself, that God may be all in all" (1 *Cor.* xv. 24–28).

Here a temporary administration of the world by Jesus Christ, whose purpose is to carry on to a final victory the warfare between the powers of good and the powers of evil, is explicitly declared. After the victory the warfare ceases, the administration of the church militant is closed, the army is dis-

banded. The kingdom of the elect is consummated in the beatific union with God, the work of the Redeemer is finished and God is all in all.

Evidently, when this takes place, all rebellion is quelled for ever, all creatures are subject to the law of God, and his sovereign will reigns supreme throughout the universe. This is explicitly declared by St. Paul in another place.

"Christ Jesus being in the form of God, thought it no robbery himself to be equal to God; but debased himself, taking the form of a servant, being made to the likeness of men, and in shape found as a man. He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath exalted him, and hath given him a name which is above every name: that in the Name of Jesus *every knee should bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father* (*Philipp.* ii. 5–11).

As God, Jesus Christ reigns over the world equally with the Father and the Holy Spirit. As man, he is the head of the creation, and next to him are his saints.

But the whole inferior creation shares with them in the "restitution of all things."

"The Spirit himself giveth testimony to our spirit, that we are the sons of God. And if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ. . . . For I reckon, that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us. For the expectation of the creature waiteth for the revelation of the sons of God. For the creature (*i.e.*, the creation) was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him that made it subject in hope: because the creature also itself *shall be delivered from the servitude of corruption*, unto the liberty of the glory of the children of God. For we know that every creature groaneth, and is in labor even until now" (*Rom.* viii. 16–22).

A regeneration awaits the universe. "I saw a new heaven and a new earth. For the first heaven and the first earth was passed away" (*Apoc.* xxi. 1).

The co-heirs with Christ are, under him, the lords of this renovated universe. If its spheres have their own proper inhabitants, they are doubtless physically, intellectually, and morally perfect, enjoying a perfect and perpetual felicity. And the beatified sons of God rule over them.

The saints reign with Christ. In a parable, the Lord represents the king's faithful servants as receiving power to rule over five or ten cities. In the Apocalypse, he promises to the one who shall overcome and keep his works unto the end: "I will give him *the morning-star*" (*Apoc.* ii. 28).

It is difficult to imagine how dominion over empty stars, whether suns or planets, can afford enjoyment and occupation to the saints in heaven. What is a kingdom or a city without inhabitants? If these worlds are going to be peopled with intelligent inhabitants after the "restitution of all things," they will find their supreme felicity in the natural knowledge and natural love of God. Since they will not have the immediate, intuitive vision of the divine essence, they can only enjoy an abstractive contemplation of the divine perfections, as manifested in the creation. The angels and saints of heaven are the best works of God, and in them his perfections are more splendidly reflected than in all inferior creatures. What is more reasonable than the hypothesis that the glorious saints rule over smaller or larger worlds, over systems of worlds, and systems of systems, in a regular gradation and hierarchy. They are kings, priests, and mediators for the countless multitudes of intelligent and happy beings who fill up the boundless universe of God, and people the outlying provinces of the kingdom of Christ.

This hypothesis removes a difficulty which besets our imagination, when we try to conceive of the life, activity, and occupation of the blessed. Assuredly, their essential beatitude consists in the contemplation of God. But besides the light of glory and the faculty of the intuitive vision of God, they have all their natural faculties, and all natural and supernatural virtues. What scope is there, besides the beatific contemplation of God, for their activity?

The theory I have set forth answers this question in a certain way, and more intelligibly than any other hypothesis.

It cannot be demonstrated scientifically or philosophically, neither can we pretend that it is explicitly revealed. It is a theory, and only a theory. But it will be difficult to show that it is improbable, and to very many it will appear to be extremely probable, as well as beautiful and fascinating.

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IN RETREAT.

WITHIN the gate I stand, and wait
 Although full well I know the way;
I love to feel the quiet steal
 Upon me, as it did that day
When first my feet sought this retreat,
 And when my soul first learned to pray.

I greet each saint that sweet and faint
 Smiles down upon me from the walls;
Within their eyes I recognize
 The spirit that my spirit calls;
I leave all pain, and thoughts of gain,
 Out where the burning sunlight falls.

In prayer and praise the precious days,
 Relieved from every sordid care,
So quietly go slipping by
 That each one seems a vision fair
Of cloister dim, and vesper hymn,
 And sweet nun faces bent in prayer.

Ah, me! full soon, at morn or noon,
 I must repass these kindly doors;
And grieve to feel that I shall kneel
 No more upon these dear old floors;
Nor breathe the air, all sweet with prayer,
 Within these long, dim corridors.

But the dear Christ, whose grace sufficed
 The martyrs and the saints to bless,
Will watch my way, though far I stray,
 And though my erring feet shall press
The downward road that leads from God,
 And far into the wilderness.

MARGRET HOLMES.

Indianapolis, Ind.

HOW SHALL THE NEGRO BE EDUCATED?

Mr. W. T. Harris is the United States Commissioner of Education. Naturally he should be looked upon as a competent authority in this field in all its aspects. Hence there need be no surprise that he should write on the education of the Negro. This he has done in the June number of the *Atlantic.* But his article is more than the embodiment of one man's views, however competent, for in a foot-note the reader is told that it had been sent "in advance of publication to several gentlemen whose position and experience especially qualify them to comment on the assertions made and the suggestions offered." Among them were the Hon. R. L. Gibson, senator from Louisiana; the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, chairman of the educational committee of the John F. Slater Fund, which is for the industrial education of the negroes; Philip A. Bruce, Esq., editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Times* and author of *The Plantation Negro as a Freeman;* and Lewis H. Blair, Esq., of Richmond, Va., a well-known friend of the colored race. This article, then, is worthy of a careful study.

The first principle laid down by Mr. Harris might be written in letters of gold: "The religious idea at the bottom of our civilization is the missionary idea"—which he also calls a spirit of divine charity. "For," he writes, "the Eternal Word tasted of death and descended into Hades, the very nadir of the Divine, to make it possible for finite beings to ascend into participation with him and to grow for ever into his image" (p. 721). It is in the light of this religious principle, he contends, that any problem relating to the negroes or other down-trodden race must be discussed. And Mr. Harris is careful to strengthen his position by a strong quotation from Robert C. Winthrop, president of the board of trustees of the Peabody Fund, who is most emphatic that in all common schools for colored children, notwithstanding that they may have industrial, agricultural, and mechanical departments, the only needful thing is religious and moral influence.

If, indeed, Darwin, Comte, and Herbert Spencer, whom the United States Commissioner of Education professes to follow, teach the divine altruism, they do so more from the influence of the Christian atmosphere that surrounds them than from any

principle of their own. Long before them, the Eternal Word made Flesh, of whom Mr. Harris writes so reverently, had said that a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple should not go unrewarded, and who, moreover, had made this altruism the standard of judgment, so much insisted upon in our days, as if it were anything new. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess ye the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you covered me; sick, and you visited me. . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me" (Matt. xxv. 35).

And religion, the protector of the deepest principle of our civilization, is confirmed, so Mr. Harris affirms, by the scientific, political, and social movements of our age, inasmuch as all agree in the noble teaching that the lowest must be uplifted by the highest—lifted up into self-activity and full development of individuality (p. 722).

This, too, has ever been the aim of the Catholic missionary. It was to raise up the pagan Irish that Patrick left the studious cloisters of sea-girt Lerins; it was to elevate the hardy Germanic races that Boniface toiled and died along the banks of the Rhine; it was this spirit that drove Xavier from the rostrum of the University of Paris to be tossed about in a frail boat by the simoons of the Japanese seas. Again, this same love of his fellow-man, created in the image and likeness of his Maker, led Peter Claver to turn his back on sunny Spain in order to strike off the shackles of Satan from the souls of forty thousand negro slaves who landed at Carthagena, South America.

Let us, Catholics, thank the official head of education in our land for recognizing religion as the sure foundation of the superstructure of citizenship and civilization.

Well, too, may St. Joseph's Seminary for the colored missions be grateful. For by this standard its work is surely of the right stamp. In fact, after the love of souls, few better arguments for its existence can be found than that "the religious idea at the bottom of our civilization is the missionary idea." St. Joseph's Seminary is both religious and missionary. Its work is to form the priests who, as missionaries, will plant religion in the hearts of the colored people. Every Catholic recognizes the need of the seminary; for Holy Mother Church in the long run will impart the efficacious energy which will quicken and elevate the negro race. Hence the little mustard-seed of

the seminary should receive every encouragement in men and means. All of us should share in this missionary effort to evangelize the unhappy progeny of Ham. Youths who have an inclination for this neglected portion of the Master's vineyard should be encouraged. To send a few men from a diocese to the colored missions will tend rather to multiply the home force than to weaken it. And the faithful to whom our Lord has given other duties and calls should be missionaries by their alms, either in having a representative in this apostolate or by helping towards it in some other way.

It is unnecessary to follow the Commissioner of Education in his brief history of the American negroes and their progress from the introduction of slavery up to emancipation. No doubt contact with their masters tended to inoculate them in a measure with Christian principles; but hardly to the degree that Mr. Harris admits when he writes "that the negro of the South is not an African in his inner consciousness, but an American who has acquired our Anglo-Saxon consciousness in its American type through seven generations of domestic servitude in the family of a white master" (p. 723).

In a foot-note Senator Gibson doubts this statement, while Mr. Bruce denies it emphatically. The last-named gentleman says: "The negro is essentially an African in the controlling tendencies of his character. The unfortunate misconception that the Southern negro of to-day is simply an ignorant white man with a black skin is," etc. (p. 723, note 3).

Undoubtedly the colored race have their peculiarities, which time, education, and religion may soften, but can hardly efface. Every people among us play their part in moulding the type of character known as American, as Mr. Bruce notes in the passage already quoted. "The grandsons of Americans, Germans, and Englishmen differ but little, if at all, in the basis of their character" (*Ibid.*)

This, however, is the outcome of the natural, happy way in which all races of whites blend together in our land. If the negroes lived familiarly with the whites they would no doubt leave their impress on the general type, and be themselves in turn greatly modified. But as long as they are set apart and hindered from intermingling with other races no great change in their racial characteristics may be looked for, nor can any marked influence on the American character be expected from them. It is not the agglomeration of peoples which produces a national character. It is very much more. It is the national

life which permeates all the inhabitants, provoking the same aspirations and uniting the children and the children's children of divers races in common interests, domestic, social, and public.

For weal or woe, the negroes, by local laws and general antipathy, by our apathy and our prejudice, are shut out from exerting much influence on the American character, while in consequence they perpetuate their own type with but imperceptible changes. And what those changes are to be few whites can tell.

> "No longer here the crude
> And unformed features of a savage face;
> But in those pleading eyes a kindred race
> Asks for the highway out of servitude.
>
> "Like as the Amazon
> With mighty currents marks the ocean's hue
> Until her leagues of tide blend with the blue,
> So do these patient millions still press on.
>
> "Two hundred weary years
> Of burden-bearing in a shadowed path,
> And yet no hand is raised in cruel wrath,
> And all their wrongs evoke as yet but tears."

And Mr. Harris fears that if the colored people are left to themselves they will fall back to fetichism, which he claims is the "elemental or first form of religion that arises among conscious beings." This is an unfortunate slip, for it contradicts sound historical research and the dictates of healthy philosophy, both of which lead up to monotheism as the primitive religion. Does Mr. Harris mean openly to profess Agnosticism?

According to the United States Commissioner of Education, the chief problem of the Southern negroes "is to retain the elevation acquired through the long generations of domestic slavery, and to superimpose on it the sense of personal responsibility, moral dignity, and self-respect which belongs to the conscious ideal of the white race. Those acquainted with the free negro of the South, especially with the specimens at school and college, know that he is as capable of this higher civilization as in slavery he was capable of faithful attachment to the interests of his master" (p. 724). All this we should express differently. The chief problem is to bring out what is good in the negro; as also to add to and build upon whatever benefit he may have

derived from contact with the whites. Among his natural traits, however, must be reckoned the sense of personal responsibility, which he has because his nature is essentially good and rational, and his conscience an inborn faculty. But there is a higher problem. It is the fitting of the negro for his future destiny—the eternal possession of God. This is his true calling, as it is that of the white man. The same final end awaits us all, white and black; the same Judge, the same standards of judgment, the same sentence of weal or woe. In this eternal call is embraced the reason why of the perfection of all the negro's faculties, in accord with the dictates of reason and revelation, while at the same time his advance towards his heavenly country is his best progress in his earthly career. The more the colored race is elevated in grace and virtue the better citizens they will prove themselves to be.

It must be remembered that the soul, as a spiritual substance, is simple and one. As it receives the light of truth it is called understanding, and as it is an active power it is called the will. Now, the human will is the subject of virtue, both natural and Christian; nor, again, is the force of the will more than the foundation of virtue. Let its strength be directed rightly and virtue is the outcome, but if wrongly it generates vice. While, then, virtues are not born with us, but have to be acquired, yet man has the foundation for them in the image of God, which he is, in his soul's powers, and in the light of reason. Such is the groundwork of virtues in the natural man; although they go not beyond the bounds of nature, they yet grow into habits by exercise—the strengthener of all good inclinations. Man naturally is capable of knowing God as the Creator and Ruler of this world, and as the Judge who will reward the good and punish the wicked; yet his natural virtues can never bring his soul into beatific union with God. This is the work of Christian virtue, born of the grace of Christ. How vast the difference between the natural man and the Christian! So enormous is it, that no natural power can possibly raise the soul to God. To effect this union a divine energy must come down from God and quicken the soul, purifying and sanctifying man's nature, strengthening and attracting him to rise above himself in mind and heart by the pouring into his soul of divine strength, which by the consent and co-operation of his own will he makes his own. This is the mystery of grace.*

Now, the negroes will never learn this need of divine grace in

* Ullathorne's *Groundwork of Christian Virtues*, Lect. II., passim.

the ordinary curriculum of school-work. The most to be hoped for is the betterment of their natural powers; but that is not enough. It is true that the two orders, nature and grace, like the double movement of the engine, act and react upon each other. Grace is always at work on every son of Adam, but men must be taught to value its need. And it is not too much to add that the education of the negroes in regard to their eternal destiny is all too much neglected. They hardly enjoy those Christian traditions and influences which hover over every white child, and hence they require fuller and clearer instruction with regard to their souls' interests.

The next question is the educational means for the negro's progress. Mr. Harris assigns three steps, up which the colored race must go in order to land on that higher stage which will make them good citizens: religious, intellectual, and industrial education. Mr. Bruce, in his comment upon this portion of Mr. Harris's article, puts industrial education in the second place, and thus continues: "An ideal public-school system for the Southern negroes for many generations to come would be a system under the operation of which each school-house would be devoted to the religious instruction of the colored pupils, with a sufficient amount of industrial training to impart habits of industry, and a sufficient amount of intellectual training to facilitate the inculcation of the religious teachings. As far as possible the public-school system should be made supervisory of the moral life of the pupils" (note 5, p. 724).

Strike out the word "public" in these remarks, and there is a fair description of what Catholic schools for colored children should be. But no school system, Catholic or otherwise, conducted as the schools now are, can do what Mr. Bruce demands when he insists that the school should take the place of parental authority. For the school has the child under its control five hours daily during five days; in round numbers, one day out of seven. And should the child attend church and Sunday-school, which is the exception among the negroes, then at most it is but two days under the teacher's influence, while the other five are spent in the unhappy surroundings that make the "quarters" in the country and the alleys and slums in the city.

Granted that the teachers are all that is desirable, entering into the true spirit of their noble vocation and laboring for the inoculation and adoption of home life, so that what to eat, what to wear, how to cook, how to provide and preserve home con-

veniences and comforts, how to lay by for a rainy day, are indoctrinated, ingrained, and made habitual (Mr. J. L. M. Curry, No. 7, p. 724), still they will fall far short of what is needed for the entire formation of character. At most, teachers give two days to the task; both parents, as a rule, are out to work; meanwhile four, five, six, or even more children are left, day by day, to manage as best they can their own dressing, washing, and housework. And when at nightfall the father and mother return, they are too utterly worn out to attempt to teach or train their little ones, supposing indeed they are capable of it. For this training we Catholics are looking forward to the work of sisterhoods. Sisters who now make the rounds of the alleys of Baltimore are astonished at the eagerness displayed in the wretched hovels of the blacks for instruction in household duties, as also in religion. Teaching sisters will plant the germ of the domestic virtues in the school-room, which will germinate in the homes, while other sisters will ably second their work by day-nurseries, mother's meetings, house-to-house visits, etc.

Very little can be done without the co-operation of the negroes themselves. The men should receive wages enough to allow the wives and mothers to remain at home; but even more important still, the earnings of the family should go into a common fund. By their unhappy custom of every wage-earner keeping his or her money, a bone of contention divides almost every colored family. The common purse is a valuable element of unity and peace in the family. It helps very much to foster the home spirit. To perpetuate this wretched heirloom of slavery, no more efficient means could be devised than the innumerable beneficial and insurance societies that prey upon these simple people. The talisman of a gorgeous funeral, so dear to the Ethiopian breast, is the successful bait held out by their agents, nearly all white men. The upshot of this avaricious spirit is the neglect of thrifty habits, and we are of accord with Mr. Blair (p. 725) when he declares that no matter what the negro's education may be, he never will be a man until he learns thrift, which both Mr. Harris and Mr. Blair hope to see fostered by means of postal savings-banks, while the former thinks industrial education will tend to create the thirst of saving.

While these gentlemen agree in regard to the need of thrift, they differ on another matter, and one of importance. Mr. Harris believes in the growth and spread of manufacturing industries in the South; Mr. Blair, on the other hand, denies this growth,

alleging what seems a strange reason, viz., that manufactures flourish only in a cool climate. Be that as it may, in fact the South is agricultural and the vast bulk of the negro race live in the country. Fully six out of the seven millions of them in the South dwell beyond the confines of cities. Of all industrial training, perhaps agriculture would best serve the colored people. We have been told that in the schools of Canada and Ireland the pupils have to study elementary works on agriculture. The same might be done with advantage in all negro schools. Great agricultural colleges, even, modelled after the well-known schools of France, would serve to develop the negroes in harmony with their environment. It seems quite natural that the proportion of negroes learning trades or professions, and otherwise fitting themselves for city life, should bear some ratio to their urban population. Unhappily few of them are being trained for farming and planting. They have a monopoly of Southern plantation work, and it is a pity that they are not taught to make the most of it. Nor should their training in agricultural pursuits be with a view of keeping up the old-time methods of Southern farming: "Run the plough over it, throw in a little corn, and that'll do till next year," as the saying is in many parts of the South. Farming must be made attractive and money-making. If negro youths find out that they can get along as well on the farm as in the city, they will not drift to the latter, to their ruin for time and eternity.

Notwithstanding the lack of agricultural training, the efforts made for the industrial training of colored youths of both sexes cannot be too highly commended. And it is a subject of deep pain that in this matter no Catholic effort, worthy the name, has as yet been attempted. Although race prejudice meets these youths in regard even to trades, still time and union on their part will surely work the desired change of feeling. In all this discussion, however, the underlying principle should be the decalogue. Give the negroes as much of industrial training as you please, the ground is sapped beneath their feet unless it is built upon the eternal tablets of Sinai. Mr. Harris writes well and truthfully of how science is the seed-corn and artisan skill the baked bread, but he should have added that the decalogue is the barm. He shows how the directive power of man, his skill in organizing and combining, raise up ideals, whence he may construct better conditions of life; but all this without morality would be worse than useless; yea, positively mischievous.

Turning now to the intellectual education of the negro, the

United States Commissioner of Education insists on the necessity of a well-educated colored clergy, who should ward off the dangers of a relapse of their people into fetichism and all manner of degrading superstitions, and who should be abreast of the times. On this subject the following is Mr. Bruce's comment: "The improvement of the education of the negro preachers is even more important than the improvement of the character of negro teachers; but it is an end more difficult to reach, because the preachers cannot be selected, like the teachers. As a rule, the present spiritual guides of the Southern negroes are self-appointed. The most feasible plan for promoting this improvement of character seems to be the establishment of a large number of seminaries, to be controlled absolutely by the white religious denominations. A second Peabody or Slater, instead of leaving a large fund for the advancement of the normal schools for the Southern negroes, should set aside the same amount for establishing new seminaries for the education of negro preachers or enlarging the scope and improving the methods of those already in existence" (p. 732).

The strength of this passage may be understood from a statement made in the *Independent* by a negro preacher, that two-thirds of his cloth are immoral. Remember, moreover, that the Southern negroes who are Baptists and Methodists, the sects most numerous among them, are separated from the whites of the same denominations: bishops and preachers, elders and deacons, the brethren and sisters, each and all being colored.

All of Mr. Harris's ideas on the need of an educated clergy have ever been recognized by the Catholic Church, even in regard to the colored race. For she consecrates the swarthy hands of the sable sons of Ham, and even finds them fit for the aureole of the saint, placing them on her altars for her children's reverence and intercession. Nor should we overlook the encomium paid by Mr. Harris, our official head of education, on the study of Latin and Greek (p. 733). Latin is the language of the Catholic Church, which has carried the stentorian sounds of imperial Rome's tongue farther by whole continents than her conquering eagles ever were borne. With that language have also come down to us, by means of the untiring labors of the mediæval cloister, the classic literature of the world's mistress, and, what seems of more importance, her laws and jurisprudence, which we in part follow in these United States. The negro priests of the Catholic Church must be masters of Latin, like their white sacerdotal brethren, and able to handle Greek suffi-

ciently to read at least the inspired pages, which were written in that language.

Mr. Harris concludes his valuable study on the negro's education with a table of statistics which deserves our very serious perusal. It gives the number of scholars in the various schools, public and private, in which intellectual and religious training is imparted, together with the valuation of their properties:

TABLE OF STATISTICS.

Grades.	*No. of Scholars.*	*Value of Property.*
Secondary schools, ...	11,480	$549,865
Normal schools, ...	7,462	1,224,130
Universities and colleges, ...	5,040	1,816,550
Theological seminaries, ...	1,008	252,500
Law schools, ...	42	40,000
Medical schools, ...	241	80,000
Institutions for deaf, blind, . . .	287	———
Total, ...	25,530	$4,024,545

We must bear well in mind that neither industrial, nor grammar, nor primary common schools are included in the above list. Moreover, at the Lake Mohonk conference of 1890 or 1891 it was publicly announced that since the war the various Protestant denominations have spent on the negroes $35,000,000. To this sum add the $50,000,000 spent by the Southern States, according to Mr. Harris (p. 734), and the figures are stupendous.

Now, in connection with these startling figures four points deserve special notice:

First. Of those 25,530 pupils in negro schools it is safe to say that not *two hundred are Catholics.*

Second. Of all the institutions given in the list not one is Catholic, save one or two of the secondary schools. Not one of the normal schools, not one university or college or seminary or law school or medical school, none of the deaf and blind institutions, can claim to be the offspring of Holy Mother Church.

Third. The Southern States, excepting Louisiana, must be put down as non-Catholic both in their white and black populations. It cannot be too much insisted upon that beyond the Potomac and Ohio the country is more Protestant than Saxony, Luther's home, or Geneva, the worshipper of Calvin. In fact, there are more Catholics in Baltimore City alone than in all the country east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio and Potomac, leaving out Kentucky and Louisiana—almost one-fourth of

our country. Alas! the Catholic Church of the South is an insignificant factor.

Fourth. There is no Catholic fund like those which Protestants draw upon to spend on the negroes. In fact, most of the support given to the missionaries and sisters laboring among the negroes is raised by themselves; and that, indeed, "in much patience, in tribulation, in necessities, in distresses, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, in long-suffering, through honor and dishonor, through good report and ill-report." True, an annual collection of $80,000—hardly one cent from every American Catholic—is made yearly. But this sum is halved with the Indians, while for the share belonging to the negroes there are some twenty-odd claimants, who have to subdivide their portion into very small sums in order to reach all interested. Such a paltry sum—and $80,000 from 8,000,000 Catholics is a paltry sum—should find its way yearly from every one of the ten leading cities of the North to the episcopal commission in charge of the negroes and Indians. A million a year could well be spent on the evangelization of the negroes alone.

Usquequo, Domine, usquequo? How is it that we find no public spirit among us like that which animates our non-Catholic countrymen? Where are our Catholic Slaters, and Hands, and Peabodys? Surely we love our holy religion and appreciate its blessings; surely God has been good to us in these United States, that we should be grateful and evince our gratitude in doing something for his forgotten ones.

Millions of souls are at our door crying out to us for the Bread of Life. Those unhappy blacks are our Lazarus, but let us not be their Dives.

J. R. Slattery.

St. Joseph's Seminary for the Negro Missions, Baltimore, Md.

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THE CRY OF HUMANITY.

I.

"HARK!—heard you wailing of voices,
Yonder, far off, in the night?"
"Nay; 'twas the wind hoarsely shouting,
Tossing the pines on the height."

"Stay!—I hear treble of children,
Tremulous, piercing with pain!"
"Peace!—'tis the tribe of the marshes
Pleading with heaven for rain."

"Hark that way!—women are sobbing,
Beating their breasts as they moan."
"Hush!—'tis the lake in the valley,
Pulsing on shingle and stone."

II.

Yet in the soul of the list'ner
Voices are murmuring still—
Neither the waves, nor the marshes,
Nor the wild winds on the hill.

Deeper his spirit is harking:
Under the symbol and sign
Hears he the meaning that shapes it—
Thy yearning, brother, and mine!

Up from the world, blindly whirling,
Rises humanity's cry,
Nature's vast voices its echo;
Hear it, O Father, on high!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

LAS CASAS' NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

In January, 1492, Isabella the Catholic entered into an agreement with Columbus to furnish him with three caravels, with which he might travel westward to discover the Indies. As the royal treasury was empty, she offered to pawn the jewels of her wardrobe to obtain the necessary funds. It was not, however, found necessary to do so, as Lewis Santangel, the treasurer of the Kingdom of Aragon, offered to advance, as a loan, one million maravedis to get the expedition ready. It was not, however, until the 17th of April that the necessary royal decrees were formally drawn. That 17th of April should be (observes a modern Spanish writer) a memorable date in history. It ends and seals the Middle Ages, and begins the modern era. The royal decrees were five in number.

By the first, Christopher Columbus was created, *ipso facto*, admiral of the ocean and of all the lands he might discover.

By the second, he was made viceroy and perpetual governor of the same.

By the third, one-tenth of all the profits accruing from future discoveries was granted in perpetuity to the discoverer.

By the fourth, exclusive jurisdiction was given to his own admiralty court in all lawsuits that might arise concerning the foregoing privileges.

By the fifth, the right was granted him of having an eighth interest in all future expeditions of a commercial nature if he chose to pay a corresponding share of the necessary expenses.

To facilitate the armament, provisioning, and manning of the fleet it was also ordered that the city of Palos should furnish two of the three ships free of charge, "as a punishment for certain deeds" against the crown, of which it had been adjudged guilty; that all goods necessary be furnished free of taxes and at reasonable prices, and that all criminal prosecutions of persons who would accompany Columbus on his voyage be suspended until two months after their return.

All these royal mandates notwithstanding, when Columbus arrived in Palos, on the 23d of May, he found it extremely difficult to make any headway in the necessary preparations; first, because very few, if any, offered to become companions in

the perilous undertaking; and second, because the sum of one million maravedis (about fifty-eight thousand dollars) supplied by Santangel was found insufficient. The Pinzon brothers, prominent merchant sailors of Palos, came to his assistance with their influence, their own personal services, and by taking a share in the undertaking. Columbus's money (advanced him, very probably, by his Genoese merchant friends of the city of Seville, or possibly by the Duke of Medina-Celi, who, having faith in his project, had befriended him on his first coming into Spain) paid one-eighth of all necessary expenses, which together with what the Pinzon brothers may have contributed, as some claim, to the enterprise made up the deficit. The jails of Palos and the neighboring towns supplied a number of men; and the influence and example of the Pinzons, of Father Juan Perez, and of Garcia Fernandez supplied nearly all the skilled mariners necessary. The three ships were named *Niña*, *Pinta*, and *Santa Maria*, or *Galleda*, or *Marigalante*, which, however, being the captain-general's ship, is known in Columbus's diary as *La Capitana*. The *Niña* was commanded by Vincente Yañez Pinzon, youngest brother of Martin Alonzo, who commanded the *Pinta*. The entire expedition was composed, some say of ninety men, others of one hundred and twenty. Very probably of ninety seamen and thirty landsmen, such as the notary, the physician, cooks, servants, etc. By the 2d of August every man, having received the sacrament of penance and Holy Communion, was found on board one of the three famous caravels. The capacity of these can only be guessed at; that of *La Niña* at fifty, of the *Pinta* at seventy, and that of the *Capitana* at one hundred tons. With these toy-ships, made exclusively of tarred wood, the Argonauts of the fifteenth century discovered a continent, at an expense not exceeding two hundred thousand dollars, in the name of the Holy Trinity and for the Queen of Castile.

The most satisfactory part of Christopher Columbus's biography is his first voyage to America. It has the interest of a drama, of a novel, and of an epic poem; while its minutest incidents have generally been accepted by historians as true. The iconoclastic critic found in this field little opportunity for his labors.

The only record or description of the voyage was written down, day by day, by the principal actor himself. And hence the only source of original information the biographer of Columbus has to draw from is Columbus's own diary, the original of which is lost. However, his son Ferdinand in the Life of his

father, and Las Casas in his *Historia de las Indias*, has preserved for us a substantial compendium of it, the latter frequently giving the very words of Columbus himself. While several biographers have, each according to his own taste, embellished (in a literary sense) the quaint and unpretentious narrative of Las Casas, as far as I know the description of Columbus's first voyage, as found in his Historia, has never yet appeared in English. Instead, therefore, of attempting to give it to the reader at second hand, I thought it better to lead him to the original source itself by translating for him the narrative of Las Casas. Here it is.*

L. A. DUTTO.

Having finished the necessary preparations, the 2d of August, 1492, Christopher Columbus embarked all his people, and on the following Wednesday, the 3d of August, half an hour before sunset he set sail and left the port and mouth of Saltes, as that river of Palos is called. And, inasmuch as he there begun a mariner's diary, with a prologue, in order to tell something about the fall of Granada, and to make mention of the expulsion of the Jews from these kingdoms, and in order to make known the intentions of the queen and his own, as well as on account of the antiquity and simplicity of his words, it did not appear alien to my history to insert it here. Christopher Columbus begins it thus, addressing the king:

In nomine Domini Nostri Jesu Christi. Most Christian, Most Eminent, Most Excellent, and Most Powerful Princes, King and Queen of Spain, and of the islands of the ocean, my lords: Your Highnesses this present year 1492 put an end to the war with the Moors, who reigned in Europe in the great city of Granada, where, on the 2d of January of the present year, I saw your royal flag planted by force of arms on the Alhambra, the fortress of that city, and witnessed the coming forth through the portals of that city of the Moorish king, and his kissing the hands of your highnesses and of the prince, my lord. During that same month, on account of the information which your highnesses had received from me about the country of India, and of a prince called Gran Khan, which in our vernacular means King of Kings (he and his predecessors many times have sent to Rome for teachers to teach them our holy

* Feeling that the highest merit of a translation of such a document is minute fidelity to the original, the translator has reproduced the author's peculiarities and eccentricities of style and even of grammar.

faith, and the Holy Father has never provided them with any, and thus so many people were lost by falling into idolatry and following damnable sects); and inasmuch as your highnesses, Catholic Christians as you are, and lovers of the holy Christian faith, its promoters, and enemies of the sect of Mahomet and of all idolatries and heresies, thought proper to send me, Christopher Columbus, to those regions of India to see the aforementioned princes, their people and their country, how it lies, and everything else, and to see what could be done to convert them to our holy faith; and as your highnesses commanded that I should not travel east by land, as has been heretofore the custom, but that I should take a western route (the certain proof of its ever having been travelled before does not exist); inasmuch as after having expelled all the Jews from your kingdom and possessions; during the same month of January, your highnesses commanded me that with a sufficient army I should start for India, and, as a reward, granted me privileges and declared me a nobleman, so that henceforth I should be addressed as Don, and be the great admiral of the ocean-sea, and viceroy and perpetual governor of all the islands and mainland which I should discover and acquire, or that might hereafter be discovered and acquired in the ocean-sea, my eldest son to be my successor, and so on from generation to generation for all time to come; and as I started from the said city of Granada the 12th of May of the same year in 1492, on a Saturday, and came to the city of Palos, which is a seaport, where I armed three vessels very good for such an enterprise, and I started from said port well provided with great abundance of provisions and plenty of seamen the 3d day of August of the same year, on a Wednesday, about half an hour before sunrise, and sailed in the direction of the Canary Islands, belonging to your majesty in the ocean-sea, in order hence to navigate until I reached the Indies to deliver your majesties' message to those princes, thus complying with your mandate; I thought of writing down during the whole of my voyage, very punctually from day to day, everything I would do or see or that would happen, as will be seen hereafter. Besides writing, my lord princes, during the night what will happen during the day, and setting down during the day the distances travelled during the night, I intend drawing a new mariners' chart on which I will trace all seas and lands of the ocean in their proper places, and the direction of the winds, and I will furthermore write a book describing all similar things by pictures giving the latitudes and longitudes, to do which it is

very necessary that I forget sleep and carefully attend to navigation, the which will cost me much toil, etc.

All the foregoing is from the said prologue to the book of navigation of Christopher Columbus to our Indies.

And here I must say that, whereas Christopher Columbus was a very prudent man, and whereas it is one of the offices of prudence to foresee and to provide for things that may happen in the future, and for their accompanying difficulties, Christopher Columbus presuming that, in undertaking such a voyage, so new and so doubtful, and held by many impossible, in case it should last very long he would have to contend with the anxieties and fears of his people, decided, in order to avoid these and other inconveniences, to keep two records of the number of leagues travelled each day and each night; a truthful one, approximating according to his best judgment to the truth, in which he reckons the leagues and miles travelled by the number of days (and this he kept a secret with himself); the other was public, and intended for his crew and the guidance of the pilots of the three ships; in which he always wrote eight or ten leagues less than he reckoned he had travelled, in order that the journey should not appear to them so long, and that he was leaving Spain so far behind, and that thus their fears should not become so great, as it indeed happened at the end of the voyage; and in order that they should not lose all hope of finding land. In fact, to tell the truth, up to that time it had never been read or heard of in the world of any people having sailed or engulfed themselves so far from land and out of sight of it in the ocean; and so it appears that Christopher Columbus was the first to make the attempt, together with those who helped him in this voyage. I intend to insert here briefly the distances travelled each day and night, as I extracted them from the aforementioned diary of Columbus's first voyage, which he showed to the king on his return from the discovery of the Indies. I will also insert the happenings of each day, the signs of land which they saw, his doings, his sufferings, and his constancy, because I think the reader will not find it disagreeable. While, then, he was continuing his voyage to the Canaries, on the 6th of August, the helm of the caravel *Pinta*, commanded by Alonzo Pinzon, got loose or unfastened. This was purposely brought about by certain mariners, Gomez Rascon and Christopher Quintero, to whom that caravel belonged, and was because they disliked the voyage and had undertaken it against their will. It pained Columbus to find himself unable to help the

caravel *Pinta* without endangering himself; which pain, however, was somewhat lightened by his knowledge that Martin Pinzon was a brave man and one of ability. They mended the helm as best they could, though it failed them a second time. In about seven days they came in sight of the Gran Canaria, on the coast of which he commanded that the *Pinta* should cast anchor, because it was making much water, and hence it was found very necessary to put into port for repairs. Christopher Columbus, with another caravel, went to Gomera; and after much sailing about and many trials returned to Canaria, in the port of Gaudo (which is a good one), for repairs. Having carefully and laboriously, by day and by night, attended to her repairs, he went back to Gomera on the 2d of September. Here, Christopher Columbus says that during one of those nights which he sailed about Teneriffe, so much fire went up from the peak of the mountain, which is one of the highest known in the world, that it created much wonder. These many trials and inconveniences caused the men to murmur, and to continue the voyage reluctantly, and hence his difficulties began to increase.

During these days it came to the ear of Columbus that three armed caravels belonging to the King of Portugal were cruising about those islands; in fact, as that king came to know that Columbus had come to an agreement with the Kings of Castile, it grieved him painfully, and he began to understand and fear that God had withdrawn the opportunity he had placed in his hands; and for these reasons it must have been that he gave orders in the Island of Madeira, in that of Puerto Santo, and at the Azores, and in whatever port or place the Portuguese were found, that either on his outward voyage, or on his return, Columbus should be captured; as the trick played at the Azores on him on his return voyage seems to prove. However, the three Portuguese caravels failed to meet him on this occasion. Having then, while at Gomera, provided himself with water, wood, meat, and provisions, and everything he deemed necessary for the voyage, he ordered the three vessels to set sail on Thursday, the 6th of September, and in the morning of that day sailed from the port of La Gomera. But it was only on Saturday morning at three o'clock that a gentle north-west wind arose, and that he sailed directly west. For during the three previous days there was calm, and he could make no headway. He always travelled due west, until a few days before the discovery of land, when he changed his direction to the left, that is, west-south-west, as will be seen further on. From the morn-

ing of Saturday to that of Sunday, thirty-six miles, allowing four miles to the league, were travelled.

From Sunday morning to Sunday evening at sunset he travelled sixty miles, *i.e.*, fifteen leagues, and during the following night he covered ten miles an hour—that is, one hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours, which amount to thirty leagues. Here the pilots had not their ships well in hand, and had deflected their course two points to the west-north-west, on account of which Christopher Columbus had to quarrel much with them. On Monday, the 10th of September, counting the night and the day, he travelled sixty leagues, being at the rate of ten miles, equivalent to two and a half leagues per hour; but he put down only forty-eight leagues on the public reckoning, which was to be in the hands of the mariners. On Tuesday, the 11th of September, he travelled due west over twenty leagues; but for the same reason counted but fifteen. On that day a piece of mast, belonging to a one hundred and twenty ton ship, was seen, which, however, they were unable to reach. During the following night he travelled about twenty leagues more, which for the public were marked as sixteen. During the twenty-four hours of Wednesday, September 12, thirty-three leagues in the same direction were travelled, but a few less counted in the public record. On Thursday, September 13, he travelled other thirty-three leagues; the currents were against him. At the beginning of the night of that day the needle of the compass began to deflect toward the north-west, and that means that the *fleur-de-lis* [the needle], which is intended to point out the north, did not do so exactly, but had deflected to the left of the north, while in the morning the deflection had been a little to the north-east. That is to say, the *fleur-de-lis* had been pointing a little to the right of the north, toward the rising of the sun. On Friday, September 14, he travelled, always due west, night and day together, twenty leagues; but a few less were entered in the public register.

The sailors of the *Niña*, on which was Vincente Yañez, said that during that day they had seen a tern and a wagtail—birds which are said not to travel further from land than fifteen or twenty leagues; although the fact is this had never yet been ascertained by much actual experience. Saturday, the 15th of September, between night and day he travelled twenty-seven leagues and a little over. During the night they saw a marvellous flash of fire fall from the skies at a distance of four or five leagues from them, and all these things disturbed and saddened

the crews, who began to interpret them as indications of their having taken a wrong direction. During Sunday, the 16th of September, he travelled thirty-eight leagues, and entered a few less on the public records. Some clouds appeared in the sky during the day, and it drizzled a little rain. Here Christopher Columbus says that on that day and every day thereafter they experienced so mild a temperature, and the mornings were so agreeable and enjoyable, that nothing was lacking except the songs of the nightingale to make an Andalusian April. He was right; for the suavity of temperature experienced when half-way to the Indies is marvellous: and the nearer the vessels get to those lands the balmier and sweeter the air, and the clearer the skies become; the odoriferous exhalations from the forest and their flora are certainly much more sensible than in April in Andalusia. Here great floating fields of green, or rather yellowish grass, began to be seen, and as the journey grew longer, and the shores were left farther and farther behind, complaints began to be heard about the voyage, and against him who had embarked them in it; and when the vast extent covered by these fields became apparent, they began to fear that they might hide rocky shallows of sunken land; and hence the men became more impatient and murmured more loudly against Columbus, their leader. When, however, they saw that the vessels were making their way through them they banished fear (although not altogether), at least for the time being. Everybody thought that an island must be somewhere near. Christopher Columbus himself asserted that there might be an island, but no continent, which according to him was much further west; and he was not mistaken. It seems that these are the regions in the ocean where the ships of Caliz (of which, as I have already said above, Aristotle makes mention in his book *De Admirandis in Natura Auditis*) were cast in the olden time, driven by a tempest, and where they found shoals of weeds and grass.

On Monday, counting night and day, he continued to sail west and travelled over fifty leagues, of which he suppressed a few in the public reckoning. The currents were in their favor. They passed through much grass, which they examined carefully, and which they thought came from rocky shores in the west. Everybody thought that there must be land not far off, and hence they recovered from some of their fear and moderated their complaints. They had then travelled three hundred and seventy leagues from the Ferro Island, which is the farthest west of all the Canaries. On that Monday, while the pilots were

steering north, they noticed that the needle deflected to the west fully two points, and all the mariners were seized with great fear and sadness, and began to murmur, though not quite openly, against Christopher Columbus; and at seeing so great a novelty, which nobody had ever seen or experienced, they feared that they had travelled to another world. Christopher Columbus hearing of it, gave orders that at dawn they should once more steer north; and it was found that the needles were all right. The reason assigned by Christopher Columbus for this variation was, that the star, which here appears to point out the north, moves, whereas the needles do not. In the morning of that Monday, at dawn, they saw many river weeds, among which they found a live crab, which was examined by Christopher Columbus, who said that this was a sure sign that land was not far distant, as crabs are seldom found farther than eighty leagues from shore. The sea-water had become less salty since they had left the Canary Islands behind, and was becoming every day more beautiful. He said that this was a good sign that the atmosphere also was becoming purer and sweeter. They also saw many tunny fishes, and killed many of them, and these were of the kind seen by the ships of Caliz, spoken of by Aristotle. Everybody was in high spirits, and the vessels were racing, because everybody wished to be the first to see land. For two reasons: first, if it be natural to men for each one to desire to be first, and to have the advantage over every one else, though it be his own father, even in small things and of little importance (as can be seen in chess and other games), much more so is it the case when memorable and great deeds are to be accomplished; and second, because the queen, at the request of Christopher Columbus, had commanded that ten thousand maravedis should be given and assigned for life to whomsoever would first see land. Christopher Columbus says here that, as those signs were from the west, he hoped that the Most High God, in whose hand are all victories, would soon grant him the favor to discover land. He saw that morning a white bird called a wagtail, which is not accustomed, they say, to sleep at sea. During the night and day of Tuesday, the 18th of September, he made over fifty-five leagues, which he reckoned at forty-eight in the public records.

During all these days the sea was as level as the river that flows by Seville. Martin Alonzo, who was captain of the *Pinta*, a very fast vessel, told the Captain-General, Christopher Columbus, that he had seen a great many birds flying westward, and

that during that night he would like to sail ahead of the other vessels, because he hoped thus to discover land, giving as another reason a large mass of dark and thick clouds to be seen north of them, the like of which are often settled on land while they appear to be ten or fifteen or twenty leagues distant from it. Christopher Columbus did not agree to this proposal, either because it appeared to him that the time for it had not yet come, or because he thought that they had not yet reached the place where he hoped to discover land. On Wednesday, the 19th, there was somewhat of a calm, and during the twenty-four hours twenty-five leagues were made, which in the public reckoning were counted as twenty-two. At ten o'clock of that day a pelican approached the admiral's ship and in the afternoon another was sighted. These seldom travel over twenty leagues from land. Slight showers of rain fell unaccompanied by wind, which is another sure sign of land.

He did not care to change direction hither or thither in order to ascertain if there was land, but he had no doubt that he was sailing between islands (as in truth there are many), his intention being, while the wind was favorable, to sail further west where the Indies were to be found. He said that, God willing, everything could be ascertained on their return voyage. Here the pilots compared their reckonings. The caravel *Niña* reckoned its distance from the Canaries at four hundred and forty leagues, the *Pinta* at four hundred and twenty, and the *Capitana*, on which Columbus sailed, at even four hundred. He considered the reckoning and adjusted it for all, holding always to the lowest figure in order to give his men no cause for losing heart, for they were becoming more and more uneasy and disturbed the farther they were getting from Spain. Their complaints increased every hour, and in everything seen signs of land were looked for, and though that of the bird gave them hopes for a time, still, as no land appeared, they became incredulous of everything, and as those signs had proved deceptive, they began to suspect that they were travelling in another world whence they should never return.

On the 20th of September the wind changed a little, and he changed his direction about three points; and because calm prevailed they travelled only seven or eight leagues. Early in the day two pelicans flew to the *Capitana*, and then a third one; and they caught a bird with their hands having feet similar to those of a gull, which lives on rivers and not on the sea. Two or three small birds also hovered about the ship at day-break

singing. They disappeared before sunrise. Later on another pelican put in an appearance from the west, and flew away to the south-west. This was a sure sign that there was land on the north-west, because these birds sleep on shore, fly out to sea in the mornings in search of food, travelling no further than twenty leagues. These birds re-established confidence to some extent. On Wednesday, September 21, there was more calm, and they travelled, counting the tacking, thirteen leagues. They encountered such immense quantities of seaweed that the ocean appeared full of it. These weeds caused them now to rejoice in the hope of soon seeing land, and again almost to despair for fear of getting into hidden shoals; and this fear caused some attempt to be made by the pilots to shun them. The weeds were so thick that they seemed to lessen the speed of the vessels. They saw a whale, which, too, is no small sign of land being near. The sea was very smooth, like a river, and the climate most agreeable.

The wisdom and power of God has ordered that great deeds to which he attaches much importance (like those which are intended for his honor and glory and the general good of his church, and for the good and the completion of the number of his elect) shall hardly be accomplished, as we have said before, without innumerable difficulties, contradictions, trials, and dangers, this being one of the unchangeable laws by which God governs the world in all things that are essentially and naturally good, if they be temporal, and much more so if they be intended to direct man to his true life and eternal welfare. Great feasts are preceded by great vigils. This is clear from what the Son of God himself says in the last chapter of St. Luke: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into his own glory." Hence, what should we not suffer to enter into a glory which is not our own? And the apostle (Acts xiv.) says "that through many tribulations we must enter the kingdom of God." Hence God permits that the devil, following his natural inclinations, shall contradict man, either in order that he (God) the better may shine forth and be praised in his providence, according to which he is wont the more marvellously to favor our undertakings and bring them to a happy conclusion, the more hopeless these appear and the stronger are the efforts made by the enemy to thwart them; or in order that the weakness and presumption of man may be made known, and, being known, be corrected, experience very clearly and repeatedly teaching him that he, left to himself without the assis-

tance of God's powerful hand, can do nothing; and also in order that the exercise of patience in waiting for the desired object, and in disappointments and afflictions, may increase the merits of his elect; and in order also that the gifts of the Supreme Giver may be the more highly thought of and esteemed, as they should be, the more they have been desired, and the more obstacles have been surmounted and afflictions suffered in obtaining them. For these reasons God prepared for Christopher Columbus, in order to try him, incomparable difficulties and afflictions, caused not by the sea or the wind (although from these sources other trials were reserved for him) but by his companions, who ought to have assisted him; such trials being ordinarily more intolerable than others.

Thus the seamen, who had never been on such an extensive voyage, and who had been accustomed to see land every day or almost every day (owing to the fact that, as I have said before, the longest journey undertaken in those days by our people on the high seas did not extend further than the Canary Islands, the Azores, Madeira, or the Cape Verde Islands, journeys during which they never found themselves further from land than two hundred leagues), reckoned among the many causes of their discouragement and of their complaints about the length of the voyage and scanty prospects of success, the good and favorable winds that God gave them. These winds constantly impelled them forward, and the waters were so smooth as to have more the appearance of a shallow lake than of a sea, while they tasted less salty than those they had left behind. They concluded that as the winds blew always in the same direction (in those seas during the greater part of the year north-westerly winds prevailed), and the sea was so level that they thought they must have sailed in another world, and in regions different from their own, and that consequently no wind would ever blow favorable to their return. Thus putting everything erroneously together, misinterpreting and looking on the dark side of everything, they began in their captain's hearing to repeat against him, and against those who had sent them, the complaints and curses which they had already uttered privately among themselves. They began impudently to tell him to his face that he had deceived them and that he was leading them to death; and they swore, by this and by that, that unless he would turn back he would be the first to be thrown into the sea. When the other vessels came to speak to him he heard expressions from them which no less pierced his heart than those he heard around him on his own.

Christopher Columbus, oppressed by so much bitterness, his heart wounded perhaps more than if he had been swallowed up by the waves of the ocean, a foreigner amidst an ill-disciplined class of people, who, quick to speak, are more than any others most insolent in their conduct — as sailors generally are — addressed them with sweet and love-inspiring words and with an open countenance, as his naturally was. But, blending cheerfulness with authority, he very patiently and prudently concealed his feelings, and endeavored to strengthen their hope and encourage them. He begged them to consider what they had already overcome; that most of the undertaking was already accomplished, and that for the little to be yet done they should not abandon what had already been gained. He represented to them that great deeds were not to be accomplished without great trials and difficulties; how much they gained who suffered in such a cause, and what a shame it would be to return to Spain without having found what they started out to discover, and empty-handed; and that he hoped God would cheer them and console them with success sooner than they thought; and that they would then know that he had told the truth to the kings who had sent them and to themselves, who were his companions. With these and similar discourses he did what he could, but did not greatly succeed in pacifying them. They rather became more excited, as if their minds had become unbalanced and almost in despair. As God wished to confound their inconstancy and reward the humility of Christopher Columbus, and as if he wished to prove that Columbus had spoken the truth, on Saturday, the 22d of September, unfavorable winds arose. They travelled in this and that direction, without following their straight course, thirty leagues. On Sunday, September 23, the sea became so rough that those who had feared of not being able to return, because the breezes and the winds blew always in the same direction, and because the sea was always smooth, began to tremble on account of so much contrary wind and on account of the fury of the seas. The admiral says here, that these unfavorable winds and rough seas did him good service in persuading the crew to abandon their erroneous opinion that both sea and wind would fail them on their return. Opposition, however, did not cease at once. They said at first that such winds would not last. But when on Sunday the sea became angry they had nothing more to say. Hence Christopher Columbus remarked that God had dealt with them and him as he had with the Jews and with Moses, when he brought them out

of Egypt, giving them signs to confound them, and to favor and help him. During that Sunday they found a turtle-dove on the ship, and in the evening they caught a pelican and a little river bird, and others that were white; and among the weeds, which were very thick, some live crabs were found. They travelled that day twenty-two leagues, though not in a straight line. The following Monday, the 24th of September, they advanced fourteen leagues and a half. Another pelican flew on board, and they saw many land-birds coming from the west, and fishes, some of which they killed with certain iron instruments shaped like a large hand with long fingers. The more manifest were the signs that God gave them that land could not be far off the more their impatience increased, and their fickleness and their anger against Columbus. Day and night those who were on watch constantly gathered into groups, consulting with each other and discussing how they could turn back. It was a great folly, they said, and self-murder to risk their lives in order to follow a crazy foreigner who, that he might become a great señor, ran into the jaws of death, placed himself and them in their present plight, deceiving so many people; especially if they considered that his scheme or dream had been contradicted by so many great and learned men, and held as vain and foolish. They could give as a sufficient excuse for whatever step they might take, their having travelled to where no man had ever travelled or dared to navigate before, and that they had not bound themselves to sail to the end of the world; taking at the same time into consideration that, if they should wait longer, no ship would be left them in which to return. Some of them went further, and said that the best thing to be done was to cast him some night into the sea if he persisted in going further, giving it out that he had accidentally fallen overboard; then take charge themselves of the compass, the quadrant, and the astrolabe. As he was a foreigner, few, if any, would care much about it, but that rather multitudes would say that on account of his rashness God had served him right.

In these and similar occupations they wasted their time by day and by night. Among the principal instigators were the Pinzons, who were the captains and the leading men of the whole expedition, and, as all the other mariners were also from the neighborhood of Palos and Muguer, everybody thought and acted like them. Of these Pinzons Christopher Columbus complained much, and of the anxiety they had caused him. The reader will easily form an idea of the fear and dread of Chris-

topher Columbus lest such men should go to extremes. How bitter must have been his heart-aches and his anguish! He never ceased recommending himself to God, prepared to meet whatever calamity or death might befall him. He dissembled with them, cheered them up, paying honor to the lowest of them as much as he could. He laughed with them while his heart was weeping, and sometimes represented to them with what severity the kings might deal with them for abandoning the enterprise at a time when so many well-ascertained signs were visible of its soon proving successful. Nobody would doubt the meaning of these signs when told of them, and therefore if they refused to proceed everybody would blame them. To escape these and many other misfortunes, he implored them to act like virtuous and brave men, and to go on for some days longer, promising them, with confidence in the Holy Trinity, that in a very short time they would see land, the sight of which would put an end to all their troubles.

Another general rule which God our Lord applies to all of us sinners while we are in this world, is that, considering our helplessness and his own goodness, when the time has not yet arrived for the fulfilment of some good desire of ours (which he never fulfils either before or after the time by him decreed), he does not give us pure gall to drink, but mixes with it some drops of consolation, in order to enable us to bear the refusals we must meet with and not succumb to the blow. In this wise he dealt with them. While he was shortly to cheer them with the sight of land, and while he allowed them to suffer much bitterness from the great fear of being lost, he mingled with it from time to time some pleasure. Thus it happened that on Tuesday, the 25th of September, after a long calm, a brisk westerly wind having arisen in the afternoon, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, on his caravel the *Pinta*, came to speak with Christopher Columbus about the mariner's chart which three days before the latter had sent him, or thrown over to him by means of a rope, on which were painted, it appears, some islands; and Martin Alonzo said that he was surprised at their not appearing, for they had reached the place fixed for them on the chart. Christopher Columbus answered that he, too, was of the same opinion.

The chart was the one which Paulo Fisico, the Florentine, had sent him, and which I have in my possession, together with several other things belonging to that same admiral who discovered the Indies. I have also writings written with his own

hand, which fell into my possession. On this chart Paulo Fisico had drawn for him several islands and much of the main-land which formed the beginning of India, placing thereabouts the kingdoms of the Gran Khan, about whose riches, abundance of gold, pearls, and precious stones he had written him. Their reckoning, applied to the location of said islands on the map, told them that by this time they should have reached them. It was because Christopher Columbus had believed Paulo Fisico that he had made the offer to the kings of discovering the kingdoms of the Gran Khan, with their riches, gold, precious stones, and spices. Paulo Fisico was, however, mistaken, not knowing that much land would be found before reaching the Indies, and he was also mistaken when he said that, travelling due west, those kingdoms would be met with. They must be beyond and west of our Indies or to the south of them. He had, however, hit upon the truth when he said that the traveller would reach the beginning of the Indies, as we believe those our lands to be. This discovery was, however, made by chance, as will be seen hereafter. Christopher Columbus caused the chart to be returned or thrown back to him. He then held a consultation with the pilot of his ship and the mariners. This happened after sunset. Suddenly Martin Alonzo ascended the stern of his caravel and, wild with joy, called out to Columbus that he had seen land, claiming the reward. He affirmed so positively that it was land, and everybody on the *Pinta* reaffirmed it with such demonstrations of joy,. that Christopher Columbus, prostrating himself, began on his knees to give thanks to our Lord; and Martin Alonzo, with his entire crew, intoned *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

They were soon joined by the men on the *Capitana* and on the *Niña*. The masts and the cordage of the ships soon swarmed with men, who unanimously asserted that it was land. Christopher Columbus himself believed it. It was twenty-five leagues distant, towards the south-west, to the left of them, they at the time travelling west.

They stopped for the night, everybody being convinced that it was land. I assuredly think that it was, because according to the direction they followed all the islands which the admiral discovered afterwards, during his second voyage, were in that direction, *i.e.*, towards the south-west. He gave orders to change the course from west to south-west, in which direction appeared what they thought to be land. They travelled between night and day twenty-one leagues, but to the public he gave them out

as only thirteen. This greatly cheered the mariners, who had before been crushed down by fear. The sea was perfectly smooth, and many jumped into it and enjoyed themselves swimming. Many fishes, very good to eat and resembling salmon (not colored, however, but white), swarmed around the ships. Several other kinds were seen also. Wednesday, the 26th of September, they went far enough south-west to find out that what had appeared to them land were colored clouds, the like of which frequently produce optical illusions of land. The bows were turned west again, and during the twenty-four hours thirty-one leagues were made, which in the public register appeared as twenty-four. There was a tide [current?] in the sea as on rivers, and the atmosphere was as sweet and balmy as could be desired. The men were once more seized with fright and again lost confidence. A pelican and two wagtails were seen that day.

The following Thursday, September 27, they travelled west, between night and day, twenty-four leagues, which were counted as twenty for the men. They continued carefully to observe every sign of land that might appear. Many fishes resembling salmon were seen, of which one was killed; one wagtail and a pelican were also seen, but very few weeds. On Friday they travelled fourteen leagues and killed, of the same kind of fishes, two from *La Capitana* and others from the other ships. During the twenty-four hours of Saturday, September 29, they travelled twenty-nine leagues, of which twenty-four were set down in the public register. Three pelicans and one fork-tail, a bird so-called because it had its tail parted in two, and which follows the pelicans until they drop their excrements, which it eats and on which it lives. The admiral said on that day that these were very good signs of land, and that the climate was balmy and enjoyable, and that nothing was lacking except the warbling of the nightingale. On Sunday, September 30, there was something of a calm, and they travelled fourteen leagues; four wagtails flew on board, and twice they saw two pelicans. Christopher Columbus says that the appearance of so many birds of the same kind was a very good indication that land was not far off. Had a lone one been seen, it might be supposed that it had strayed and was lost. Christopher Columbus says, also, that he and all the seamen were astonished at seeing so many birds and no land; for their experience was that they were not found farther from shore than twenty leagues, especially the fork-tail, which never sleeps at sea. The ocean was very smooth and the air sweet and pleasant.

The pilots of the three ships were much frightened by a certain phenomenon, portending, they thought, some danger. It was this: at dark the needles of the compasses deflected towards the north-west fully two points, while at daybreak they pointed exactly to the north star. Christopher Columbus assigned a reason for the phenomenon, telling them that while the north star moves, like other stars, in a circle from east to west around the pole, the needles remain stationary, pointing always to the true north, or pole. The explanation satisfied the mariners to some extent. On Monday they travelled, between night and day, twenty-five leagues, and in the common register twenty were marked. On this day the pilots conferred together to ascertain how far from the Ferro Island, the last of the Canaries, they had travelled according to each one's reckoning. The pilot of the *Capitana*, on which Christopher Columbus sailed, found himself five hundred and seventy-eight leagues west of that island, and he decided, of course, that the other two vessels must be at the same distance. This was according to the public register, which Columbus had caused to be carefully kept, although, according to the secret one, which was in his best judgment true, they had travelled seven hundred and seven leagues. The difference was, therefore, one hundred and twenty-nine leagues. The other two pilots had really travelled much more than they thought; for on the following Wednesday the pilot of the *Niña* had on his register six hundred and fifty leagues, and that of the *Pinta* six hundred and thirty-four. Columbus rejoiced within himself at their error in reckoning less distance than they had covered; for if everybody had felt himself seven hundred and odd leagues from the Canaries, they would have been more frightened, and it would have been much more difficult to make them proceed farther. On Tuesday, the 2d of October, they left behind on their way west, during the twenty-four hours, other thirty-nine leagues, which went on the public record as twenty. Thanks be to God! (this was a common expression of Columbus) the sea always remained smooth and favorable. Much grass was travelling from east to west, *i.e.*, in the opposite direction they had seen it travel earlier in the voyage. Many fishes were visible, and they killed a small tunny, and saw also a white bird. On Wednesday, the 3d of October, forty-seven leagues were made between night and day, which were set down as forty. They saw many weeds in a decaying state, and others fresh, with something like their natural seeds on them, and inasmuch as few birds were now to be seen, and dur-

ing the week before so many signs of land had been visible, Columbus suspected that they had left behind, on either side of them, the islands painted on the chart mentioned above. Nevertheless he did not think it well to travel to hither or thither, to the right or to the left, looking for islands because he had good weather, and his main object was to find the Indies travelling west, which was the offer he had made to the king and the object for which he had been sent.

On account of his refusal to turn to right or left in search of the islands, which they thought (especially Martin Alonzo, who had seen them on the chart sent him by Columbus) must be somewhere around, and because they thought he should change his course, all of them began to mutiny, and the disorder would have gone further if God, as is his wont to do, had not interfered, promptly showing them new signs of land. Christopher Columbus's sweet words, his remonstrances, his wise way of reasoning, were no longer sufficient to quiet them and to persuade them to persevere. It happened that on the 4th of October more than forty birds together boarded the caravel, with two pelicans, one of which was wounded by one of the crew on the ship. A wagtail and a white bird also came on board. During the twenty-four hours of that day sixty-four leagues were travelled, which were put down as forty-six. The following day, Wednesday, many birds appeared, and swallows, who fly something like a good stone-throw above the water, and often fall on board of ships. Many of them fell during that day on board the caravel. Fifty-seven leagues were travelled, which were counted as forty-five. The sea was beautiful. Thanks be to God! said Columbus here. Saturday, the 6th of October, they travelled forty leagues, which for the crews counted as thirty-three. During the night Martin Alonzo remarked that they should turn two points to the west in order to make the Island of Cipango, as laid down on the map which Christopher Columbus had shown him. The latter was not of that opinion, because if they should mistake the route they would spend more time in finding land, and it was safer, he thought, to discover first the main-land and look for islands after; the whole of which was not agreeable to them. And because Columbus refused to do as they wanted, they murmured. A wagtail and a pelican boarded the ship, which, however, were of small comfort to the men because they were travelling against their will.

Inasmuch as our Lord had decreed to shorten the time for showing that Christopher Columbus was right, and that he had

selected him for this enterprise, and as he wished also to withdraw him from the danger in which he was, and from those restless and incredulous men, and as he wanted to free them all from their painful suspense and console them; therefore on the 7th of October, at sunrise, the caravel *Niña*, which, being faster, was leading the others (everybody was doing his best to travel as fast as possible and be the first to see land, and thus get the pension of ten thousand maravedis which the queen had promised, as has already been said), hoisted the flag at its main-mast and fired a salvo as a signal that land had been sighted, in compliance with an order given by the Captain-General, Christopher Columbus. He had likewise commanded that at sunrise and at sunset all the vessels should come together, because these are the hours best suited for seeing the farthest either on land or at sea, there being then a minimum of evaporation to impede the view.

Evening came and the land announced by the *Niña* did not appear. The clouds had once more deceived them. Hence more despondency and more fear on the part of these men, who always mistrusted. Columbus, seeing that flocks of birds flew from the north toward the south-west (a sure indication that they were going to sleep on land, or that they were fleeing from the winter, which in the country from whence they came would perhaps soon begin), and remembering that most of the islands now owned by the Portuguese had been by them discovered by following the flight of passing birds, especially when seen in the afternoon, agreed to change his course two points from west to south-west, and determined to follow that direction for two days, considering that by so doing he was not getting far from his original route. Had he continued to the end to follow the latter, and had the impatience of the Castilians not prevented him, there is no doubt that he would have landed on the main-land in Florida, and hence on New Spain. Incomparable would then have been the difficulties, and insufferable the pains to be borne, and it would have been a miracle if he had ever returned to Castile. But God who, knowing all, was governing and guiding him, did and executed everything much better than he or any one else could ask or wish, as will appear hereafter. They travelled during this day before changing their course, which was done one hour before sunset, twenty-three leagues, and during the night something like five leagues. Monday, October 8, they sailed west-south-west. God wished to free them from the fear that had seized on them again the previous day, and hence

many different kinds of birds appeared, jackdaws, ducks, a pelican, and many field birds, of which they caught one on board, and about which everybody rejoiced as of a great thing. And as all these birds were flying south-west, and to all appearances could not go very far, cheerfully and with good-will they followed in that direction. They were at the same time encouraged by the calmness of the sea, which was as smooth as the river at Seville. The air was very sweet, as it is in April at Seville, fragrant and very agreeable. Blades of fresh grass floated around them. Christopher Columbus for all of these good signs gave many thanks to God. They did not travel during the twenty-four hours more than twelve leagues because there was not much wind. Tuesday, the 9th of October, they travelled south-west five leagues; and then because the wind was changing travelled four leagues to north-north-west. Altogether they made during the day eleven leagues, and during the night twenty leagues and a half, which were given out to the crew as seventeen. During the whole of the night birds were heard flying by. The following day, Wednesday, the 10th, as the wind had increased, they travelled west-south-west ten miles, or two and a half leagues an hour, except during a short time when they went at the rate of only seven miles; and so between day and night they ran fifty-nine leagues, which were given to the public as forty-four. When the men saw themselves travelling so far, and that the signs of the small birds and of the several other kinds of birds were all continuing to prove fallacious, they again began to repeat their complaints with importunity, and were full of despondency; and they began to insist and to clamor for their return, thereby altogether renouncing the pleasure and joy which God had in store for them and which was to be granted within thirty hours. It all happened thus in order that nobody could rightfully claim having deserved the joy prepared for them or the merits of what was shortly to happen, but that, on the contrary, all the glory should be attributed to the good God, the Most High, who governed them, and whose will in reference to that voyage was of necessity to be fulfilled. Columbus, however, the minister selected by God for the accomplishment of this work, did not yield to their despicable cowardice; on the contrary, with more heart and liberty of spirit, more hopefulness, more gracious and sweet addresses, exhortations, and promises, he strengthened and encouraged them to persevere and to continue to go forward; at the same time intimating that complaints were useless; for his and the king's intention had been and was to discover the Indies through that western sea,

that they of their own free will had consented to accompany him, and that, with the help of God, he intended to continue his journey until he would find them. They might at the same time rest assured that they were nearer to them than they thought. On Thursday, the 11th of October, God's mercy was pleased to make them all feel that assuredly their voyage had not been in vain. They now saw signs of land more certain and better verified than all the others they had seen before, and they breathed more freely. They travelled west-south-west, with better winds and seas than they had had during the whole voyage; they saw many white birds, and, what was much more important, sticking to the ship, a green rush as if it had just been pulled up by the roots. From the *Pinta* a stick and a reed were seen; also a small stick which had been apparently worked on with some iron tools, a small piece of board, and another kind of weed that grows on land. The mariners on the *Niña* noticed other signs of land, among them a branch loaded with berries, at the sight of which all the crews were overjoyed. During that day and up to sunset they travelled twenty-seven leagues. Columbus, on account of the many signs observed, and also on account of the distance which he had travelled since leaving the Canaries, knew that he was not far from land. By whatever means or conjecture he may have come to form this opinion, he always had it in his heart that, when he would have travelled west from the Ferro Island seven hundred and fifty leagues, more or less, on this ocean he would find land. Therefore after dark, and when it was time to say the *Salve Regina*, according to the seamen's custom, he made a graceful and feeling address to all his companions and mariners, calling to their attention the many favors God had so far granted to all of them during their voyage—a smooth sea, mild and favorable winds, tranquillity of the elements, without tempests or hurricanes such as are so frequently met with by those who travel on the sea; and inasmuch as he hoped that the goodness of God would allow them in a few hours to see land, he beseechingly begged them to keep during that night a very good watch on the forecastle; to be observant and watchful, and to be on the lookout for land more than they had ever been before. In the written instructions given by Columbus to the captains of each ship was found the following in the first chapter: that, after having travelled seven hundred leagues west, without discovering land, they should not sail later than midnight, which rule had not been heretofore observed, and which Columbus had not enforced in order not to make its observance more painful on account of

their anxiety to see land. For he was very confident that God's goodness would that night bring them very near to land, and perhaps even to see it; he therefore begged them to be diligent in their watch in order to be the first to see it, because, besides the reward of ten thousand maravedis promised by the queen to him who would first see land, he promised also, there and then, a silk jacket in addition. During that night, after set of sun he travelled west, the course he had always followed since he had left the Canaries, twelve miles an hour, and at two o'clock after midnight he had travelled ninety miles; that is, twenty-two leagues and a half.

As Christopher Columbus was standing on the forecastle, with his eyes fixed forward, more intently than any one else, as he was more deeply concerned and his responsibility was greater, he saw a light, although so slightly and so faintly shining that he did not care to affirm that it was land, and secretly called to Pedro Gutierrez, a gentleman of the royal household, and told him that it looked like a light, and to see what he thought; he too saw it, and he too thought it was a light. Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, who had been appointed by the king purveyor-general of the fleet, was also called; but he could not see it. It was seen once or twice again, and it looked, he says, like a little candle that went up and down. Columbus had no doubt that it truly was a light, and that consequently he was near land, and such in fact was the case. This is what I think of it myself. The Indians living on those islands, which are very temperate and not at all cold, are accustomed to go out at night from their straw huts, called by them *bohios*, to attend to their natural necessities, and when very dark they carry in their hands a piece of candle-wood, or a torch of burning pine, or other well-seasoned and resinous wood, burning as readily as candle-wood. They go out and come in again, and thus the light could have been seen by Columbus and the others three or four times.

Christopher Columbus had ordered that the watches on the forecastle should not relax in their vigilance, and he was very carefully watching for land himself. At two o'clock in the morning the *Pinta*, on which sailed Alonzo Pinzon, was in advance of the others, as she was the fastest of the caravels; and she was the first to see land, which was sighted at two leagues distance. At once a salvo was fired, as the signal agreed upon of the discovery of land, and the standard was raised. A mariner, by the name of Rodrigo de Priana, was the first to see the land; but the ten thousand maravedis were assigned to Christopher Colum-

bus by the king, on the plea that his seeing the light first must be accounted as his being the first to see land.*

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When the day anxiously desired by all came at last the three vessels made for the land, and, having cast anchor, they saw so many naked people on shore that the sand and the land appeared covered with them. It was an island fifteen leagues long, more or less, level, without mountains, like an orchard of green and very fresh-looking trees (the islands of these *lucayos*, which are numerous around Hispaniola, and extend far along the coast of Cuba, all have a green and fresh appearance), which was called in the language of Hispaniola and of the other islands (for they all have about the same language) *Guanahani*, the accent falling on the last syllable, which is long. It had an inland lake of sweet water, which the inhabitants used for drinking purposes.

It was thickly peopled, because, as will be said, all the countries have a very pleasant climate, especially all the islands of the *Lucayos*. The inhabitants of these small islands are called by this name, which means "dweller on *cayos*"—that is, islands. The admiral and all his men longed to leap onto the land and to see those people, as these, on their part, astonished at seeing the vessels, which they must have thought were living animals coming over or out of the sea, were no less anxious to see them land. On Friday, therefore, the 12th day of October, armored, and sword in hand, Columbus jumped into his ship's yawl, with as many of his men as it could carry, and ordered the two captains, Martin Alonzo and Vincente Yañez, to come from their caravels in a like manner. The admiral carried the royal standard, and the two captains two twin banners, with a green Cross, which Columbus carried in each vessel as the distinctive flag of the expedition. At one end of the beam of the Cross was an "F" and at the other a "J." The letters, each surmounted by a crown, stood for *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*. The admiral and his companions, having landed on shore, fell on their knees, and all gave a thousand thanks to their Almighty God and Lord, tears flowing down the cheeks of many, who had led them in safety, and had already given them to taste a little of the fruit they had so longed and sighed for during so extended, so unheard-of, so laborious, and so trying a pilgrimage.

* Here the author makes a long digression to give room for a moral reflection, and to set at rest some false rumors that Columbus's heart, towards the end of the voyage, had failed him, and that it was the Pinzons who had induced him to persevere. Oviedo is here tartly criticised for countenancing these rumors in his history, thereby placing in doubt the full merit of Columbus's achievement. I have thought it best to omit the digression in order to give the reader the uninterrupted story of the discovery.—L. A. D.

THE LAND OF THE SUN.

CHAPTER I.

A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

"HERE is another letter from Philip urging us to spend a few months in Mexico this winter," said General Meynell, entering his domestic circle with an open epistle in his hand.

The domestic circle, which consisted of two ladies—one a graceful young woman in widow's mourning, the other a pretty, fair-haired girl—received this announcement with interest.

"Poor Phil!" said the first, holding out a slim white hand for the letter. "He is very lonely, I am sure. I think you had better decide to go, papa. We all want to see him as much as he wishes to see us."

"I am not sure about Phil being lonely," said the girl. "He is so social that he would fraternize with an Apache Indian if there was nobody else available for the purpose. But I should certainly like to see the dear boy, and I should also like exceedingly to see Mexico. So, my vote is for going. And last week, papa, you said that you thought you would go."

"Well," said her father, smiling into the bright, upturned face, "I am still somewhat of that opinion; and I have come in to talk it over. Let us hear what Margaret says."

But Margaret, otherwise Mrs. Langdon, was absorbed in the letter which she held. "What a boy!" she said presently as she laid it down. "I really think we must go and look after him, or else he may fall into mischief. He is just at the impressionable age, and I don't like this talk about Mexican beauties."

"Why, a moment ago I thought you were sure he was lonely," said Dorothea mischievously. "I told you Phil would never be *that*. Now, I don't believe there is any more danger from Mexican beauties than from loneliness. It is your shy, reserved man who falls in love—not a gay, pleasure-loving fellow like Phil."

"We bow to your superior knowledge," said her sister smiling; "but still I think that even to Phil, if he is too much cut off from his family, danger may come. And I distinctly should not like him to marry a Mexican."

"Nor should I," said the general—who had a high opinion of his elder daughter's judgment, and was also full of old-fashioned prejudices. "If there is any danger of that kind, we had better start at once. But it did not strike me that anything he says in the letter points that way."

"Not exactly," said Mrs. Langdon. "He only speaks of these pleasant acquaintances he has made, and declares that one young lady—what is her name?" (consulting the letter)—"Ah! Doña Mercédes—is the most beautiful woman he has ever seen. Now, I agree with Dorothea that he is not specially susceptible; but there might be danger for any young man in contact with the most beautiful woman he has ever seen."

"I will not go so far as to assert that he is positively danger-proof," observed Dorothea. "In fact I am prepared to admit that he is desperately in love, and on the point of marriage, if it will induce you and papa to decide that we are to go to Mexico."

"I have already decided that I should like very much to go," said Mrs. Langdon. "The matter rests with papa. If he cares for the journey—"

But the general would have undertaken a journey into Thibet for the sake of his favorite son. "Yes," he said, "I think I shall like it very much—or if not like it exactly, you know, at least not find it disagreeable. Besides seeing Phil, which is of course the chief inducement, we will see a country new to all of us, and we will discover if there is any danger for the boy."

"I have an idea!" cried Dorothea quickly. "Listen! Discovering if Phil is in danger will do no good, unless we provide a remedy in case the danger exists. Now, Margaret and myself are very charming, no one is more thoroughly aware of the fact than I am; but I fear that, since we are unfortunately his sisters, our charms would not suffice to draw him from those of Doña Mercédes. So, in order to be provided for any emergency, we must take with us an attraction sufficient for the purpose."

"What do you possibly mean?" asked her sister, as she paused.

"I mean," she answered impressively, "Violet Gresham. Phil was in love with her before he went away, but she provoked him by her coquetry and he confided to me that he would never think of her again. But that is all nonsense, you know. Of course he will think of her again as soon as he sees her; for she certainly is wonderfully pretty. And so we must take her along."

"Your schemes are as madcap as yourself," observed Mrs. Langdon, "and yet—perhaps—I cannot say that I like Violet Gresham very much," she concluded, rather irrelevantly.

"Neither do I," said Dorothea frankly. "But what does that matter, provided she serves the purpose of saving Phil? She will not marry him, because he is not rich enough; and he will not break his heart about her, because he knows her too well. But I am sure there is no Mexican girl living who can hold her own against Violet Gresham, and if you want to make an end of the Doña Mercédes affair, you had better take her along."

"But is it likely that she will wish to be taken?" asked Mrs. Langdon—while the general listened to these rapid plans with an air of partial stupefaction.

"She told me only yesterday that she is bored to death, that society is very dull this winter, and that she is much in need of a change, so my opinion is that she will eagerly embrace the idea," responded Dorothea.

"It strikes me as rather a dangerous remedy for a disease which after all may only exist in our fancies," said Mrs. Langdon meditatively. She took up the letter again, and read aloud the following passage:

"'I do not think I have told you before of my good luck in making the acquaintance of one of the most aristocratic families of this part of Mexico. They are of Spanish descent—going straight back to one of the Conquistadores and all that sort of thing—have immense estates and are generally of the exclusive class that foreigners seldom reach, especially a poor devil of a civil engineer like myself. But it was necessary to run the survey for our proposed line through the hacienda of Señor Don Rafael de Vargas. Considering that it is about thirty miles square, he would probably never have known of our presence on it; but I judged it best to set matters straight with the lord of the soil. So, being in charge of the party, I called at the *casa grande* and fortunately found Don Rafael himself in occupation, for it is only a certain number of weeks in the year that these *grand seigneurs* live on their great estates. He received me with a courtesy altogether Mexican, and a hospitality more than Arabian. He is a splendid old fellow in every way, and I was only too happy to accept his invitation to be presented to his family. Such a family! Their number is legion; for besides his wife and children, all his sisters, his cousins and his aunts, not to speak of many of his

friends, appear to live under his roof. Altogether the household, when I was presented to it in assembled force, consisted of more than twenty persons; and I was informed that several of its members were absent—notably two sons of my host, whom I have since met, and who are fine fellows and quite men of the world, having had all possible advantages of education and travel. But one person was *not* absent on my first introduction—and that was the youngest daughter of the house, the most beautiful creature that it has ever been my good fortune to see. I wish that I could describe her to you—but that is impossible. Fancy everything most entrancing in Spanish beauty, and you have Doña Mercédes, for that is her charming name. I have been frequently to the hacienda since that occasion, and I now count the De Vargas family among my best friends, which is rare good luck I assure you for a 'gringo' like myself."

"Now that is all," said Mrs. Langdon, looking up from the letter, "and probably there is nothing in it that ought to excite our apprehensions. Still, a young man is made of inflammable material, and his admiration for everything most entrancing in Spanish beauty may lead to results that none of us desire."

"It will be safer to take Violet with us," said Dorothea. "She can do no harm, and she may be of use. By the time we reach Phil he may be bound hand and foot by the charms of this Mexican beauty; and we may need a counter-attraction without delay. And where are we to find it if we do not, like wise people, provide it beforehand?"

Mrs. Langdon looked at her father with a smile. "Does all this seem absurd to you, papa?" she asked. "Are you prepared to burden yourself with another young woman because Dorothea thinks that she *may* be useful in drawing Phil away from Mexican snares?"

The general pulled his gray moustaches meditatively for a moment before he answered. "Well, my dear," he said, "I do not suppose another young woman will add much to my trouble; and if you and Dorothea think she might be of use in the manner indicated, let us by all means take her along."

"If she will consent to go, which I very much doubt," remarked Mrs. Langdon. "And really I cannot say that I enjoy the idea of adding a girl like Violet Gresham, with not an idea beyond social amusement, to our party. If we go to Mexico, I, for one, want to see the country in a satisfactory manner; and she will be bored to death and bore us to death in the process."

"There is a way to avoid that," said Dorothea. "Take a man or two along."

"Dorothea!" cried her sister indignantly. "If your suggestions are heeded we shall soon be of the size and compatibility of a party of Cook's tourists."

"Oh, no!" answered Dorothea, quite undismayed. "One or two men will be enough, and will not make the party of an unmanageable size. The trouble is to find the right kind of men —good travellers, and also cultivated, sympathetic, and agreeable people."

"A modest list of requirements. Do you know any such people who are likely to be ready to start at a moment's notice for Mexico?"

"I cannot just now think of any one who exactly answers to the description; but I have no doubt I shall after a little reflection."

The general at this juncture began to look grave. The project which had opened with such modest dimensions—the journey of a family party to Mexico, to visit the son and brother, with a little sight-seeing thrown in—now, under Dorothea's manipulation, enlarged rapidly and alarmingly into a possible excursion of a magnitude calculated to dismay; and the more so because the general knew well that the thing upon which his youngest daughter set her pretty, wilful head was almost invariably the thing which came to pass. The addition of the young lady described by Mrs. Langdon as not possessing an idea beyond social amusement had not troubled him—because, in the first place, all girls seemed to him much alike, and, in the second place, he knew that her presence would not greatly concern him. But if men were to be added to the party, they *did* concern him. How many hours he should have to spend with them, and how necessary it was that for such an expedition they should be irreproachable in character, conduct, and temper—especially temper! The general shook his head as he endeavored to gaze severely at his volatile daughter.

"My dear," he observed, "you must remember that I have a word to say in this matter. I really do not see the necessity of adding any more members to our party, but if—ahem! you think one or two men might make things pleasanter, I must at least know who they are before they are invited to join us. I should be very sorry to be obliged to pass a month or so in the constant society of some of the very shallow young men whom one meets in these days."

"Papa," said Dorothea severely, "what have you ever seen in me to lead you to imagine that I should dream of wanting any man of the class to which you allude? Ask Margaret if I like them, or if they like me. I thought you knew me better, and had a higher opinion of my taste and judgment."

The general looked as one thus rebuked should look; but he managed to say: "It strikes me, that I have on a few occasions seen such young men not only in your drawing-room, but at my own dinner-table—and I am very sure that *I* did not invite them there."

"One must take society as one finds it," replied Dorothea loftily; "and if one shuts one's doors on all people who are not cultivated and charming, one would have a very small circle. One must ask stupid people to dinner sometimes—but not to go to Mexico with one. When I do that, papa, you may put me in a strait-jacket, for I should be a fit subject for it. The trouble is, as I have said, to find anybody worthy of such an invitation."

"You may be quite sure, papa," said Mrs. Langdon, "that no one will be added to the party without your knowledge and consent."

"After all," said the general thoughtfully, "it is not, perhaps, a bad idea to enlarge the masculine element a little. I should not object to a man if he were of suitable age and tastes, for my companionship. I am going down to the club, and perhaps I may meet—"

"Papa," cried Dorothea, springing up and seizing him by the button-hole, "don't you *dare* to do such a thing as to ask any of the old fo—gentlemen who hobnob with you at the club, to join us! If you do, I shall stay at home. A bore fastened to one for such a length of time would be simply intolerable."

"Softly, softly, Dorothea," said her sister's quiet tones. "Papa is not nearly as likely as you are to do anything rash; but perhaps"—looking at him with a beguiling smile—"he would not mind promising not to invite any one without consulting us?"

"I should not think of such a thing," responded the general a little gruffly. "I am far too much under petticoat rule to venture on such an independent action. Now, Dorothea, if you will be kind enough to let me go—"

"Not until you pardon my impetuosity, papa," said Dorothea, who saw that he was for once displeased. "The danger was so great it upset me for a moment. Come—nobody at all shall be asked, and we will go as a strictly family party if you prefer it."

"I prefer what will give you most pleasure, my dear," said her father kindly. "You and Margaret can talk it over and decide who you would like to ask. I only request a reasonable privilege of veto—which probably I shall have no need to exercise. Now you must really let me go. I have an appointment to meet a man at the club at four o'clock."

CHAPTER II.

GATHERING RECRUITS.

Dorothea always afterwards said that it was a positive proof to her of the direct interposition of a kindly Providence in even the small affairs of human life, that when her father entered his club that afternoon the first person whom he met was Herbert Russell.

An old friend in former days of the Meynell family, this gentleman in later times had become somewhat lost to them—but very well known to the world at large as traveller, scholar, and man of letters. A wanderer in many lands, he had in great measure ceased to belong to one, at least as far as the subtle chords of association and friendship were concerned; and, as there is no gain without some loss, he sometimes felt that the man who takes the whole world for his country, must of necessity miss some things which belong to a narrower mode of existence. His knowledge may be much greater, his human sympathies far more wide, but he can never know the long-enduring ties, the deeply-rooted friendships, the tender if half-unconscious affection for familiar paths and skies, which form so much of life for the man whose ways have lain within closer bounds. Russell was a man whose perceptions were too fine not to feel this; and it sometimes came upon him with saddening force when he found himself treading as a stranger the streets of his native city. He had friends there who never forgot him, or who at least remembered him with a cordial welcome whenever he presented himself to them. But to how many interests of their lives had his long absences made him alien; while at every recurring visit he found their number less. He was thinking of these things as he sat—a spare, sunburnt man, with nothing remarkable about his appearance except an air of refinement and a pair of very keen and kindly dark eyes—in the reading-room of the club with a newspaper in his hand. Of the half-dozen men present not one was known to him; and al-

though nobody was ever more absolutely without that social craving which makes their own society so oppressive to many people, the fact added to that consciousness of strangeness which always saddened him a little. His eyes were on the sheet before him, but he was paying not much heed to its words, rather wandering back in fancy to half-forgotten days and scenes, when a hand suddenly fell on his shoulder, and looking up he saw a tall, erect, elderly gentleman with something of a military air, a white moustache and gray, closely-curling hair, who was smiling with eager cordiality.

"Why, Russell, my dear fellow," cried this striking-looking personage, "where do you come from? and how long have you been in New Orleans?"

"My dear General Meynell, I am delighted to meet you!" said Russell, rising quickly and grasping the other's outstretched hand. "I come—well, let us say, for the sake of brevity, from the Antipodes, and I have only been in New Orleans a day or two. I should have given myself the pleasure of calling on you at once, had I known you were in the city."

"Oh! I am always here now," answered the general cheerily. "Come, let us find a quiet corner where we can talk and smoke a sociable cigar. What was I saying?" he went on when they were settled in the smoking-room. "Ah, yes!—that I live here now. I have given up the management of the plantation to George since he has married. Life on a plantation is no bed of roses in these days; and I much prefer taking my ease in New Orleans, where I can meet my old friends, and enjoy a few rubbers and dinners occasionally."

"Your friends have reason to congratulate themselves, as well as you, on the change," said Russell. "But I shall never forget the delightful days I have spent at Beau-Séjour. And how are my old friends, who were very young friends in those days, Miss Meynell—Mrs. Langdon, I mean—and Mademoiselle Dorothea?"

"They are both very well. Margaret, you know, is a widow. Her husband, poor fellow! died before they had been married a year. Dorothea, who was a school-girl when you saw her last, is now a full-fledged young lady—but as much of a madcap as ever."

"A charming madcap, I am sure, or else the promise of her youth has been belied. How well I remember her—the quaint, wise, merry little hoiden! And Phil—what is he doing?"

"Phil insisted on becoming a civil engineer—chiefly, I think, because the boy has a passion for roving; and he thought that

profession a good means of gratifying his taste. He has gone to Mexico. By-the-bye, we are thinking of going down there to see him this winter. I wonder if you know anything about that country—you are what they call in these days a 'globe-trotter,' eh?"

"I must plead guilty to having done a little globe-trotting," answered Russell modestly, "and as for Mexico, I know it well and like it so much that I am on my way there to spend my third winter."

"What!" cried the general with a radiant face. "You are on your way to Mexico? Why, this is capital news! How pleased Margaret and Dorothea will be! You are just the man to tell them all about the country, for we know what kind of a traveller you are. It was only the other day Dorothea was talking of some of your articles about—Persia, I believe. If you can throw as much light for us on Mexico now—"

"I ought to be able to throw a good deal more," said Russell, "for I have seen little of Persia, compared to what I have seen of Mexico. I wandered down there, as it were, by accident two years ago, and was so pleased with all I found that I have returned every winter since. I have been studying the country, especially its history, art, and antiquities, with the intention of writing something which I hope may have a scholarly value. I am going back now for a few final notes, and I shall be very glad if I can be of service in giving you any information."

"You can tell us everything!" said the general. "What a stroke of good luck that I should meet you! Phil is very much pleased with the country; but Phil is of an age and disposition to be pleased with anything—so I have not attached much importance to his opinion. But if *you* like it—and you really do, eh?"

"I like it so much," Russell answered, "that I am half afraid to talk of it, for fear of seeming enthusiastic—a fault not readily pardoned in these days. But the land, with its story, its art and its people, is one of the most interesting to be found in the world to-day. It is Spain, the East, and the New World blended in a whole of incomparable picturesqueness."

"Is it possible?" said the general. "I have read a good many books of travel professing to describe the country—but the impression they left of it on my mind was by no means of that kind."

Russell smiled. "The American traveller of a generation ago," he said, "found nothing to admire and everything to con-

demn in Mexico, because everything was moulded in a form of civilization entirely different from his own—which he conceived to be the standard of excellence for the world. It cannot be said that this race of travellers is extinct at the present time—but another class has lately risen among us, whom more cosmopolitan culture has educated into broader sympathy and a love of things foreign and picturesque. To these people Mexico offers a field for delightful wandering which is simply unsurpassed."

"When Dorothea hears you," said the general, "there will be no restraining her. She will want to start at once. But I am really very glad that you can promise us an interesting excursion."

"More than that," said Russell, "I advise you not to defer it, for it is well to see Mexico before the change which is called 'progress' goes farther. With railroads piercing the country in every direction, the tide of travel constantly increasing, and money-making Americans and Englishmen flooding it, the assimilating process which is making the whole world so drearily alike will soon have done its work there as elsewhere. Go, then, and see it while its peculiar and picturesque charm remains."

"Well, you know I don't agree with you about practical improvements and so on," answered the general, who thought it his duty to enter a protest now and then in favor of the nineteenth century, as represented by railroads, street-cars, steam-ploughs, and other things which his friend regarded as industrial atrocities. "But no doubt we shall find Mexico interesting—all the more because we can enter it in a Pullman car. Now, you must really come and see Margaret and Dorothea, and tell them all that you have been telling me. They will be delighted to see you again. Have you any engagement? Can't you come at once?"

Russell had no engagement, and there seemed no reason why he should not oblige his old friend in the manner asked. So he cheerfully assented to the general's proposal, and accompanied him from the club and into a St. Charles Avenue car. A little later they alighted on the handsome street of that name before a large house, encircled by wide galleries, which occupied a corner situation, and was surrounded by fine old trees and beautiful lawns and shrubbery.

"I hope we shall find my daughters at home," said the general, as he admitted his companion and himself. The hope was speedily realized; for crossing the veranda and entering a spacious hall, the sound of voices from the open drawing-room door

told them that the ladies were within. The next moment they stood in the doorway and looked on a pretty picture.

A fire which was a mass of glowing coal burned in a brass-girt, tile-lined grate, and threw its rosy radiance over a room full of the soft hangings and graceful forms which gratify the artistic sense in these æsthetic days, and also over a group gathered in easy chairs about the hearth, while the short winter afternoon deepened into dusk outside the windows. The lady clad in black draperies, with a transparent complexion, rich chestnut hair waving back from a beautiful brow, radiant gray eyes and a smile of singular sweetness, was, of course, Mrs. Langdon. There was no mistaking *her*, though Russell had seen her last just as she had bloomed into girlhood and was on the eve of the marriage which had ended so soon. Neither could he mistake pretty Dorothea, with her fair hair, and soft brown eyes set in a Greuze-like face. But it was not until he had advanced into the room, been presented to and cordially welcomed by the two ladies, that he recognized the slender, well-dressed man who formed the third person of the group. Yet he, too, proved to be an old acquaintance. Léon Travers was, as his name implied, a product of the two strains of nationality that meet in Louisiana, and that do not very often mingle. The marriages of two successive generations had made him in blood more English than French. Yet so strong is the impress of race, especially of a race so marked in its characteristics as that of the creole of Louisiana, that he looked as if no one of his ancestors had ever sought an alliance outside of the French quarter of New Orleans. His graceful figure and dark, thin, handsome face were as strikingly French as his manner and speech were English. And in his mental constitution the same subtle mingling and predominance of the Gallic type appeared. In his processes of thought he was altogether French, keen, logical, brilliant, with an intellectual facility which had made his friends early prophesy much distinction for him. But the distinction had not been achieved, except in a limited social sense; for, with all his brilliancy, the critical faculty overpowered every other with him, and did not spare himself more than others. Consequently, what he might do remained yet in the order of potentialities, while the fact that he had never done anything to justify his reputation for cleverness, together with his attitude of unfailing criticism, made some people who disliked him declare that he was not only overrated, but full of objectionable conceit and affectation. But those who knew him best were sure that this was not the

case; and among those who knew him best were the Meynells. It was true that Dorothea was among the number of his most unsparing critics; but this probably was because she resented a slight tinge of patronage in his manner toward herself—the patronage which many men of the world display to young girls, and which is peculiarly irritating to a girl who feels or fancies herself clever enough to meet the same man of the world on equal terms.

The first greetings and inquiries of this group of old friends over, and the situation as it related to Mexico fully explained, Dorothea's enthusiasm fully justified her father's prediction.

"You are on your way to Mexico for your third winter!" she said to Russell. "How fortunate that papa should have met you just at this time; for I suppose he has told you that we have decided to go there ourselves?"

"He has told me," Russell answered, "and I was delighted to hear it, for I am sure that you will be charmed with Mexico. Any one of taste and culture must be charmed with it. And then, you see, a little selfishness comes in—for since I am going there myself, what is to prevent our paths from crossing now and then?"

"Oh! I hope they will do more than cross," returned the young lady quickly. She clasped her hands and leaned forward in a pretty attitude of entreaty. "Mr. Russell," she said quite solemnly, "we cannot have the presumption to ask you to join *us*, but I am sure papa and Margaret will agree with me in begging that we may be allowed the privilege of joining *you*. Just think"—addressing her father and sister—"what a guide and interpreter of the country fate has throw in our way!"

"But you forget," said Mrs. Langdon, "that however admirable such an arrangement might be for us, Mr. Russell has probably other things to do besides interpreting the country for our benefit."

"I have nothing to do which is incompatible with rendering you any service in my power," said Russell—who really meant what he said. For although esteemed an unsocial man generally, he was by no means averse to society when it suited him. "My only claim to know a little more of Mexico than most travellers," he went on, "is that I like the country and the people—and there is no comprehension equal to that which is founded on sympathy. I think, therefore, that I may be of use to you; and if so, I assure you that I shall be very happy."

"And you are willing to take charge of us, and tell us where

to go, and what to see, and how to see it?—you will not be bored to death by having to go over ground that you know so well?" asked Dorothea eagerly.

He shook his head smiling. "I shall not be bored," he said; "but I cannot answer for what you may be, for remember that a man with a hobby is likely to ride it hard. And Mexico is my hobby just now."

"That makes it the more delightful," she said with shining eyes. "If you did not take an interest in the country, how could you interpret it? And I must tell you, Mr. Russell, that you are my ideal traveller. I have never read any of your articles about foreign places without saying to myself that I should like to look at a country through your eyes—for you see so much that seems to be hidden from other people. And now I am to have the opportunity! It seems almost too fortunate to be true."

"I hope," said Russell, "that you may not change your mind with regard to my ideal travelling qualities, and decide that hereafter you prefer to receive my impressions through the medium of type. But"—and now he included the others in his speech—"if you are leaving soon, I shall be glad to join you and give you the benefit of my experience in every way possible."

"My dear fellow," said the general cordially, "Dorothea has spoken the sentiments of all of us. We shall be very grateful if you will allow us to attach ourselves to you; for, apart from your personal qualities, your knowledge of the country will be of the greatest advantage."

"And, as Dorothea has also said, it is wonderful good fortune for us to have met you just on the eve of our journey," added Mrs. Langdon with her charming smile.

Then Travers, who up to this time had been listening silently, suddenly spoke.

"I wonder," he said in his slightly languid voice, "if your party has room for another recruit. I, too, am smitten by a desire to see Mexico, and to enjoy the benefit of Russell's interpretation thereof. Perhaps I am exposing myself to be ignominiously snubbed; but I think I should like to have a part in anything so pleasant as this expedition promises to be."

It is probable that the speaker was not flattered by the pause which followed this speech—a pause in which the members of the Meynell family looked at each other and, mindful of the agreement entered into between them, tried to read in each

other's eyes the sentiments of each regarding the proposed addition to their party. Before any one felt certain enough to break the rather awkward silence Travers himself spoke again with a smile.

"I see," he said, "that I have been indiscreet. Pray consider the suggestion withdrawn—or perhaps it is I who should withdraw and allow my name to be balloted upon?"

"No, no!" said the general quickly, "I have no doubt we shall all be glad for you to join us. You see," he added frankly, "we made an arrangement that no one should be asked to go without the consent of all concerned; and so"—

"And so nobody wished to take the responsibility of speaking for all," said Mrs. Langdon. "But, like papa, *I* shall be very glad if you will join us."

"There only remains, then, for me to gain the votes of Miss Meynell and Russell," said he, turning to the persons indicated.

"Mine you have with hearty good will," said Russell, who had always liked the young man, and knew him to possess capabilities of comradeship which were not common.

But Dorothea held her peace for a minute longer, regarding him the while with something slightly defiant in her bright, steadfast glance. They were always sparring, these two, but no one believed that there was any real dislike between them; so Dorothea's present silence rather surprised her father and sister. When she spoke it was with a judicial air.

"It is not possible always to consult one's own tastes and wishes," she said. "In forming a party like this one should consider, in the first place, if its different elements will agree harmoniously. Frankly, Mr. Travers, I have my doubts concerning the harmony between yourself and—some other members."

"Meaning, I presume, yourself," observed he calmly. "But as far as I am concerned, I am willing to enter into an engagement to keep the peace under all circumstances. If you on your part can promise to be amiable—"

"I was not alluding to myself at all," interrupted Miss Meynell. "I was thinking of an altogether different person. You have not heard that our party will include Miss Gresham."

"What!" he cried, startled out of his usual languor. "Violet Gresham?"—Dorothea nodded—"Why on earth have you asked *her?*"

"Because I have a liking for her society," responded Dorothea unblushingly. "I am aware that you do not share this liking, but you see—"

"I was not taken into consideration," he said as she paused. "That is very true. So, the question now is"—he pulled his moustaches meditatively for a moment—"is Miss Gresham enough of a drawback to spoil Mexico and what promises to be otherwise an exceptionally agreeable party? There must always be a drawback to everything human. Bearing this in mind, I still propose myself as a recruit. After all, if the rest of you can stand the fair Violet, I can. But I really think Russell ought to be warned."

"There is nothing at all for you to be warned about, Mr. Russell," said Dorothea with a spark of indignation in her glance. "Miss Gresham, who has agreed to accompany us to Mexico, is a very beautiful, and most people think very charming, girl, who, however, has been unfortunate enough to incur Mr. Travers's dislike—why, I am really unable to say."

"Then allow me to say," remarked Mr. Travers with great urbanity. "I dislike, or rather I disapprove, of Miss Gresham because she is a heartless flirt, without distinction either of manners or of mind, although she certainly possesses an exceedingly pretty face. I thought Russell should be warned, because she will certainly attempt his capture at once."

Russell smiled. "If such an attempt will amuse her," he said, "by all means let her have the gratification. Nothing is less likely than her success."

"Yes, there is one thing less likely, Mr. Russell—and that is her making the attempt," cried Dorothea, growing more angry. "Mr. Travers forgets himself when he says such things."

Travers deliberately drew from his pocket a note-book and pencil. "Are you willing," he inquired, "to make a bet—any stake you please—that the event predicted does not occur before your Mexican journey is half over? I will give heavy odds, for I know Miss Gresham."

"I should never think of making a bet on such a subject," replied Dorothea with dignity. "I am only quite certain, as I remarked a moment ago, that no party which is not entirely harmonious in its different elements can prove a success. Mr. Russell, I believe you have not seen Phil in a long while. Come and I will show you his likeness."

As Russell rose and followed the young lady across the room, Travers turned to Mrs. Langdon with an air of appeal.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "Am I to give up the hope of making one of your party, or can I venture to go in spite of Miss Gresham's presence and Miss Dorothea's disapproval?"

"I don't think Dorothea will prove implacable," answered her sister. "But why do you take so much pleasure in provoking her, and why do you dislike Violet Gresham so much?"

"I dislike Miss Gresham because she rasps me in every way," he replied, ignoring the first question. "Believe me, it is really a mistake to make her one of your party."

"I am inclined to think so too," Mrs. Langdon admitted candidly. "But Dorothea has a plan—and there is no escape now, for Violet came in half an hour ago, was asked to go, and has agreed to do so. So, under the circumstances, perhaps you had better not go. I fear you would not find it pleasant."

"If I had a proper sense of my own dignity I should retire at once," he said. "But I suppose it is owing to the contrariety inherent in human nature that because nobody seems to want me, I want very much to go. I'll risk Miss Gresham and all her arts, not to speak of the disapproval of Miss Meynell, if you will allow me to join your party."

She looked at him, smiling kindly. Those who knew her well, said that Margaret Langdon had a singular faculty of not only divining the best in people, but of drawing it out. Certainly Travers was a different man when he talked to her to what he was in general society, or what he was when he was provoking Dorothea. His affectations, of which he certainly had a few, fell away from him; his criticisms had not so sharp an edge, and he spoke out his inner thoughts with a sincerity and a certainty of comprehension which he hardly displayed with any other person. In this, as in many another case, "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*," and Mrs. Langdon, reading him thoroughly, not only pardoned his foibles but liked him cordially, as her next words proved.

"Come, by all means," she said. "Never mind Dorothea; and as for Violet Gresham, I am sure you don't really mind her. Now that we have Mr. Russell, I think our expedition will be worth joining."

"I am certain of it," said Travers; "and since you kindly permit me, I shall brave all consequences and go."

CHRISTIAN REID.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE JESUIT "RATIO STUDIORUM" IN POPULAR LITERATURE.

So conspicuous and wide-reaching an educational subject as the Jesuit system or method of studies might well demand for its treatment some of the generous latitude known to writers of a former age. The amplitude of proportions which characterized their gigantic tomes, oftentimes with a thousand folio pages devoted to a single topic, suggests a disparaging reflection on the modest limits with which the fecundity of writers nowadays, or perhaps the patience of readers, seems to be satisfied. A few hours' reading on the part of a busy multitude—this is the extent and scope of what is set before the writer of a book by his editor or publisher, who aims at meeting the popular tastes. It may be added though, for the credit of our day, that these conditions of paying homage to the popular tastes were, no doubt, always the same. Be that as it may, I have no other explanation to offer for having attempted recently to give a rational account of the Educational System of the Jesuits in a small book of three hundred pages.

Fortunately, under the constraint of their pent-up feelings, relief comes to authors from the side of other editors, who ask for explanations, and present difficulties which, they say, the readers of their reviews would be happy to see answered. Altogether, the correct discharge of their editorial functions seems a true exercise of Christian benignity, when they invite authors to disburden themselves in flowing print on the transient page of their periodicals. It is owing to this Christian curiosity on the part of the editors of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that I undertake to say a few words on the Jesuit system of education. But the few words confine themselves to so limited a space that I think their import likewise must be confined to one thing. Hence, I will just point out what kind of place it is that has been allotted in popular literature to the Jesuit system, known as the *Ratio Studiorum*.

Any subject that is very grave and deep, just like one that is too plain and homely, is for the generality of men much improved by being reflected through other men's minds. For the deeper subjects busy and distracted men have neither time nor thought sufficient; just as, in homely trivialities, honest and

candid minds cannot, for the life of them, see any colors to show such subjects off. Hence the charm of the literary profession in the eyes of all the world, from the effort of the daily news-sheet, which endeavors to dress up the vulgar doings of a city in a guise unknown to mortal sight, up to the exhaustive summary of a political situation, or the analysis of a great literary work, which a reviewer will project into an article, as upon a screen, with a distinctness and comprehensiveness not to be found if one travelled round the world for it. Such being the interest attaching to reflected lights, we may look at the Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum*, as it stands projected in the current literature of what is called pedagogics.

Happily for the relish of the popular appetite, some literary productions which would not be at all interesting are not to be found in the market. I refer to those views of the subject which are true—though it is quite possible that, for the present stage of information prevailing about Jesuit affairs, even what is true might not be wanting in the charm of novelty. Just now the learned world is handling with some amazement the genuine article itself, as far as an educational system can be rendered into print, in the *Monumenta Germaniæ Pædagogica*, a monumental work published by a pedagogical society in Berlin, and thus far devoting one volume out of every three to the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Society of Jesus, with the prospect of observing the same proportions for a good while to come.

Other views exhibit the right admixture to pique the popular taste. They are partly true and partly false. Much of what is current in English has hit this happy mean in the art of composition, though the authors or translators seem innocent of all discernment as to what is true and what is false, or indeed what it is they are talking about. Still, let them rejoice, inasmuch as not all that they have said is wrong. It is only when a scribe, degenerating to a taste for unmitigated foreignism, translates in all their purity and simplicity certain French or German productions that he offers to the normal scholars of these truth-loving countries of ours, and to pedagogical inquirers generally, a dish which I must characterize as not merely savoring of the native mendacity of the originals, but as consisting of that spice alone. Yet even these specimens of the book-maker's art are sometimes set off by the honesty of the normal scholars themselves; who, learning their daily lessons in these worthy translations, and having repeated them duly, go a little farther and turn to ask some Jesuit: "Why don't the Jesuits teach pupils to think

profoundly? Why, don't they prepare students for original inquiry? How is it your system does not require the study of history, geography, mathematics, English? Why do you practise espionage, and keep young men in close conventual bondage? etc." Questions like these show a bent for original inquiry; they are an augury that some day, in spite of their present education, the questioners may come to think profoundly; and that they discern already, in the spring-time of their life, the possibility of some kernel of truth having once been encased in the husks which text-books, and scribes, and translators, and pedagogists have been serving up as food.

Thus much, at the very outset, appears to the most casual observer, that no theory of education which pretends to survey the evolution and condition of modern pedagogics is at liberty to ignore the Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum*. In the development of its subject, and in the actual form which education bears to-day, pedagogy recognizes that the system of liberal education represented by the schools of the Jesuits, both lower and higher, has been an integral and indispensable element. A great science pedagogy has become; a trifle bigger, I am inclined to believe, than its brief gives it warrant to be; and in given conditions, which may or may not be verified, there is reason to fear a sudden collapse or a slow decline. But as far as it means something substantial and satisfactory, something distinct from the hazy theories of would-be psychologists and half-developed social economists—even phrenologists and sanitary house-building commissioners seem to come under the hospitable roof of what is styled modern pedagogics—it is a science that traces the subject of education onwards from the revival of studies at the Renaissance. At that period education received more than one check, particularly in Germany, from the disorganizing spirit of the Reformation. Then it followed a line of evolution for a couple of centuries, when there was little to represent liberal culture in the greater part of Europe except the Jesuit system, or such programmes as were professedly or silently derivations of the *Ratio;* when Protestant England and Holland, no less than the Catholic countries, translated and used Jesuit text-books, whether the authorship was acknowledged or not; and for this reason it may be that many modern pedagogical histories slip over those centuries, as if no education existed till the present century dawned. Finally, in the present age, after many a political manœuvre and convulsion, education is found to be a matter of concern to politicians, chambers, platforms, and committees; and

no less so than the levying of an army. It is precisely this aspect of the question which has placed the fortunate science of pedagogics on its highest level of prestige and influence. For education means now the levying and commanding of a social army, brought under control in childhood, and snatched from every other grasp, be it that of domestic reverence and control, or religious teaching and formation. It means, too, the working of a vast machinery of dependency, which was never at hand ready for the statesman's touch until he commanded the patronage of well-paid posts, and plenty of them, an army of pedagogical positions, the name and numbering whereof, not to mention the reckoning of taxes and moneys which must go to the account of that budget, have made the ministry of public instruction one of the great bureaus of the day. This last point is the very key of the actual situation. No one who desires to form a correct estimate of the value, dignity, meaning of so many scientific excrescences, theories, experiments, and what not, which figure in the world of what is called education or pedagogics, will ever view them under the right light unless he projects this cash value properly—let him disembarrass himself of all notions of philanthropy, and take the cash value. Without it nearly all the rest would lose their lustre, their light, and, alas! their life; and the science of pedagogy would come down to its just and proper dimensions. Now, it is within these just limits that the Jesuit system stands conspicuous. After being seen to have inaugurated the new era at the time of the Reformation, and to have given the direction to liberal education during two and a half centuries, it is commonly recognized in this the latest age of the Revolution to be exhibiting still a type of liberal culture, which the Society of Jesus itself has never belied, and which other institutions, though opposed in religious beliefs, find it necessary to maintain or to recover, if they are to uphold the purposes of their existence.

There is no difficulty in apprehending what is meant by a liberal education as distinguished from that other kind with which it is contrasted—the utilitarian. Utility, in the matter of pedagogics, keeps its eye upon the immediate practical use to which information can be put; it regards, not personal and mental formation as its immediate scope, but information which it acquires and accumulates. The object and aim, therefore, of utilitarianism in education is not the power of knowing, the power of understanding, the power of grouping facts and reasoning from them, wherein alone the saying is true that "know-

ledge is power," but it is the knowledge of facts, as far as such knowledge may be of proximate service. Mechanical training is utilitarian; language courses that look to the immediate employment of the tongues acquired are utilitarian; any direct apprenticeship, whether the material treated be manual or mental, is utilitarian, for in such case the object which shapes the course and determines its measure is the immediate attainment of a livelihood. On the contrary, a liberal system of education regards first and foremost the training of the mind, the drawing out of the faculties, the cultivation of the imagination, the improvement of the memory in many and diverse fields of thought, correctness and consistency in continued processes of reasoning and judgment—all this with the persistent leavening of the moral character by so many means, which this varied and general culture places in the hands of the vigilant and diligent educator, is included in the idea of a liberal education, which distributes its influences throughout the whole mind, memory, and will of the subject under formation. This is culture. Utilitarian training is not culture; for it merely takes the living subject and shapes him to fill a place, an occupation, an office, as one would shape a joint for a machine. So paramount is the dignity of this liberal culture, which takes the living subject first and develops him for what is in him, until, once formed with a mind well balanced all round, he will take his capacities with him wherever he goes, and will make his worth felt whatever place he fills, that utilitarians, to pass off their own systems, find it necessary to make them pose as liberal, or, failing in that, to confound all ideas of a liberal education. Some of them, more candid, admit their principles broadly, and state plainly: What we want nowadays is just the machine, neither more nor less; that is, the man who can do one thing, and do that excellently well—turn a rivet, round a pin-head, work a lever, for ten mortal hours every day of his all too mortal life.

The utilitarian system does not concern us here. Every one acknowledges that the *Ratio Studiorum* has stood before the world as a method of higher liberal culture, not as a theory but as a *working plan* in practical, extensive, nay, universal operation. A theory underlies it; but it does not put forward the theory. Men intensely practical, whom people generally credit with knowing what they are about, and who have known perfectly well the principles they worked upon, have cared as little from the first as perhaps they do to-day for drawing out theoretic views, and devising conceits on psychology or human evo-

lution, when it is a question, not of philosophy but of the gravest interests of business. They have not been adventurers in fields unknown, when, numbering themselves thousands of professors, they have been cultivating hundreds of thousands of Christian youths. Nor have they ever seen much need of committing their principles to print for the general world, when no one else could apply those principles in their own way, and when their way was that of men themselves the living embodiment in cast of thought, character, and life of the very theory they put in practice. Hence that written code of practical bearings called the *Ratio Studiorum* is to be regarded as a commentary on something vital behind it; on principles of life, on customs, on the animated action and the corporate formation of the men whose method is but indicated by it. If there are many more things consigned to print than the directive code just referred to, such documents, for instance, as the *Monumenta Germaniæ Pædagogica* so amply reproduces from Germany alone, they, too, are only memorials and commentaries, bearing on an actual pedagogical life behind and outside of them. To the eye of a stranger, who sees the literature and does not discern the life, they will convey as little intelligence as would the chart of a city which consisted, like some Western towns on the prairies, not of houses, streets, and commerce, but of names posted up, of a designation assigned to a city yet to be—if indeed ever to be; which indeed is an exact description of so many plans, programmes, and conceits now burdening pedagogical literature.

Is this a novel idea, that of a code which is but an active working commentary on a vigorous life behind, that is to apply the code? The idea is not new in the Institute of the Society of Jesus, and I doubt whether it is novel elsewhere. There is a little book called *The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*—not any of those works in circulation going by that name, but the genuine little book itself. There would be no use in anybody's thumbing that; it would be simply unintelligible, except in the hands for which it is meant. It lays down no theory. It is a note-book, commenting on a process which is supposed to be going on. The text of that commentary is the process; it is personal "exercise"; and the book annotates that personal practice—nothing more. This idea of a process going on, of a system which is first alive and only then finds some expression in legislation, is quite familiar to the members of every teaching order in the church, and indeed, to borrow a higher illustration, is familiar to the church itself. The Christian life and organiza-

tion were complete in substance before inspired documents were written. In every teaching order, likewise, there is first a family identity and working energy, which, in proportion as it is intrinsic and congenital, is unmistakable and incommunicable. We may discern the same to a limited extent in other great educational corporations, like the old universities; one has been able to give what another could not, a cast of thought, a manner of life, quite distinct from any catalogued number of courses which respectively they might profess. But, owing to their loose personal formation, the individuals of such faculties having been imperfectly influenced, and certainly not at all formed, by any one type of pedagogical character, the results in the education imparted have been proportionately indistinct and unpronounced. With regard to a very recent conception of educational institutions, as being the mere outcome of money foundations, multiple courses, manifold edifices covering a campus, without any means whatever of cultivating a special yield of professorial product, such a plan excludes the very possibility of an individuality in the institution, and leaves only an emporium of assorted information, which you can buy in one place or another indifferently.

Let me carry out the idea farther, by inquiring whether the want of an individuality is much of a loss? Well, in the first place, if it leaves, as I have just said, only what you can buy anywhere else in the market, so far it reduces, or leaves the institution condemned to the common vulgar level of being nobody in particular—just one of a general crowd. But, secondly, in the history of eminent institutions, it is quite evident that the special individual character has been the making of them, such as they were. Even in the material world of commerce and industry this holds as a rule. The stamp impressed on work executed has been, not unfrequently, the whole secret of success and renown. One might think that, in building ships for an identical work with splendid models before them, it ought to be difficult for first-class firms to diverge from the splendid type which has proved successful; whereas it appears that the docks of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, turning out the Atlantic liner for the very same work, cannot take off another's characteristics. In short, all this means nothing else than a particular accumulation of judicious information, special traditions, competent experience, and that body of conditions indefinable, which makes a business no less than a profession.

How much more is all this true of the multitude of indefina-

ble mental and moral influences that go to form, not a single teacher merely but a school—an order of teachers, operating in the natural and supernatural spheres together, and that upon the most capacious and impressionable of subjects—the youthful mind and heart! And, if this is possible, as it is, nothing could testify more fully to its actuality, and to the intense vitality of its working energy, than that one system, first resident in the teachers themselves, then finding expression in a written code, should be found good in varied conditions of life, consistent in changing circumstances, and practicable all the world over. This bears witness, not only to a marked individuality of the live system in operation, but to the correctness of the essential principles adopted, which alone can be applicable in diverse places, times, and nations.

In the Jesuit system, the liberal development contemplated may be viewed either in its full and entire conception, or in that degree of execution which is the very least expression of its idea. Taken in its full import, the system begins with the ultimate object in view, those professions which terminate the courses. They are Theology, Law, Medicine. It locates them, legislating fully and minutely for theology, since the faculty in this department is to be made up exclusively of Jesuit professors. Then it descends to the general formation, prior to these professional departments, and it legislates for all the philosophical and natural sciences, with dialectics opening the door thereto. Finally, it comes down to the curriculum preparing the young minds for the main and manly sciences; this curriculum is that of Rhetoric, Belles-Lettres, and the grammatical studies so well known in the literary colleges.

If a commercial life rather than a professional one is to be prepared for, it is supposed, nevertheless, that such a life will not be without a sufficiency of prospective opportunities to admit of turning to account the intellectual capital stored up. The system not only does not anticipate the sinking of intellectual acquirements in a total want of opportunities, but the General, Aquaviva, expressly stated that he considered the Society defrauded of the end it had in view if ecclesiastics did not go forth to their ministry, and lay students into their own walks of life, qualified with a sufficiency of literary culture.*

This statement brings us to the other idea, that which I have called the least practical expression of what the system under-

* *Loyola, and the Educational System of the Jesuits.* Chapter iii., "The Intellectual Scope and Method proposed," page 83.

takes to do; that is, the humanities, rhetoric, and, if possible, a tincture of sound philosophical principles. As to this literary curriculum, I have discussed elsewhere the merits of a classical education as the vehicle of higher culture, and I have no space to review that matter now.* It will be observed here that, under the pressure of modern life, what the *Ratio* contemplates as the smallest measure of its liberal development is, in the large majority of local cases, the utmost it has room to effect. It has, in a lesser degree, been so always. Comparatively few out of many reach the higher courses set before them; and so the largest amount of the pedagogical activity of the order has been devoted to the preparatory curriculum of polite letters and rhetoric, with a brief training in logic and philosophy besides.

In the literature which the outside world has expended on the Jesuit system of studies there is to be noticed what Bacon would call a "deficiency," or, with more piquancy, a "peccant humor." Indeed, there is more than one such. In the first place, learned folks ignore the entire main body of the system, the philosophical and natural sciences, and the sacred and learned professions. Yet these take up three-fifths of the document called the *Ratio Studiorum.* In the second place, critics profess to go by this printed document, ignoring completely the whole vital system of traditions, customs, manner of administration—which, of course, no one of this class of pedagogical authorities knows anything about, for there is no reason to believe that they ever saw the inside of a Jesuit college in their life, if indeed they ever made the acquaintance of a Jesuit. In the third place, they do not find in the said document what is expressly written there, as, for instance, the legislation about the vernacular, mathematics, history, geography, etc. In the last place, they have never read the document they quote.

If there is anything a live system challenges it is contact with itself, and inspection of its working. Active people, even if not aggressive, do not care to be read of as if they were pre-Reformation in date, or even pre-Revolution; still less, when the very existence of the Society of Jesus is a triumph over the Revolution, which in its first throes doomed the order to extinction, as the primary condition of its own evolution; least of all do they expect to be run away from by a school of "original investigation" and "profound thought." Mr. Henry Barnard, as far back as June, 1858, expostulated with the readers of the *American Journal of Education,* in connection with Von Rau-

* Loyola, chapter xvi.

mer, whom he was translating for an article on "The Jesuits and their Schools." He spoke in this wise: "The past as well as the present organization of the Jesuits—the course of instruction, methods of teaching and discipline, are worthy of profound study by teachers and educators who would profit by the experience of wise and learned men." And again: "The schools of the Jesuits are not merely an institution of the past. They are now in successful operation in this, as well as in nearly every country in Europe." Then, animadverting on his own authority, Von Raumer, he continues: "The only way in our country and in this age to 'put down' such schools, which have their roots in the past and which have been matured, after profound study, by men who have made teaching the profession of their life from a sense of religious duty, is to multiply institutions of a better quality, and bring them within the reach of poor but talented children."* This bit of American common sense does not prevent them all, and himself among them, from flying to a document, instead of living facts; nor do they even so much as that, which is to their credit, for no one of them could understand the document if he read it, but they hurry off for the threadbare materials supplied by a fanatic like Von Raumer, or by K. A. Schmid's *Encyclopædie;* and, in a foot-note, they jot down the *Ratio Studiorum* as a "source." In latter years the chancellor of a university has plied his pedagogic profession by a striking piece of originality—he has found a new field, even our Gallic neighbors, and has translated Gabriel Compayré! Imagine the profundity of educational thought which a German investigator has not satisfied! There remain other "sources" of this kind for new investigators to draw on. Meanwhile, there is no pedagogical book-maker in the English language who may be excepted from this literary category, of being a servile parasite at the tables of encyclopædias, or sources more exceptionable still. They all repeat, like scholars learning the same lesson; and no wonder they agree. And their normal scholars who learn their daily pedagogic lesson have to repeat the same thing. I notice it is a charge [made against the Jesuit method that scholars, not being taught "to think profoundly," had nothing to do but to "repeat what was taught them."

There is Mr. Quick, a well-meaning Englishman. The Appleton International Education Series republished in 1890 an old book of his, called *Educational Reformers.* The first of the eleven essays which that somewhat slight book contains is on the

* Pp. 285, 228.

schools of the Jesuits. The list of his authorities are the same as usual, the *Ratio*, of course, included; but his real authorities are apparently Schmid's *Encyclopædie* and Henry Barnard's *German Teachers*, with some pleasant quotations which probably he took himself from Father Sacchini. Now, Mr. Quick, who was still alive in 1890, tells the story of his old book when recommitting it to a new edition; and he does not think he can better the performance by recasting it. It appears that not this first essay alone, but all the other ten, describing as many systems, were the outcome of a twelve-month's investigation by a busy man! He says candidly that the feat he had then performed was like a perilous descent he made once down the Gemmi Pass: "I did a risky thing without knowing it. My path came into view little by little as I went on. All else was hid from me by a thick mist of ignorance. . . . I turned out the essays within a year. . . . I have not attempted a *complete* account of anybody or anything," etc. With this confession in the author's preface, we have the following appreciation in the introduction by the editor of the series, Mr. W. T. Harris: "I have called this book of Mr. Quick the most valuable history of education in our mother-tongue, fit only to be compared with Karl Von Raumer's *Geschichte der Pædagogik* for its presentation of essentials and for the sanity of its verdicts." I have nothing to say against the sanity of Mr. Harris's verdict. There is no other production in English a whit better than Mr. Quick's, and the allusion to Von Raumer is felicitous.

That is a brisk little skirmish which Dr. Fernand Butel indulges in, by way of preface to a recent book on the old Jesuit college of St. Yves, in Brittany. The author touches on that "universal prejudice which has made the name of Jesuit synonymous with ambitious knavery." He says he has investigated the origin of this notion so circulated, and he expresses the results of his examination in the words of the Comte de Maistre. "Error," observes the count, "is like counterfeit money: knaves coin it and honest folks circulate it." Butel goes on: "Interest creates the calumny, and ignorance propagates it. Ask, for instance, the first enemy of the Jesuits you meet, Have they done you any harm? None. Do you know them? Guess not; never met one of them! Then what do you find fault with? Why, what do you mean, sir? Every one is against them, don't you see? There must be something in it!" To appreciate this striking attitude of the liberal French voter for a century back, one need not go to France. Independent investigators of this type

and original thinkers of this stamp may be met with elsewhere. Still, I think the French infidel deserves the palm. Here is a Jansenist, or a scion of Jansenist stock, who has written lately—M. Drevon. In the history of a municipal college at Bayonne he devotes nearly a hundred pages to certain issues between the Jesuits and the people of that town, the cradle of Jansenism. The vilification and vituperation which, from a literary point of view, make a sheer waste of whatever history might be in the question, reminds one of nothing so much as a shallow surf splashing endlessly in a dreary wash on the wet sands. Some people like the occupation; but it is a little dreary. Well, his literary genius does rise now and then to the lofty critical thought that his readers may possibly not take vilification from Jansenistic archives to be necessarily true, and that even denunciations of the Jesuits may require a little verification. Accordingly, he refers in various foot-notes to "*Pièces justificatives*" at the end of the bulky volume. Turning over to these critical justifications, what does one find? The identical Jansenistic archives of which the text was a translation—repetitions of his text, his text repetitions of them! This is a sublime conception of history. The book bids for a translation from some pedagogic scribe. And so the comedy goes round.

To conclude: Philosophy is no more in the universities. It does not pretend to be. The faculties called philosophical begin by telling stories of what philosophers have said, and they end by telling stories. There is a thing here alongside of philosophy, or instead of it, which pretends to be a science of pedagogy. Whatever science is meant by that term has been elsewhere for a very long while. But, under its name, a comedy holds the magisterial platform, and makes exhibition of conceits or ignorance, of indolence or incompetence. And a blooming normal scholarship sits below—I do not know whether it is admiring; maybe, it is thinking profoundly; perhaps it is investigating with originality; but all that appears to the profane eye is that it repeats by rote. And the repetition circulates, till it must be true.

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ISABELLA REGNANT.

COLUMBUS gone! Haste! Bring him back to me!
Rather I fling my crown into the sea
Than he, rejected, pleading all in vain,
Shake from his pilgrim feet the dust of Spain!

Ah, Ferdinand! the warrior's art you know,
And state-craft, and the subtle tender show
Of watchfulness that steals a woman's heart!
But there's a nobler science, finer art
Than gallantry, or state-craft: there are fields
Of battle fought with neither sword nor shield,
Where souls heroic bleed invisibly,
And falter not; for down the watchful sky
A whisper bids them onward to the end,
And their own echoes answer, 'To the end!'

To such, though to the glory round us shed
Of right divine to rule they bow the head,
Our lives must seem, with all that they have won,
Like some small planet's transit o'er the sun.
They seek a prize greater than that we see
Where red Alhama lifts the Hand and Key,
And loftier walls to scale, or batter down,
Than those that o'er the rushing Darro frown.

A visionary, is he? Marked you how
Straight line on line ruled all that studious brow?
Guessed you no sovereign text engraven there
'Twixt the wide-swelling temples' silvered hair?
A visionary! No great plan on earth
To which foreseeing minds have given birth
Was e'er accomplished, but some heart of stone
Found it impossible—till it was done!

Bring me my jewels—necklace, clasp and ring,
Bracelets and brooches, every shining thing!
Let not a single pearl roll out of sight
Of all my Orient strings of milky light;
Miss not the heads of onyx finely wrought,
Withhold no sun-bright diamond. There's naught
Of cunning gold-work, nor of radiant stone,
Too precious to help pave the path whereon,
Beyond the unknown waters, vast and dun,
The Cross shall travel with the westering sun!
Bring my Castilian gems whose wedded shine
Two kingdoms joined their hands to place in mine.
Ah, my strong Castile and my brave Leon!
I brought no lamb in fold to Aragon!

What makes a queen? Not jewels, though they glow
Like sunset on the high Sierra's snow;
Nor broidered robe, though its fine artist thought
Excel Our Lady's velvet train, gold-wrought,
That sparkles in her wake seven metres long
When out they bear her through the praying throng.
To queenship these are trivial things, and low.
Through her the nation's better self should show
In larger welcome of brave thoughts and men,
In sympathies that reach beyond the ken
Of humbler lots, drawing from far and near
All that of virtue is most high and clear,
In sole ambition to endow the state
With every virtue of the truly great.
That she a model of fair virtue serve,
Mindful no step of hers from order swerve,
To God a little lowlier bowing down
In that her brow has dared to wear a crown!

Behold my thought of what a queen should be!
God and his saints make such a queen of me!

Something I see in omens:—this man's name—
The saint from whom his fair baptismal came
(A giant who had served the great arch-foe),
Had for his penance that, whoe'er would go
Across a certain ford both deep and wide,
On his strong shoulders raised should pass the tide.

Once a fair child besought him: 'Take me o'er!'
But as the giant on his shoulders bore
The little one, ever it heavier grew,
Till scarce his strength sufficed to bear it through.
And when, all trembling, he had passed the ford,
Lo! the fair infant was the Blessed Lord!
And (still the name!) when storm-clouds black unfurled
And bursting fountains had submerged the world,
O'er the dread wave no rower could withstand,
It was a dove they loosed to find the land!
This Christopher Columbus, then, may claim
Something of warrant by his very name!

He waits without? Invite him here to me;
And mark you show no dubious courtesy!

Señor, my jewels! All that's mine to give,
Save my most fervent prayers that you may live
To come again for such a coronet
As never yet on human brow was set,
And a queen's promise that, howe'er it end,
You shall find firm protectress and true friend
In Isabella, sovereign of Castile!

Should your great task grow heavier, till you feel
Your strength, and hope, and courage almost faint,
Remember Christopher, your guardian saint,
Struggling, half fallen in the swollen ford,
And think, like him, you bear the Blessed Lord!

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

A NEW LONDON NOTE-BOOK.

THE Catholic Summer Assembly at New London more than fulfilled its promise of interest to us who put aside our plans for summer vacation to attend its meetings.

For those who had not the good fortune to listen to the able lecturers who interested and charmed us during the hot August days I have endeavored to arrange and reset some of the brilliant thoughts and sayings which I find in my note-book.

In looking over the syllabus before school began, nearly every one determined to avoid Ethics and Anthropology and take the course in Literature and History instead. By the usual law of contraries the two former subjects proved the most absorbing, presented as they were in such a luminous way to eyes accustomed to the semi-darkness of irreligious training. What have I in my note-book from Father Halpin? These little white flowers of truth:

All human or free acts tend toward the same end, happiness. Stand beside the busy street; catch the echo of the footfalls as they rush and hurry by; all carry the burden of the same ceaseless song, happiness, happiness! We reach out eager hands toward money, fame, success. We grasp them, only to find they have turned to dust and ashes at our touch. All this life is but a constant struggle. What is virtue but a continual balancing between good and evil? What is pleasure but pursuit, a struggle for that which palls on our taste and ever incites us to new action? What is knowledge but a constant desire to know more? Is this happiness, this ceaseless toil? And yet perfect happiness must be somewhere. Why did God make us? For himself. Not as mere playthings to be tossed about by the restless sea of life. His aim could be worthy only of himself; then in God alone we can find perfect happiness. Let us live lives worthy of our high destiny.

Many more good words the teacher spoke, but my notes must not be made too lengthy, or I would dwell on his admirable discourse on conscience, on rights and duties, on marriage and divorce. A few words I must say on the latter: Man is a social being. God wishes us to be such. The family is the foundation of society; take away the family and you destroy society. The family is sacred. What is society? Two or more

individuals tending by common means to a common end. The man has the authority. He is the head of the family; but in this present day he has to some extent lost his vocation. He is the head, the one every one should look to for regeneration of mankind; but to his shame be it said he has left the improving and spiritualizing to the woman. Were it not for woman, her tenderness and virtue, her patience and fortitude, her submission and piety, the world to-day would be plunged in degradation. How is the family constituted? By the marriage contract, which by the very essence of things is indissoluble. When once the wedding-ring is placed upon the finger there is only one hand that can take it off, and that is the hand of Death. The Catholic Church has never approved of divorce. Follow divorce in all its consequences and we find that its evil effects on the human race cannot be estimated. Religion does not approve, reason does not approve, therefore do we repeat with our church, "*Non possumus.*"

We learn from history that the ancient cities were more beautiful than any in our modern times, and still they came to ruin. Their immorality was such as to destroy society, law, and all the institutions of man. Ridiculous seems the picture of a New-Zealander sitting upon a broken arch of London Bridge gazing upon the ruins of that mighty city; and yet the future may see a so-called savage sitting upon Brooklyn Bridge viewing the remains of our St. Paul's, if the immorality and free-thinking of the day be not checked.

Father Hughes's lectures on Anthropology began August 15. "It is interesting to think," he said, "that we have begun the study of man on the day consecrated to her who was the most perfect specimen of God's handiwork—the Blessed Virgin."

In his lectures the pernicious theories of godless scientists had the strong light of revealed religion thrown upon them, so that we were enabled to see through many of the darker fallacies. Why turn to monumental history, the most unreliable of all evidence, when we have documentary history, in the Holy Scriptures, approved and tested. We have in that wonderful book the record of the time, place, and origin of man, and science has done nothing to disprove it. To be totally blind is a very sad thing; but to be blind only to the light is sadder still. The study of truth is wonderful enough in itself; why step outside into fantastic error to find new wonders?

Father Hughes's manner was so gently sarcastic in handling

these men and their suppositions as to prove most interesting. He was of the opinion that we need not go beyond the Bible for reliable knowledge concerning the antiquity, origin, and starting point of man. Scientists bring forward as proof of the indefinite antiquity of the human race, for one thing, the extinction of certain species of animals. They have died out. Whence the argument is derived, how long a time since the man who used them lived! Grant that one hundred such species have disappeared. Did each wait for the other, and so in graceful procession pass off the prehistoric stage? Allowing fifty years for each species to become extinct, the sum total would not be more than five thousand years, and that scarcely goes beyond the date of Noe. No prehistoric antiquity there!

Now for the "prehistoric man." The force of the argument lies in the vagueness and dimness of the term "prehistoric." Its outlines are unknown, and so it seems magnificent. What, then, are the facts of the case? Whatever is antecedent to documentary history anywhere is prehistoric there. We cross the line in America four centuries back. The Goths, the Huns, the Vandals emerge from neglected places and unrecorded times two thousand years ago. Rome and Greece come out into the full blaze of history a little further back, the latter on learning the letters that Cadmus gave; and Cadmus came from Egypt. Where did Egypt come in from the "prehistoric"? Nowhere. Moab, Persia, Palestine, Phœnicia have no prehistoric age. These are the cradle-lands of our race. Archæology comes in here only as a feeble commentary on the well-written records, the Babylonian bricks, Vedantic books, and, clearest of all, the history written by Moses, where we find Noe, Assur, Nimrod, Misraim, and Adam, and then—what? Nothing. For we have come back to the first man, and with him history and anthropology began.

Is it not a little sad that we should laugh at these life-long efforts of misdirected research? But laugh we must. For instance: in the tertiary period, which preceded the glacial, relics have been found—flints have been chipped in shell-like fractures; therefore there must have been a "tertiary man" to chip them. Flints have been found burnt; bones of the animals of that period have been found bearing irregular incisions apparently made by the teeth of the tertiary man; he must have been an ape-man because he chipped a flint and did not do more. Now, M. Arcelin has shown that these shell-like fractures can be made by natural agents, as flints so marked have been found on shingly beaches and on an ordinary roadway; the burning of the flint

could have been done by forest fires, for it is to be presumed these disastrous fires occurred then as now; all these assumptions have been picked to pieces by science—for there is nothing more clever than a scientific man when he is on the track of another scientist. Again, the irregular incisions—does it take a man's tooth to make an incision on a bone, and that an irregular one? Were there no wild beasts then preying on one another? and did these beasts spare man and not scrape his bones for him? Now where is your tertiary man? Nowhere.

The fifth and last lecture of Father Hughes treated of the manner in which the human family became differentiated into many races. Supposing a central home of all humanity in the beginning, as all documentary evidences tell us there was, the natural propagation of the human species made men migrate into different countries with their various conditions of life. Then followed an adjustment of human nature to the conditions of the environment. This adjustment produced different races. With the further multiplication of mankind, and the settling of the whole world, a new phase of social and national existence began. It was that of the fusion of the races, which to-day is blending all in a general reunion after a long dispersion. This was the work of the Redemption. Some day we shall be re-united in one church, one creed, one baptism. So ended Anthropology.

I must hasten and twine into my bouquet a few of the beauful flowers of literature gathered during these sunny August days. Look at this exquisite blossom from Mr. Maurice Egan: "A sonnet is a little lyre with fourteen strings."

With Mr. Egan, Mr. Lagarde, and Mr. Johnston in their lectures on Shakspere we gained a clearer conception of this ever-interesting subject by the masterly manner in which they dealt with it. In Mr. Lagarde's last lecture he said that it has been the habit of critics to judge Shakspere by their own standard of taste, and all fail in understanding him; because they are men of one idea, while he was myriad-minded. Dryden's criticism was just; he says concerning him: "Of all poets he had the largest and most comprehensive soul. When he describes anything one more than sees it; one feels it."

With Mr. Johnston we looked into the drama, ancient and modern, and followed step by step its evolution from the religious drama, with which it always began, to the modern "play," which has lost the power to instruct, and now only seeks to

amuse. Then he took up Shakspere's comedies, and these were followed by his tragedies. He was of the opinion that Shakspere's charm for us lies in the mingling of the grave and the gay, broad jests and delicate humor; this country-taught lad gave to the world beautiful words set to beautiful music, and impressed his love of nature on all his works; he ever kept in mind that "the spring of laughter is hard by the fountain of tears."

Mr. Johnston gave two lectures not mentioned in the syllabus; one on John Milton and one on George Eliot's married life and her married lovers. With a touch infinitely tender and delicate he drew for us the sad inner life of Marian Evans. She was a peculiar child from her very birth. With no firm conviction of any religious truths she went out into the world to earn her own livelihood, and was led among men of agnostic views and learned to think like them. When placed in a position which even ordinary worldly society condemns, she led us to think by her writings and teachings that she had a great respect for the sacred tie she had ignored in her own life. It is really pathetic to consider that at the age of sixty she married a man many years her junior, in order, it would seem, to leave behind her an honorable name. In spite of her unhappy life, which lent coloring to all her works, while we can pity we can also bless the memory of George Eliot.

Mr. Johnston's closing lecture, on John Milton, was an exquisite poem in itself. I can give only a few of its most striking thoughts: Of all themes on which artists love to dwell, the most universal is that of love: the love of man for woman. The love of the first man for the first woman is the oldest romance known. It began in the Garden of Eden, and since that time history has gone on repeating itself in an endless succession of lovers and romances. Holy Writ contains the chronicle of the first love-story, and John Milton has woven round the tale the beautiful flowers of his own poetic fancy and given to the world the *Paradise Lost*. Throughout the poem the beauty and strength of love is demonstrated; the affection which was strong and sweet in prosperity did not fail in sickness, nor in sorrow, nor in age.

> "Human hearts remain unchanged; the sorrow and the sin,
> The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our own akin;
> And if in tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers sung,
> Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always young."

Now let us turn to the field of history. From Dr. O'Leary we had a masterly paper on the philosophy of history as applied to the Christian Church. He said: "The only true history of philosophy is that which perceives a motive and design in human actions, influenced by a higher source than man's intervention. We must discern the power of Providence as an active and interested factor in the affairs of men." Dr. O'Leary's lecture was primarily philosophical and was a very learned production.

With Rev. Dr. Loughlin we reviewed the early days of the Papacy. As a sort of text for his discourse he took the following passage from Macaulay's celebrated essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes:* "The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the pope who crowned Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, to the pope who crowned Pepin, in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable."

Dr. Loughlin, while paying tribute to Macaulay for his laudation of the Catholic Church, demonstrated that there is no warrant for the nine concluding words of the quotation, and proved that the early days of the Papacy are not "lost in the twilight of fable." The first attempt to narrate the history of the early days of the Christian Church was made by Eusebius of Cæsarea, three centuries after the coming of Christ. The entire narrative is contained in a book about the size of a child's History of the United States, and from that information concerning these golden days of the Church has been obtained. These and like misconceptions are very trying to the truth-loving mind. One of these false impressions has arisen concerning a man whom the whole world will honor this current month. It is most strange to consider our inability to look back from the threshold of the twentieth century and pierce the twilight of the past. Men and events assume new and strange shapes; doubt, disbelief, and error arise like the mists that float above the plains at the setting of the sun. It is through such a misty veil we have been looking at Columbus. Among the countless calumnies unearthed is the denial of his marriage with Beatrix Enriquez, the mother of his second son and biographer, Fernando. This calumny had its origin in the merest conjecture and carelessness of a blundering librarian, who from the obscurity of the language used in the will of Columbus in regard to her drew the conclusion and wrote down the fact that Columbus's son was

illegitimate. Incredible as it may seem, this error has found its way into the pages of Humboldt, Irving, and others. "Had Fernando that stain on his birth," said our lecturer, Mr. Clark, "would the righteous Queen Isabella have received him into her palace as page to her son?"

Columbus has done much for the world, and we Catholics are proud to honor his stainless name.

Dr. Marc F. Vallette's account of the early days of our country shows how active a part the Jesuits took in all its affairs, religious and civil. He told us of their long journeying amidst many hardships, in perils often, with hunger and thirst, braving death many a time—all to push forward the outposts of civilization and to bring the gospel of Christ to the savage. These Christian missionaries did more, perchance, to open up the great West than any other agency. They are to-day receiving slight but tardy justice.

Mrs. Mary E. Blake was very happy in her interesting lecture on "Mexico." The prevailing beliefs concerning Mexico, she thought, unite in disparaging it. Up to the last ten years voyages into Mexico have been largely in the interest of unscrupulous speculation, or of proselytizing sects whose profit it has been to degrade the country. We have fallen into the habit of accepting false premises about Mexico and its inhabitants, and then attempting to draw a true conclusion. When we shall have learned to look for beauty and truth instead of evil in the lives of our brothers, however widely differing from our own; when we shall have opened our eyes to the justice of their claim for consideration; then, and not till then, shall we begin to understand the truth concerning Mexico. Another case of injustice, you see.

This little note I find among those taken from Father Walsh's lectures on Egyptology. When, in 1807, Pinkerton published his geography he laughed at the Egyptian craze. It has to-day a singular fascination for certain minds. Its most ardent explorers are Christian believers in the Bible. Their faith in its truthfulness spurs them to seek evidences. The unbeliever is always the flippant, the superficial student, at home and abroad. Father Walsh proved that all the ancient and modern points of contact were identical, allowing for the physical changes that have taken place since the events recorded in the Bible. It is worth remembering that the name Red Sea is derived from the reddish color of the surrounding rocks and shores. Anciently it was *Yâm Sûph*, or Sea of Weeds.

One glance at Science and my note-book will have served its purpose. These living words shine from Mr. Condé Pallen's paper on the Catholic Church and Socialism. Men left to themselves find no solution of the problems they themselves are constantly raising. The only clue to this solution is to be found in that science which is at the root of all science—the science of God. He who knows the laws that govern society knows social science. He who knows God knows these laws. As men conceive of God, so do they conceive of themselves in all their social and political relations. Socialism would regenerate society; but it begins in the wrong way by reforming with political or social measures. But, regenerate the individual and you have regenerated society. Individual regeneration is religion, hence to the church belongs the task of regenerating society. She rescues individuals, when weak, helpless, and even vicious; society would cast them out.

These few thoughts are from Father Searle's lecture on Astronomy: The world in general is apt to side with science in any controversy based on the supposed diversities between science and religion. Catholics, if their faith be strong, are inclined to take the other side and sneer at science, and doubt its conclusions. This is unwise. Let us not take this course, but see if there is any real divergence between these conclusions and the dogmas of our faith. We need have no fear—truth cannot contradict truth. One of the apparent contradictions is the comparative insignificance of this earth. We find it hard to believe that it should be so specially favored by God as to be alone the dwelling-place of man. To this we would reply that size is a matter of small importance. On the theory of material size or importance, the Incarnation should have been at Rome, not Bethlehem. God does not look with our eyes. He stoops to the humble. This star-like flower breathes a sweet perfume that steals into the weary, aching heart, and lifts it to the God who so loved this world that he gave to it his only begotten Son.

Here is another lovely blossom from Mr. Snell's lecture on Comparative Religions: A proper classification of all religions would bring out the immense superiority of the one religion which alone can bear the name "universal." The study of comparative religions will show to the Protestant, the Pagan, the Jew that in going back to the Universal Church he is but going back to the religion of his forefathers; that church, and that alone, is broad enough to unite all people in one blessed family of God. How the colors of these flowers blend, the one into

the other. Here we have again "one church, one creed, one baptism."

I have lingered long and lovingly over my task. While tying these flowers together I seem to live again in that beautiful little city by the sea; seem to hear again the soft murmur of the trees; again catch a glimpse of sapphire sky through the open door of the lecture-room, and note the inquisitive clematis reaching in, showing darkly green against the square of blue behind it. A great work began in New London under that summer sky—a work that will make itself felt as each member of that school acts to the world as an apostle. "Go, therefore, and teach ye all nations; and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

HELEN M. SWEENEY.

New York.

REMINISCENCES OF EDGAR P. WADHAMS, FIRST BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG.

V.

1850–1872.

I PROPOSE to treat the period of my friend Wadhams' priesthood not according to any regular biographical method, but by means of miscellaneous recollections. In this way I shall be able to illustrate more fully than I have yet done not only the spiritual character of the man, but to portray him in the discharge of his official duties and in his more familiar intercourse with others. This I can well afford to do because his career in the priesthood is not so much marked by striking events as by acts and circumstances which reveal his strong personality and the beauty and holiness of his character.

Wadhams was eminently an unconventional man—unconventional in his thoughts, unconventional in his language, unconventional in all his ways. There was an openness and directness in his speech which made many of his sayings peculiar and memorable.

Once when we were passing out from the front door of an inn he looked up at the sky and, stopping, said: "Perhaps it may rain; what do you think?" "I don't know," I replied; "let's consider a moment." "Well," said he, "while you are considering, I'll get the umbrella."

Another time when walking up State Street, in Albany, in company with Father Kennedy, then an assistant at St. Mary's and now Vicar-General at Syracuse, who is pretty rapid in his movements, Father Wadhams felt disposed to move more slowly. "Young man," said he, "how long did you tell me you had been in this city?" "About three years," replied Kennedy. "Three years in Albany! and don't know how to walk up-hill yet?" Strangers who have visited Albany will appreciate the force of the question.

Wadhams had a fine musical ear and a great fondness for good ecclesiastical music. Amongst his manuscripts is an article on Gregorian chant written for the *New York Churchman*, which,

perhaps, was never published. He was quite efficient in teaching plain singing and chanting. While officiating in the Anglican church at Ticonderoga, he had a class of boys who assembled at the village inn and learned of him to read music and sing by help of a black-board. He it was who first introduced in Albany the custom, now universal in all the Catholic churches there, of using the altar-boys to sing the responses at High Mass and to act as chanters in the sanctuary. He loved to attend the rehearsals of these boys at the cathedral. They were always animated by his presence to do their best. "Come now, boys," he would say, "hold up your heads and open your mouths. I don't want any dummies here." And then when their voices rang out clear and loud he would praise them heartily, and they were eager to please him. The regular choir in the Albany Cathedral acquired a high reputation in his time, and they owed it not merely to the great abilities of Mr. Carmody, the organist, but to the great zeal and strong patronage which Wadhams lent to that department of the service.

The popular Christmas carol, "The Snow lay on the Ground," is well known throughout the United States. It is not, however, so well known that we are indebted for it to Bishop Wadhams. He found the verses in some stray newspaper which fell into his hands, and was so pleased with their simple beauty that he was anxious to fit them to some appropriate melody. Father Noethen, of the Holy Cross Church, Albany, to whom he showed the lines, bethought himself of a favorite air of the *Pifferari*, who come in from the Campagna at Christmas time to sing and play in the streets of Rome. His memory of the air was, however, indistinct, and Mr. Carmody was requested to remodel it and adapt it to the words. This he did and the form he gave to it is the one now universally used. The original air was afterwards procured from Rome, but Mr. Carmody's variation is adhered to as far more beautiful.

Father Wadhams was an intelligent man, but in our American Church, full of intelligent clergy, that cannot be set down as a distinctive personal peculiarity. The same thing may be said of many other mental qualities of his, most important to prelate or priest, but which cannot be justly alleged as peculiar to him. His great characteristics all lay in the moral order. He was no common man, he was no ordinary priest. All those who knew him well will acknowledge that there was something in him which marked him as eminent. It was a nobility of soul. It was a moral beauty of character. It was a conscience full of

power, which would yield to no evil, and before which all evil quailed. Intellect, talent, rank, dignity, all sophistry and all subterfuges, lost their force before him when there was a call upon his conscience to assert itself. There was something magnetic about him, and in this moral energy all the magnetism lay. In ordinary times, however, when conscience was not put in question, he was one of the humblest, simplest, most unpretending and least self-asserting, most yielding, most easily persuaded, of mortals. He was not at all disposed to stand upon his own dignity or to urge his own opinion upon others. On the contrary he was much given to admiration of other men in whom he saw, or thought he saw, remarkable qualities of mind or attractive characteristics. He was, moreover, extremely reticent in expressing disapprobation of the conduct or character of other men where he had no special call to speak or to interfere. My impression of him is that he was not a very quick and close judge of human nature; that he might easily be deceived by those who undertook to do it warily, and was disposed to attribute good motives to all. When, however, aroused to action by some palpable attempt at wrong-doing he was a lion and feared no consequences. I give one instance.

A seminary student had carried his irregularities so far that he was dismissed from the institution. He had friends, however, who were anxious to have him take orders. Great influence to this end was brought to bear upon the bishop. Several persons, on the contrary, ranged themselves stoutly in opposition. Wadhams in particular was so shocked by the very danger of such a thing that he declared his determination, if necessary, to protest publicly against it in the church should the candidate present himself. No measure so strong as this was eventually called for. The bishop being convinced of the young man's unfitness, refused to admit him to orders. Examples could easily be given where high authority was made to bend in presence of that same lofty and determined conscience.

There was sometimes a certain appearance of antagonism in Wadhams in which his outward ways and language did not always correspond with the qualities of his heart. He had a directness and even bluntness of speech which coming from some persons might easily be taken for rudeness. His friends, however, knew well that it came from the truthfulness and simplicity of his nature, which made it impossible for him to adopt the ways of a courtier by the least evasion of truth. At the same time his heart was full of a kindly charity which, even in little

things, made him fearful of giving offence. I will give one or two instances.

On one occasion while he occupied the position of rector of the Albany Cathedral a small party of friends, mostly laymen, were lingering at his room one night after bedtime. He was not fond of late hours, and on this occasion was evidently drowsy. I saw him pacing up and down the room uneasily, and I knew that he was endeavoring to formulate some hint to his friends of his anxiety to retire, and without hurting their feelings. I knew very well what was coming and watched for the result. "Gentlemen," he said at last, as if a happy expedient had just struck him, "I don't know what you are going to do, but I am going to bed." All who were present knew him well, and no one felt in the least hurt.

The world will never remember Wadhams as an eminent preacher. I am confident, however, that in the record of heaven his name will stand in the list of true evangelists. The people who listened to him heard from his lips the true word of God, delivered in simple language, sometimes blunt, sometimes quaint, always unconventional, and oftentimes made powerful and impressive by the very simplicity of the speaker's style, which lent strength to the matter. His was an eloquence which, if it gained nothing from rhetoric, never lost anything through being commonplace. Not knowing of any published sermons of his, I can, unfortunately, give my readers no example to illustrate the spiritual power of his preaching. I fear it will seem something like caricature to confine myself, as I needs must, to its simplicity and originality. He never wasted words in the endeavor to introduce his subject gracefully or conventionally. If the gospel of the day did not suit his purpose, he either took his text elsewhere or, starting from the gospel of the Sunday, he soon landed himself in the field where he proposed to work. One Sunday morning, the fifth after Pentecost, he read the gospel for that day, and then began his sermon as follows:

"It is not unusual to make use of this gospel by preaching on the evil of venial sin. I don't intend to preach this morning on venial sin. I wish to have you all understand that there is a sin which, whether venial or not, is something very ugly and very mischievous. It's a sin to come late to Mass and walk down the broad aisle in fine feathers and fluttering ribbons, as if it were something highly respectable to disturb public worship by coming late. I do not wish to be understood as objecting to putting on good clothes to come to church with, but I

do object to coming late to Mass, to disturbing others who are praying, and to your making a parade of yourselves." This is not the form usually prescribed for an exordium, but it certainly led up to the subject in hand and helped to make the sermon impressive.

We wish in these reminiscences to make some mention of Father Wadhams to connect him with the War of the Rebellion, in which he took a most lively and serious interest. In April, 1861, when Fort Sumter was attacked, Colonel Michael K. Bryan was in command of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, which left Albany immediately for Washington. On the night of April 21, 1861, came the order from Governor Morgan to leave. The men, mostly workmen, gathered suddenly at the armory at the tolling of the bells, a signal already agreed upon, and at eight o'clock were all in line. Their wives and children only had time to bid them "good-by" at the armory, the hurry not allowing all of them to go from their work-shops to their homes. Most of the soldiers of this regiment, as well as the colonel and lieutenant-colonel, were Catholics. John M. Kimball, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Albany, volunteered to go with them, and received a temporary appointment as chaplain. In any case a departure so sudden must needs be attended with much confusion, but in this case there existed great excitement throughout the city and an apprehension of imminent danger. The news of the savage assault on a Massachusetts Regiment in Baltimore as it marched across the city from station to station, and telegrams on April 19 and 20, stating that Davis was "within one day's march of Washington with an army," and that troops must hurry on at once or that city would be lost, created a desire in the minds both of Catholic soldiers and their families to prepare for the worst by a due reception of the Sacraments. Father Wadhams accordingly offered to accompany the troops, so far as might be necessary to aid in this preparation.

They started that afternoon, crossing the river by the ferry and taking the cars on the eastern side. Father Wadhams commenced immediately hearing confessions in a corner of one of the cars, a continual silence being maintained on that car until he had finished. Late that night the train, a special and slow one, reached Poughkeepsie, and the good priest, having finished his work, was able to return to Albany. He had found an opportunity in the meantime to receive into the church Counselor Kimball, baptizing him on the train with such water as the drinking-tank contained. Survivors of the regiment assure me

that the counselor never officiated as chaplain, though often urged by his gay companions to do so. He did, however, do most serviceable duty as adjutant of the regiment, to which rank he was soon thereafter assigned.

The death of the gallant Colonel Bryan, at Port Hudson, La., was communicated to Father Wadhams in a letter from Dr. O'Leary, surgeon of Bryan's regiment, dated at New Orleans June 18, 1863. What the good priest's sorrow was at this intelligence may be in some degree gathered from the following passage of the letter: "He lived about an hour after receiving his wounds. He seemed to feel conscious of his approaching end and died like one going to sleep. I have just arrived in this city with his remains and shall send them home at the earliest opportunity." He then adds: "A nobler man never lived. A braver soldier never wielded a sword. A truer Christian never knelt before his Maker."

Although a strong Unionist of the most devoted type, Father Wadhams was always gentle in dealing with soldiers and partisans of the States in rebellion. He could not reconcile himself to their reasonings, but he comprehended very well how much of excusable human nature there was in their sentiments. He was often, however, much shocked even when his gentle nature urged him to keep silence. An Albanian was living in one of the South-western States before the war, and was a captain there of a well-drilled company of infantry. When the war broke out this company was summoned to arms. It seemed to him a point of honor, and a duty to the company and to the State in which he for the time being resided, to turn out with the rest in the service of the Confederacy. After the war he returned to the North and resided in Albany. Wadhams was surprised one day at hearing it mentioned that this gentleman had been a rebel. "You don't mean to say," he asked, "that you actually fought against us in battle?" "Well, yes," was the reply, "in several battles." "But you didn't kill any of our brave soldiers, did you?" "I can't say, father, that I did, not exactly; but I will tell you the nearest thing to it that I remember. One day when I was senior captain in command of a regiment, and had my men picketed behind a fence, a troop of Federal cavalry passed by on the road. I gave the order to fire. The consequence was that thirteen saddles in that troop were left empty."

The good father asked no more questions. He was simply shocked and remained silent, fearing to say too much if he spoke at all. He felt that cruel war bitterly. I often heard him allude

to empty chairs at farm-houses in the neighborhood of his own homestead amid the Adirondacks. His nephew Pitt, son of his brother Abraham E. Wadhams, was killed in the war at Chancellorsville.

In 1865 Father Wadhams and his friend, the Rev. William Everett, who, as we have seen, had been his fellow-student at the Twentieth Street Seminary, planned out a journey to be taken together through Europe and to the Holy Land. They met in London and travelled through Paris, Venice, Milan, Rome, and Naples to Egypt and Syria. In Rome they were presented together to His Holiness Pius IX.

A more earnest man than Bishop Wadhams can scarcely be imagined. To his mind duty always rose up above every other consideration. "Faithful and true" were written upon his forehead, where all men could read the inscription; but yet he was light-hearted, joyous, and easily amused, while his laughter was always hearty and perfectly contagious. Father William Everett, on the contrary, his warm and intimate friend, was always as grave and serious in his manner as he was earnest in his soul. This made them sometimes seem strangely mated, the one taking hearty delight in things which the other regarded as trifling. In the course of their journey through Europe Wadhams was interested in almost everything new or strange which presented itself to his eye, while Everett, who had a great taste for Christian archæology, was interested in little else than sacred or historical things. When passing along one of the streets of Turin the former was attracted by an exhibition of Punchinello, and stopped to enjoy it. This mortified Father Everett, who thought it an unseemly thing for clergymen to take interest in a diversion of such a nature. "Do come on," said he; "this is scandalous." "Why, no," said Wadhams, "it's capital!" And he could not be induced to move on. In this he was unexpectedly sustained by two passers-by, old friends of his from Albany, Chancellor Pruyn and his lady, who also stopped to see the show. And thus Everett was compelled to become an unwilling spectator. The two friends prosecuted their journey in company until they reached the Holy Land, which to Everett had always been the main attraction and the chief object of his trip. An account of this visit and of a special pilgrimage to Bethlehem, contributed by Everett himself to THE CATHOLIC WORLD for 1868, can be found in the January number for that year.

They arrived at Jerusalem in the evening of January 30, 1866, and were conducted through the darkness, dusty and weary,

to the Franciscan hospice. On entering the sitting-room their first surprise was a Troy stove, not calculated certainly to nurse sacred or archæological sentiment in the mind of a student like Everett. There was something else in the apartment quite as American as the Troy heater. It was the figure of a tall, lank man with his hat on his head, his feet projecting above the stove, and smoking a cigar. Removing his cigar, but not either hat or boots, the gentleman turned his head to gaze at the newcomers. They were unmistakably countrymen of his own. "Halloo!" said he, "when did you arrive in Jerusalem?" "We've just come," they replied. "Oh! have you?" said he. "Well then, let me tell you, you've come to one of the most infernal dirty holes that ever *you* saw!" The incongruity of such a welcome to the Holy Land struck Wadhams' sense of the ridiculous, but to the more solemn enthusiasm of his companion such words and the whole scene were a profanation from the shock of which it was not easy to recover.

Their devotion was less disturbed on a visit to Bethlehem, which they made on foot, a distance of about six miles. Here was no Troy stove, nor irreverent Yankee, nor stove-pipe hat, nor profane cigar. They stood under an olive-tree in front of the holy grotto which had served as a shelter to the shepherds when watching their flocks by night. Uncovering their heads devoutly, they chanted the "*Gloria in Excelsis*" with a recollection more tranquil and a joy that could scarcely have been surpassed by that of the shepherds themselves. Wadhams' stay in Jerusalem was short, only a fortnight; but this was not enough to satisfy an archæological pilgrim like Everett, who remained much longer. When returning to the United States the latter brought back many choice reminiscences of the Holy Land, books, maps, illustrations, charts, and plans in relief, rarely to be met with. These were for a long time a source of interest and pleasure to friends of a like taste when, in New York, they visited the rectory of Nativity Church.

Father Wadhams' large heart, less interested in sacred scholarship, was nevertheless equally full of devotion, and full also of the thought of friends. Every beautiful object that met his eye struck him as an appropriate present for some friend at home. He brought back with him a large extra trunk filled with these souvenirs, collected from various places. If it were possible for me to remember the names of all the parties whom he had thus specially borne in mind when abroad, and to whom he brought back some appropriate gift, it would seem almost incredible.

His brethren of the clergy, members of the cathedral congregation and of St. Mary's, singers in the choir, sacristan, altar-boys, and all the domestics of the house, a very multitude, had something in that trunk to show that they had been remembered. How he managed without the help of saddle-bags to carry so many objects of devotion, rosaries, crucifixes, medals, images, etc., into the presence of the Holy Father to be specially blessed and indulgenced by him, is a wonder which I cannot explain.

There are some men who will never allow that they have changed their opinions. Father Wadhams was not one of this kind. It cost him very little to say: "I used to think so, but I was mistaken." He was always equally ready to acknowledge any moral wrong or defect in what he himself had done. On one occasion, when rector of the Albany Cathedral, the house was disturbed at night by an intoxicated man who would not leave when ordered away, but continued to ring the bell and pound at the door. He claimed that his wife was sick and that the priest must come immediately, but his answers to inquiries showed that his senses were very much confused. Being compelled to rise and dress himself in order to quiet the disturbance, Father Wadhams descended to the hall with hat, overcoat, and cane. Opening the front door, he seized the fellow by his collar, dragged him down the steps and along the pavement as far as the first corner, thrashing him in the meantime with his cane. The man cried out lustily. A policeman coming up and seeing what was the matter said, "Can I help you any, father?" "No," was the answer, "I can dispose of this job myself." Leaving his prisoner, however, at the corner, Father Wadhams did not venture to return to the house without first making sure of the condition of the woman reported as sick. He found her, as he had supposed, in no need of a priest, and full of regret at the trouble which her husband had caused. "I am glad to know," she said, "that you gave him a good beating. He deserved it well. The longer the marks of your cane stay on his back the better. It may bring the grace of God down on his foolish head to remember the holy hands that did it." Father Wadhams always regretted this night's adventure. When some of his household sought to justify what had been done, saying that the fellow had deserved it richly, he said: "No, that will not answer. I have done wrong. It was far more important for me to control my own temper than to chastise a turbulent drunkard."

Our reminiscences would be like Italy with Rome left out if we were to say nothing of that charity which was the ruling spirit of Father Wadhams. He maintained it with a singular forgetfulness of himself. As a man he lived for others. As a friend he never forgot the claims of friendship. As a Christian he always saw Christ in the pleading faces of the poor. As a minister of Christ he never forgot that great ruling principle, which he always taught and always followed himself, that "the priest is for the people, not the people for the priest." His charity was always toned and colored by that guilelessness which so peculiarly characterized him. His own simplicity and singleness of heart made him unsuspicious of others. As a natural consequence he was easily imposed upon by strangers, taking for granted that others were as sincere as himself. What we mean, then, will be easily understood when we say that he carried charity to a fault. If the honest poor could count upon his generosity, others less honest could often play upon his simplicity. During his absence in Europe in 1865 I occupied his place temporarily as rector at the Albany Cathedral. I found that by his arrangement the money received in the poor-boxes was divided every week by the sacristan amongst a number of poor persons. Having some suspicion in regard to the wise application of this money, I got a list of these people, which I submitted to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, asking them to report what they knew or could learn of the character of these pensioners. The report was unfavorable to the whole list. Either they were quite capable of taking care of themselves, or could not safely be trusted with money. They were, therefore, all dropped from the list. Only one, an old man, appealed from the sacristan to me. Father Wadhams, he said, had always allowed him his weekly dole of twenty-five cents, and why should it be kept from him now? I answered that it was known to me that he had enough to live upon without it. "Well," he replied, "that's partly true. It's not a necessity, but it was a convenience. It was just enough to supply me with tobacco." It would be needless to enlarge upon the great number of worthier objects of charity to whom living was made easier and happier by the same bountiful hand.

What Shakspere makes Othello say of himself may, nevertheless, be well applied to the open-hearted and guileless subject of these memoirs. He was

> "One not easily jealous, but being wrought,
> Perplexed in the extreme."

Duplicity, fraud, treachery, once detected in one to whom he had given his confidence, there came a shock from which he could not easily recover and give a second confidence. He and I had both formed a very favorable opinion of a priest of the diocese, chiefly derived from a certain appearance of modesty and ecclesiastical dignity which we saw in him. Father Wadhams, from holding the administration of the diocese for awhile during the bishop's absence, was brought to know of many things in the conduct of this man, some of which showed moral weakness only, but other things hypocrisy, treachery, and a fraudulent avarice. Wadhams brought him to bay and hunted him out of the diocese with an inflexibility and rapidity of action which astonished me.

He was once visited by a newspaper reporter, who did not announce himself as such, but came to the house in the character of a fellow-citizen who was anxious to make his acquaintance. He talked so pleasantly and cheerfully that Wadhams was highly entertained, and talked very freely in return. He was much disconcerted shortly after on finding the conversation reported in a daily newspaper, containing many things not well adapted for publication. Before his indignation had time to cool the visitor most unwisely called again. A rapid retreat through the front door became necessary, and terminated the intercourse. I do not remember the precise words which my friend used on this occasion, but they were perfectly intelligible and brief. In substance they were like those of Lady Macbeth when dismissing her guests from the banquet table: "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once!"

The purity of Father Wadhams' character amounted to a degree of delicacy which is rare even among the virtuous. I recall the modesty which pervaded his manners and language as something truly angelic. In all my reminiscences of him, which reach through so many years of intimacy, embracing often circles where the most free and joyous conversation abounded, I never heard a word from his lips suggestive even of that *stultiloquium* so strongly condemned by the Apostle Paul, and so especially unworthy of the lips of a priest. It was so before he became a Catholic, it was so before my acquaintance with him began. It was so from his boyhood up. No one that ever knew him well can doubt that his very soul was virginal. An old friend and school-companion of his gives his testimony to this feature of his character in the following words:

"During his whole college life, I, who knew him better than

any other human being all that time could know him, know that he never spoke one impure word or said anything that a man would be ashamed to repeat in the presence of his mother, sister, or niece. I am to-day a better man than I should have been had I not been intimate with Wadhams."

I might easily suppose this trait to be due to a certain excellence of nature. Perhaps it was. The friend just cited, however, seems to regard it as a gift of grace, for he says: "He was truly a devout man even from youth up."

If in these reminiscences my main purpose has been successful, I have shown that Wadhams was in no sense an ordinary man. I do not mean to assert that all his talents and qualities of heart were above mediocrity. I mean only that he was in no way commonplace, neither in thought nor manner nor language. I attribute this to the fact that he was too truthful and simple-hearted to borrow nonsense from any source, however conventional or popular the nonsense might be.

Lacordaire was accustomed to say: "*Je n'aime pas les lieux communs.*" I don't remember ever to have heard Father Wadhams say this. It was true of him all the same. His ways, thoughts, and feelings were all his own, all unborrowed. He was, therefore, in no sense a commonplace man.

C. A. Walworth.

St. Mary's, Albany.

(to be continued.)

THE INDIAN OF THE FUTURE.

THE Catholic Sioux Indians who recently held a congress at Cheyenne River Agency, South Dakota, under the supervision of Bishop Marty, made a picturesque gathering, and gave a splendid proof of the moral power in the Church which can control the wild propensities of a race not easily subdued. From places widely separated the most daring chiefs and warriors in great numbers, renowned in days past for ferocity in making a dismal trail of blood, together with a large delegation of the Cherry Creek Indians attired in their native costume, assembled to witness the dedication of the beautiful new church erected by Miss Frances Drexel. Her generosity was rewarded by a most significant expression of gratitude. After the devotional exercises on Sunday, July 3, arrangements were made for the meeting of the congress on the following day. The flag of the nation was conspicuously honored. It is reported that fully six thousand Indians were there to do honor to the starry banner as the ensign of a free people. With stately gravity the Indians formed in circles, and seated on the ground, like the multitude which followed our Lord into the desert, they received with profound attention every utterance from the orators of their tribe. The central point of the meeting-place was covered by an awning, where Bishop Marty and his priests listened patiently to the discussions. The chief known as Iron Feather of Devil's Lake, made an effective speech in introducing the resolutions. He appealed to the white brothers to make their laws so as to deal justly with his people, and to aid in establishing Christian schools which would enable them to become intelligent and useful citizens. He paid a grateful tribute to Columbus, as having brought to the Indians of these distant lands the knowledge of Christ. To the sons of the forest in all the Americas, dwelling in an area which represents about one-half of the habitable globe, Columbus was a Christ-bearer, and thus won a crown of glory that no carping critic can take from him. This tribute of the Indian orator conveys a thought which should become dominant among Christians. While not entirely exempt from the frailties of human nature, Columbus deserves all honor from the inhabitants of this Christian land as an intrepid explorer, resolutely facing

the dangers of an unknown sea, bearing aloft on his banner the standard of Christ.

These Catholic Sioux Indians, whose conduct at Cheyenne River Agency was so exemplary, would have been aroused by fierce emotions could they have heard in their own native language a translation of the speech delivered by Mr. Morgan in the State Normal College at Albany, N. Y., on the evening of February 15, 1892. He should know the way to reach the mind and heart of the red man, for he was appointed by President Harrison to take charge of the Department of Indian Affairs, and to administer justly the laws passed by the Congress of the United States. He was not commissioned to do the bidding of a small coterie of sixteenth amendment bigots, or to retard the progress of Christian civilization among the Indians by putting into practice unsafe theories of his own invention. The President of the State Normal College, William J. Milne, and ex-State Superintendent of Public Instruction Andrew S. Draper, devoted considerable personal attention to the work of distributing invitations for Mr. Morgan's lecture. The lecturer spoke from manuscript. His subject was "A Plea for the Papoose." From the Albany *Daily Press and Knickerbocker* the following report of his speech is taken:

"We are all interested in babies, for the obvious reason that we have been babies ourselves. Babies in general are well cared for in America. The one exception to this happy state of things is found in the condition of the papoose; for the Indian baby, although an American, is not born into the same environment that so happily surrounds his little white fellow-countryman. The children of all other nationalities (save the Chinese) are born free and equal on American soil, but, inconsistently enough, the children of the Indians are excluded from this inheritance although they belong to the first families of America, including the original 'four hundred.'

"The term 'savage' is often applied to them as carrying with it a condemnation of inhuman beings; bloodthirsty, gloating in war, rejoicing in revenge, and irreconcilable to all that is noble, good, and true. Under proper conditions the Indian baby grows into the cultivated, refined Christian gentleman or lovely woman, and the plea for the papoose is that humanity shall be recognized.

"If the papooses grow upon Indian reservations, removed from civilization, without advantages of any kind, surrounded by barbarians trained from childhood to love the unlovely and rejoice in the unclean; associating all their highest ideals of manhood and womanhood with fathers who are degraded and mothers who are debauched, their ideas of human life will of

necessity be deformed, their characters warped, and their lives distorted. The only possible way in which they can be saved from the awful doom that hangs over them is for the strong arm of the nation to reach out, take them in their infancy, and place them in its fostering schools.

"The appeal of the Indian children for an education seems to be entirely defensible on any one of a number of considerations; finally, they are wards of the nation. To whom, then, shall these little ones look if not to this great nation? It is especially incumbent upon the government, as the guardian of the Indians, to make adequate preparation for the rising generation in order that they may acquire that training that shall fit them for citizenship.

"The present condition of the government Indian school system is, considering all circumstances, admirable. The schools have been organized with great care. A carefully graded course of study, extending through eight years, is in use. The schools have been put under the rules of the civil service. The country has been divided into districts, each having its supervisor. A compulsory law is now in operation. There is a regular plan of promotion from lower to higher schools, and the health and morals of the pupils receive careful attention. Systematic training is given to girls in domestic industries, and the boys in farming."

The splendid work accomplished for the Indians by various Christian denominations was completely ignored by the speaker for reasons not known to the general public. At the conclusion of Mr. Morgan's lecture a clarion voice was heard coming from the audience asking permission to put a few questions bearing on the subject under consideration. The unexpected speaker was the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, of St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y., recognized by the late John Gilmary Shea as an eminent specialist on all matters relating to the Indian problem. Some may be inclined to think, with the present writer, that it was a providential opportunity to bring forth a scathing rebuke of the heartless policy proposed and defended by Mr. Morgan. The *Times Union* published the report of Father Walworth's vigorous address which is here given:

"We have listened to 'A Plea for the Papoose.' We must not forget that the papoose has a father and a mother. It is necessary to ask what plea is to be put in for them? It is a strange thing to deprive a father of the custody of his child and of the privilege of training him, according to a parent's idea of what his child should be. A plea is also necessary for the mother, who may weep tears of anguish to have her child torn from her bosom to be educated by strangers. There was a time

when we Americans were all wards of a foreign power. We felt our rights so keenly that because of a little tax on tea we entered into an eight years' war, suffered many hardships, and lost many lives for our liberty to tax ourselves. What would these ancestors of our own have said, had the British king or parliament claimed the right to take their children away from them to be educated in schools of foreign making on the ground that our civilization did not agree with that of the government to which we belonged? That being wards of the British Empire, it was their business to educate the children of the colonies to suit their ideas of civilization and government? Would they have endured it? Would they have thought it good policy and necessary to make good citizens? Would not our forefathers have considered that they had some right of their own, some ideas on such a subject? Would they have approved it as a sign of progress to be shot down in case they resisted the enforcement of such laws?"

"Father Walworth claimed to know something of Indians, both Iroquois and Pequot, Chippewas and Sioux. He was particularly familiar with the Iroquois, had visited them in their homes, attended parties given by them with every look of civilization, and received visits from them. He failed to find that they were totally uncivilized, and what they had they did not gain in government schools, or compulsory schools of any kind.

"The lecturer had forgotten to state that Indian schools had been broken up by government power and teachers dispersed. Dakota chiefs had represented to their great father at Washington time and again that they wanted their schools back again, that they wanted their teachers retained. Representations against Indian interests had been made not by chiefs of the nation, but by drunken Indians of no good influence among the people, and having no right to speak for the nation. Father Walworth claimed that these important considerations had been left out, and that the subject cannot be understood where such facts as these were left unexplained.

"Commissioner Morgan replied that sufficient time did not remain for a discussion, which he had not expected and for which he was not prepared. He would, however, give one case and let the matter rest there.

"'What,' said Father Walworth, 'will you prove your argument by one case? Is that logic?'

"Mr. Morgan went on to state his case. He had to deal not simply with Dakotas, but with Apaches; and had brought their little papooses into schools which succeeded well and promised far more.

"Father Walworth inquired: 'What became of the fathers and mothers of these papooses? I have heard of them. They were removed thousands of miles from their homes to be imprisoned in fortresses and dungeons. These ought not to be forgotten when such strange measures are taken to educate the children of others.'"

As Father Walworth resumed his seat the young men in the rear of the hall gave him a rousing cheer. They were evidently delighted with the liveliness of the proceedings, but that cheer signalized a triumph of truth and justice.

One who was present at the lecture has kindly jotted down for publication in this article some of the incidents of the occasion:

A select gathering of cultivated people, as well as a large number of students, were present to hear Mr. Morgan's lecture at the Normal College. Complimentary tickets had been issued, more especially to people interested in education, and to those in Albany who take the greatest interest in the condition of the Indians, and who sustain a little paper called *The Indian Advocate*. Ex-Superintendent Draper was on the platform, and as Mr. Morgan was unexpectedly delayed (?) he occupied the time till the lecturer's appearance with remarks on compulsory education from his own stand-point, in New York State, and particularly in connection with our Iroquois Reservations.

Father Walworth was seated at one end of the fourth row of seats from the platform, with his black velvet skull-cap on his head and his fur cap balanced on his cane in front of him to shield his eyes from the light. Mr. Morgan had but just uttered his concluding remarks when the priest rose from his seat like a roused lion, drew himself to his full height, and in a voice of suppressed emotion expressed a wish to put a few questions to the lecturer. Mr. Morgan, somewhat startled by this unexpected apparition and request, hesitatingly assented. Every eye was riveted on the new speaker as he proceeded, turning now to the platform and then again appealing to his fellow-citizens of Albany, holding their closest attention by his words and his tone of voice, full of the deepest indignation.

The Catholics present among the teachers and students, when the gathering dispersed, expressed themselves as proud and delighted with their representative; and one of the Indian enthusiasts remarked as she passed out, "Wasn't it interesting!" Another said: "You see it all depends on whose schools they are! That makes all the difference." And yet another: "I am glad he put in a word for the mothers. I was thinking of them myself."

When the president of the Normal College had declared the discussion closed, ex-Superintendent Draper came promptly forward and shook Father Walworth cordially by the hand, recalling some point upon which their ideas of education were in har-

mony. Mr. Morgan followed at his heels and asked for an introduction to the reverend gentleman whose questioning had so taken him by surprise.

The State of New York has maintained the treaties made with the remnants of the Indian tribes within its limits. Appeals have been made frequently to the Legislature in the interests of land-grabbers to rescind the treaties, but the committee in charge of the matter has steadily refused to banish the Indians from their reservations. Ex-Superintendent Draper, in the last days of his term of office, utilized the occasion of Mr. Morgan's lecture to express his nebulous views in favor of rigid legislation to force the children of the Iroquois to accept a new but dangerous plan for the evolution of the Indian of the future without the aid of church or parents. In the year 1889 Mr. Draper endeavored to indicate, in his own tortuous way, "the wisdom of abandoning the reservation plan." Some members of the Presbyterian Church engaged in mission work on the Cattaraugus and Allegany reservations had indignantly repudiated his previous statements concerning the degradation of the Indians under their supervision. To justify himself Mr. Draper asked and obtained permission to appear before the presbytery of Buffalo at its meeting in the North Presbyterian Church of that city. In his address, delivered September 10, 1889, he admits that "the general policy of the State has been very frequently and generously supplemented by the moneyed contributions and the philanthropic effort of people who believe in the common brotherhood of man, and who would promote the weal of all the race. Philanthropic effort is commonly aroused and directed by the church organizations, and, as was to have been expected, many of the different evangelical bodies have been for years represented by mission stations upon our Indian reservations. In some cases the State and the church have acted in close co-operation, materially aiding each other in prosecuting the work. Upon all occasions the general purpose of the State has been to favor and encourage the work of the churches, and whenever, as an incident of its general policy, it could materially assist a missionary of one of the religious denominations, it has done so up to the point of arousing the jealous antagonism of some other denomination."

This quotation is a fair specimen of Mr. Draper's wonderful vocabulary. He has at times a good idea overloaded with verbiage. After the above remarks he proceeds to say that he found the subject fascinating, and was led to investigate it extensively,

to inquire about "the years gone by," and to study the Indian character. Further on he reminds the presbytery of Buffalo that "my fathers for many generations have been affiliated with the Presbyterian Church"; that "the right of criticism against any public officer is, of course, conceded"; but "time employed by a public officer in answering criticisms upon his official acts is seldom employed profitably." When a public officer defends a just policy he is always profitably employed; when, like Mr. Draper, he is struggling to sustain a false theory, he is wasting time.

Mr. Philip C. Garrett made a tour of inspection of the New York reservations, except those of the Shinnecock and St. Regis tribes, in April, 1891, and sent a lengthy report to the Hon. Merrill E. Gates, president of the United States Board of Indian Commissioners. He came to establish in his own mind "what was the truth between the conflicting allegations of the past three years regarding these Indians." Strange to say he found it difficult to get any information as to the precise location of these reservations, and even after Mr. Draper had courteously accorded him a long interview, he was unable to get a map for his guidance in the office of the State superintendent of those reservations. Did Mr. Draper study the Indian problem without a map? By consulting some old maps in the State Department at Albany, Mr. Garrett was able to decide on the location of the Indian homesteads of New York State. During his journey he met the missionary of the Buffalo presbytery, Rev. F. M. Trippe, and found him a man of hopeful views, charitable in his estimate of the Indians. Evidently this missionary had challenged Mr. Draper's competency to decide on the fate of the Indian reservations without a map, for in the same paragraph which contains the brief allusion to him, Mr. Garrett pronounces a judgment which needs the aid of italics to bring out its full meaning here. He says: "There is not, *perhaps*, one of the statements of Judge Draper, so vehemently attacked by the Buffalo presbytery, that has not *much* of truth in it. If he also gave credit for the *good points in the Indian character*, it [Mr. Draper's report] would present a picture substantially correct of the present condition of these Indians." Why did Mr. Garrett say so little about the Rev. F. M. Trippe? An experienced missionary is generally able to substantiate his "hopeful views" by incontrovertible facts.

The writer of this article gladly admits the many good points in Mr. Draper's character, which won for him the esteem of a

large circle of friends. In his recent report to the Legislature he made a kindly allusion to the schools established by the "great Catholic Church," though it was far from his purpose to give to these schools any official recognition or to suggest financial aid. As a matter of public record, however, it must be admitted that during several years Mr. Draper deliberately urged for the Indians of New York State the same general policy which his friend, Mr. Morgan, most offensively endeavored to put into operation throughout the Western reservations. It would seem that they belong to a class who are infatuated with an ideal Indian of the future. The Indian as he is has for them no attractions. In the name of progress they demand a complete change of environment, without regard to the law of heredity, and without consultation with the Indians or their devoted missionaries. A short course in history should teach professional educators that the Christian home is one of the strongest supports of civilization, for which no government bureau can be substituted. Abundant testimony can easily be found showing that the Christian home is the nursery of the virtues which are most necessary for the citizens of a great nation. It has the sanction of divine law for its work in the domestic circle, and has ever been protected and guided by the Catholic Church. School officials who earnestly seek the true welfare of the Indian, or, for that matter, his white brother, can claim no endorsement of just law when they antagonize the authority of Christian parents in their own homes. Compulsory legislation will not avail to destroy the bond of affection between parent and child. The papoose will cling to its mother in spite of all orders from the Indian Bureau at Washington, and the mother will fondly cherish her papoose. While she is willing and able to perform that maternal duty, her sacred privileges, founded on the law of nature, must be respected.

In the present crisis the Black Robe has the duty of defending bravely the threatened invasion of the wigwams which represent Christian homes. The Indians recognize his influence for good; they have learned to love him as a champion of justice, as the soldier of Christ, the representative of the Prince of Peace. The devoted teachers working under the direction of the Black Robe are leading in the sure way to the civilization and advancement of the Indians.

THOMAS MCMILLAN.

St. Paul's, New York.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE movement in favor of securing by legislation the limitation of the hours of labor has within the last few months become the leading political question in Great Britain. It has been the cause of one of the most remarkable electoral contests of recent years. Mr. John Morley, in a spirit of frankness and of independence, which is every day becoming rarer, openly declared that he could not see his way to vote in favor of the proposal. In consequence of this declaration he was opposed, when it became necessary for him to seek re-election on his appointment as Secretary for Ireland, by the newly-formed Independent Labor Party. This party hopes to secure the Eight Hours' Law and the other measures desired by working-men by holding itself aloof from both the great parties. It gives its support to Liberal or Conservative candidates indifferently according to the attitude adopted by them towards labor questions. The success of their tactics so far has not been such as to warrant any very sanguine hopes of great results in the future, and in particular the opposition to Mr. Morley met with a signal reverse.

It is true, however, to say that it was upon other grounds that Mr. Morley was returned, and that his opposition to the Eight Hours' Bill was the cause of the contest. The strength of the movement is shown by the very fact that the seat of so popular and powerful a member was placed in serious jeopardy. The clearest indication, however, of the strong current of opinion which has set in in favor of the movement is given by the surprising conversion of the Textile Operatives of Lancashire to a statutory Eight Hours' Day. Up to a very recent period these operatives have offered a strenuous opposition to the proposal. This they did because they looked upon it as impossible, should their hours be limited, for Lancashire to compete with the Continent, where the operatives work twelve hours a day. But within the last few weeks a large majority of the Lancashire men have voted in favor of the eight hours' day. What is the cause of this

sudden change? It seems to be due to the unpleasant fact that Great Britain is on the eve of another trade depression, and that consequently a reduction of wages must be made if the price of cotton fabrics is not maintained. The operatives think that this can be secured by limiting production. This limitation will be accomplished in some degree by a restriction of the hours of labor. But that is not sufficient; the proposals of the operatives include the prohibition of double shifts of eight hours. The machinery of the mills is not to be run for more than eight hours a day. In fact, at a meeting in one of the manufacturing centres it was proposed that a measure should be passed prohibiting the building of any new mill unless on similar conditions to those on which public works are sanctioned—that is to say, after a Board of Trade or Parliamentary inquiry into the wants of the locality. Into a discussion of the wisdom of these proposals we do not intend to enter: these sudden changes, however, of opinion among working-men render it somewhat difficult to place that confidence in their judgment which we should wish to do.

The Lancashire textile operatives are not the only class of working-men who look upon the limitation of production as a suitable means of keeping up wages. Some of the miners in South Wales are considering the advisability of limiting the produce of coal by each person in every seam, and a committee has been appointed to draw up a scheme for carrying the plan into effect. The "play-time" taken last year by nearly one hundred thousand miners was due to a belief in the efficacy of this method; but the ill-success of that attempt was considered to be a conclusive argument against it.

While not more than a dozen passengers lost their lives in Great Britain last year through railway accidents, no less than 628 railway servants were killed and 9,601 injured in the performance of their duties. In other words, out of every 160 shunters one was killed, and one man in 15 sustained injury; of the brakesmen and goods guards one out of every 19 was injured, and one in 179 killed. Of the firemen one in every 36 was injured, and one in every 48 of the passenger guards. And yet in only two cases was any inquiry instituted by the authorities during the whole year. No wonder that the Parliamentary Committee on the Hours of Railway Servants, although it was made up to a large extent of railway directors, felt that this was a state of things which could not be defended, the more so that long hours of work were in many cases the cause of the fatali-

ties. The committee accordingly recommended that on receiving the report of an accident "which seems to demand further inquiry, the Board of Trade should require the company to state the hours of work of every railway servant concerned in the matter; and that when the Board of Trade has reason to suppose . . . that the hours of labor of any class of such servants are habitually excessive, a regular inquiry shall be made by an inspector of the Board of Trade into the general hours of the servants concerned, and that such inquiry shall be followed up . . . until the Board of Trade was satisfied that the hours of the servants had been reduced to a reasonable basis." Should effect be given to this recommendation by legislation, the fact that the Political Secretary to the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's government is a man who spent many years of his life as a working-miner will facilitate the proper execution of the law. The loss of life undoubtedly finds its origin, to a large extent at all events, in the natural desire of shareholders for large dividends, the companies refusing on account of the expense to adopt the automatic couplings which would obviate one of the chief causes of accidents. One result of the return of a larger number of labor members to Parliament will undoubtedly be to enforce upon railroad direction the adoption of every possible appliance for the saving of life.

One of the most interesting questions at the present time with reference to the lot of the working-man is the attitude of the new government toward labor problems, and the tactics which it will adopt in order to secure legislative solution of them. There is a section, as we have already mentioned, who have no confidence at all in the present ministry, and which is doing everything in its power to put it to inconvenience and to give it trouble. This section desired an autumnal session in order to deal with these matters. The present depression of trade and the prospect of a still deeper depression render the position of the unemployed a matter of urgency. It is anticipated that eighty thousand men will be out of work in London alone, and even now thousands are seeking employment in vain. The government, however, did not assent to the demand for an autumnal session, and now an appeal is being made to the head of the Local Government Board to make work for these men by employing them in mending roads, lime-washing alleys, cultivating land now lying idle, and similar occupations. What response to this appeal will be given is not yet known. Mr. Frederic Harrison maintains that through the last election England at last

has got down to a genuine democratic republic, and has said good-by to (among other things) middle-class economics. The reply to this demand for the state employment of those who are out of work will test the truth of Mr. Harrison's assertion.

The first annual meeting of the Federation of Labor Unions was held recently, and the address of its president, Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P.—a man who has probably been engaged in more labor disputes during the past four years than any living person—may be taken as giving the opinion of one worth listening to on several important points. With reference to strikes, he said that there was no trade-unionist, rank or file, who believed in them. He had indulged in as many strikes as most men, and he had never found them to be beneficial to the strikers or to their employers. Any means that could be adopted to put an end to them would be a blessing to workmen and employers alike. In the Federation of Trade-unions Mr. Wilson hopes to find such a means. But, and this is a point particularly worthy of attention, the success of this effort will be materially assisted by the employers having a strong federation as well. For this Mr. Wilson is anxious, as it would prevent the insane competition which is going on, and which is cutting down prices and wages to the lowest level. Moreover, if the Trade Union Federation were to be without a rival, it might get a bit selfish, and make demands which the trade of the country would not stand. Should employers and employed throughout the country be organized in their respective federations, national boards would be able to settle wages and hours throughout the kingdom. Fairly good progress has already been made in the federation of the labor unions. Dockers, sailors, and firemen, coal porters, enginemen, chemical and copper workers, millers, and other trades too numerous to mention, are enrolled. Desirable as this federation undoubtedly is, in the way of its complete realization there are great difficulties, the chief of which is the sectional jealousy which so often frustrates the most promising projects.

At this year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science one of the questions which excited the greatest interest was that of "Pensions for Old Age." The president of the Economic Section, Sir Charles Fremantle, who is practically the master of the Mint, devoted his address to the subject, and gave an account of the measures either already adopted by the various European legislatures or under the consideration of those bodies. The proposals of the last French

government, of which we have given an account in preceding notes, have not been taken up by the present ministers, and France has so far, therefore, done nothing. In Italy a bill is before the Chamber giving facilities to the working classes for securing pensions not exceeding one hundred dollars a year for old age. No one, however, would be eligible until he had subscribed twenty years. In Denmark, by a law passed in April, 1891, every deserving Dane is entitled to a pension at the age of sixty. Persons convicted of crime, or extravagance, or begging, or who have been in receipt of relief from the Poor Law during the preceding ten years, are not considered deserving, and are, therefore, disqualified. It is, however, in Germany that the experiment has been tried on the largest scale, and for a time long enough to enable us to form, not a definitive judgment indeed but some idea of its working. Here in February last there were 132,917 persons receiving pensions averaging about thirty dollars. The plan, however, is said not to be popular, and there is in Bavaria a strong movement for its repeal. One bad effect of the law is that it has led to the extinction of a large number of self-help societies and to the serious crippling of the rest. The conclusion at which Sir Charles Fremantle arrives is, that it would be unwise for England to encumber herself with any scheme of this kind.

He did not, however, succeed in gaining the assent even of his auditors. The hardships wrought by the present system are too great and too manifest to permit longer acquiescence in its continuance. The great difficulty is that industrious people naturally object to be taxed for the well-being of the idle, drunken, and careless, and it is thought by many that the schemes now before the public involve this evil. In a paper read before the section, the Rev. W. Moore Ede proposes a plan which, while it leaves this class of persons to the tender mercies of the Poor Law authorities, will render it possible for people who can show that the sum of half a crown a week is secured to them by means either of a friendly society, or of a savings-bank, or through a small shop, or by the earnings of children, to receive the balance from the state. This plan would, its author maintains, make thrift a title to a pension. It would not interfere with the friendly societies or with private assistance. In fact, it would give every encouragement to both. It would consequently diminish the expense to which the state would be put—an expense which, under Mr. Charles Booth's scheme, would amount to sixteen million pounds a year.

The progress of democracy in France has been the occasion of labor troubles which, so far as we are aware, are without a parallel. At Carmaux a workman has been elected the mayor of the town, and therefore felt himself at liberty to absent himself from his work from time to time in order that he might attend to his municipal duties. His honor's employers did not approve of this, and accordingly dismissed from their service the chief official of the town. His constituents were very indignant, and the feeling extended throughout the district. The government has been called upon to interfere, and to deal with the action of the employers as an insult to universal suffrage. As the government has declined to take action, a general strike has been ordered and the conflict is still going on.

Now that after the recent election there is every prospect of the passing into law of the local-option proposals of the United Kingdom Alliance, advocates of temperance reform who were not so prominent are coming forward with suggestions for attaining the end by other and less drastic means. These suggestions are well worth attention, for there can be no reasonable hope that the people of Great Britain, as a whole, will for any length of time submit to the entire suppression of the liquor-traffic, and if a method of carrying on this trade is found by which the evils which at present exist can be eliminated, the prospects of the permanent triumph of temperance will be far greater. Moreover, were all public houses to be abolished at once, what would there be to take their place? It is, therefore, contended by the Protestant Bishop of Chester, in a letter which has excited much attention, that the legislation for the suppression of the existing bad system should not merely be destructive, but also constructive, and should not go to the length of a complete suppression of the traffic, but should place it under such restrictions and in such bounds that the evils now attendant upon it might ultimately disappear. The bishop will introduce a bill to this effect at the beginning of the next session of Parliament.

The bishop proposes that the traffic should be taken entirely out of the hands of private enterprise, and that the local authorities, town and county councils, should undertake the provision of spacious and well-ventilated houses of refreshment for the people. In these houses, while alcoholic beverages would be sold, they should not hold their present place of supremacy. In fact, the pecuniary rewards of the managers should be made de-

pendent entirely (by way of a bonus) on the sale of eatables and non-alcoholic beverages; and the latter should be invested with all the prestige and honor the establishment could give, and supplied in the most convenient, attractive, and inexpensive way. Newspapers, in-door games, and, where practicable, out-door games and music should be provided. The mere drink-shop, gin-palace, and bar should be utterly suppressed. In several important respects these proposals resemble the system which has been adopted, and which has had a large measure of success, in Gothenburg and in Norway. They go farther, however, in completely substituting state management for private enterprise. This will involve, it is true, another step on the road to state socialism, but to many nowadays that will be an argument in its favor. The bishop's letter has led to the development of a wide-spread feeling that mere negative measures are not sufficient, and will probably do more harm than good. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, however, gives no countenance to these more moderate proposals.

The League of the Cross, founded by Cardinal Manning, not only continues its work since his death, but is increasing in numbers more rapidly than ever. At the annual festival recently held in the Crystal Palace the attendance was the largest ever recorded. Archbishop Vaughan was present, and was supported by many of the clergy and the laity of the diocese. Fifteen thousand delegates of the London branches of the League were in the grounds, and excursion trains brought large numbers from all parts of the United Kingdom. At the convention which was held on the following day Canon Murnane read a paper on the social condition of Catholics at the present day, which he declared to be at the lowest mark; the cause of this, he said, was in a great measure the use of intoxicating liquors. Catholics were poorly represented among the city bodies, and there were comparatively few Catholic merchants and traders; Jews and Non-conformists there were in large numbers. Among the aldermen of the city there was but one Catholic, and there had not been since Queen Mary's days a Catholic lord mayor. On the Boards of Guardians in the south of London there were about a dozen Catholics. In Covent Garden there were Catholic laborers in profusion, but very few Catholic owners and masters. To sum up the social condition of the Catholics, a number of drapers, stationers, iron-mongers, stall-keepers, and flower girls in the streets composed their social strength in the commercial world of London. The League of the Cross, the canon maintained, placed the means of reform, adequate, full, safe, and

prompt, before the people, nor would the present condition of things be altered until the League went down into the hearts of the people.

The Archbishop of Westminster took in one sense a brighter view of things, and in another sense a darker view. He thought that the League had already done a great work for the improvement of the position of the mass of Catholics. And, on the other hand, he did not think that social reform would be accomplished merely by abstaining from drink. All the drink of the country might be turned into the Thames and it would not make the people industrious, or successful in rearing their families, or give them that position in England which they ought to have. The future depended on the brain-power of the country —upon the cultivation of the mind and of the will. They must concentrate their attention on the young children; these must be kept at school for a longer period, and kept until they passed the sixth standard. They needed not merely day-schools, but they must have technical schools in the evening, and centres should be established which Catholic young men and women could attend. The archbishop then proceeded to make a suggestion which shows how much attention he has given to the social needs of the people, and how far he is prepared to go in order to remove them. "Why should not the two hundred thousand Catholics north and south of the Thames band themselves together for the purpose of supporting and aiding those in sickness and distress? Years ago the church founded a *mont de piété*, which was practically a pawnshop shorn of the exorbitant charges which pawnbrokers were allowed by law to make, and strictly under the ægis of the clergy. There was no reason why aid in this way should not be renewed." By giving to the temporal needs of their people—needs which are growing every year—a fair amount of attention, the strength of the church, morally, socially, and politically, will be better increased than by any other method.

The students of the Oxford University Extension held their summer meeting at Oxford, and this meeting was by far the most successful yet held. So many students came not only from all parts of Great Britain, but also from the colonies and from the United States, that more than half the applications for tickets had to be refused. Lectures were given by some of the most capable men to be found, and while a large number were of a popular character, for the greater part serious study and

application were necessary in order to render them of interest. For the aim of the promoters of this movement is not merely to amuse and interest an audience for an hour or two; its object is to carry to the people in general the accurate methods of Oxford scholarship, and to open the way to cultivation to persons of every class. For example, the course of instruction in practical geology consisted of twenty lectures, each followed by a long excursion into the country. The whole neighborhood around was scoured, and at the end of the course some geological mapping was done, the amount of work entailed being from six to seven hours daily. A somewhat remarkable feature of the meeting was the interest taken in theological lectures, and we hope that the other branches of knowledge were characterized by greater unity of teaching than can have been possible in the theological course; for of the seven lecturers two were High Churchmen, two Congregationalists, and three Unitarians. Such a plan must result either in the presentation of a very attenuated form of Christianity or in a chaotic impression on the minds of the auditors. But perhaps, even if the lecturers had been all of them ministers of the Establishment, the same results would have ensued. It has lately been found necessary to discontinue the sermons in St. John's College Chapel, Cambridge, where all the clerical graduates were accustomed to preach in rotation, until the variation, and even opposition, in doctrine of the successive preachers became so evident that it became a scandal, and the only practical remedy was the abolition of the sermon.

The heat and the cholera absorb attention to such an extent that politics and other incidents of life awake no interest. Consequently there is almost nothing to record in the sphere of general European politics. The visit of Prince Ferdinand's prime minister, M. Stambouloff, to Constantinople, and the warm reception accorded to him by the Sultan, is thought to betoken the long-deferred recognition of the Prince of Bulgaria by his suzerain, and the renewal of Russia's activity in the Pamirs, synchronizing as it does with Mr. Gladstone's accession to office, is looked upon by many as a renewal of the conflict between England and Russia which has been so long suspended. But all this belongs to the region of conjecture, as also does the reduction of the period of service in the German army. In the presence of the visitation of the Almighty, even politicians have stopped their machinations.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. STODDARD'S *South Sea Idyls*,* in their new dress, must come as a delightful surprise to readers who, like ourselves, make their acquaintance now for the first time. For charm of diction, power of picturesque suggestion, and other purely literary qualities, one would be at a loss to recall an English equivalent for them. One goes abroad for that, and names Pierre Loti's *Lands of Exile*, and *The Marriage of Loti*. Mr. Stoddard's sketches, however, antedate by many years the Frenchman's marvellous pictures of lands and people akin to those here made immortal. They outrank them, too, on more intrinsic grounds, for Loti is like a snake, and repels as well as fascinates. Perhaps a rigid censor might find even Mr. Stoddard a trifle too hospitable in his selection of some of the lights and shades caught permanently on a page here and there throughout this volume; but the whole spirit of the book is as pure as it is poetic. It was written, as the author says, in the "first flush of youth" and contains the chronicles of his "emotional adolescence." Elsewhere he explains his invincible attraction towards Polynesia and Polynesians, and the ardor with which the latter seem to have reciprocated it, by saying that although he is "white, or has passed as such," yet he knows and has always known that inwardly he is "purple-blooded and supple-limbed, and invisibly tattooed after the manner of his lost tribe."

One may open the book almost at random and light on exquisite word-pictures. Take, for example, the dozen lines devoted, in the grotesquely pathetic sketch called "Taboo—A Fête-day in Tahiti," to a wondrous cascade which had no existence in broad day, but was born at night in due season from the conjunction of the full moon and a mist rising from a

"crystal pool in the heart of a wonderful garden; and to it, silently, from heaven itself descended that mysterious waterfall whose actual existence I had seriously begun to question. It lay close against the breast of the mountain, strangely pale in the full glow of the moon, while, like a vein of fire, it seemed

* *South Sea Idyls*. By Charles Warren Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

to throb from end to end; or, like a shining thread with great pearls slipping slowly down its full length, taking the faint hues of the rainbow as they fell, playing at prisms, until my eyes, weary of watching, closed of their own accord."

Of all the papers that make up the volume, our own memory will be likely to retain longest the two called "Chumming with a Savage," and another pair entitled "The House of the Sun" and "The Chapel of the Palms." From the latter, a sympathetic record of a day or two spent with two young French priests at Wailua, we quote the final paragraph:

"In the proem to this idyl I seem to see two shadowy figures passing up and down over a lonesome land. Fever and famine do not stay them; the elements alone have power to check their pilgrimage. Their advent is hailed with joyful bells; tears fall when they depart. Their paths are peace. Fearlessly they battle with contagion, and are at hand to close the pestilential lips of unclean death. They have lifted my soul above things earthly, and held it secure for a moment. From beyond the waters my heart returns to them. Again at twilight, over the still sea, floats the sweet Angelus; again I approach the chapel, falling to slow decay; there are fresh mounds in the churchyard, and the voice of wailing is heard for a passing soul. By and by, if there is work to do, it shall be done, and the hands shall be folded, for the young apostles will have followed the silent footsteps of their flock. Here endeth the lesson of the Chapel of the Palms."

Two novels* translated from the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcon show qualities that make him the peer at any rate, and to our notion the superior, of any of his compatriots whose fame has recently extended beyond Spanish limits. These are *The Three Cornered Hat* and *The Child of the Ball.* Their compact simplicity of construction, their freedom from the wearisome local details and long-winded monologues which disfigure the pages of Valera, Valdèz, and Señora Bazan, mark a writer who has shaken off provincialisms and escaped into the cosmopolitan region of art. The first tale is slight enough, but it is full of good sense and wit, and is a very good example of how a subject that in most hands would be certain to degenerate into absolute coarseness, may be kept well on the hither side of that abyss. *The Child of the Ball* is more serious work, and it leaves an almost terrible effect on the imagination. The sub-

* *The Three Cornered Hat*, translated by Mary Springer; *The Child of the Ball*, translated by Mary J. Serrano. By Pedro Antonio de Alarcon. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

ordinate characters are not many, but they are etched in with wonderful sharpness. But the good priest, Don Trinidad, and Manuel, the Child of the Ball, so-called from his early devotion to an image of the Infant Jesus holding a globe in one hand, are drawn at full length, and in a way not soon to be forgotten. The chapters in which Don Trinidad does battle with the fiends that are contending for Manuel's soul, and wins a tardy triumph, turned later to defeat, are singularly powerful. They point a moral too, and one eminently worth pointing: that charity without faith is as unreliable a staff to lean on as faith is without charity.

Mrs. Molesworth's *Leona** is a pleasantly told English love-story of a sort which the novel-readers of a generation since were more familiar with than their successors of to-day. This life is treated in it as a discipline for another life, and love as a touch-stone whereby souls are tried and tested. It teaches the lesson of self-renunciation, and points out, in a dainty, somewhat old-fashioned way, the worse than folly of outside interference with the deep things of the heart. There are no bad characters in it. Geraldine's meddling is done with the best intentions, and the author's cleverness is shown in making her faults merely the accent of her good qualities. The reader's sympathy with Sir Christopher and Leona, genuine enough to keep him steadily on their track, is never painful at any point. They are sure to come together, as they ought, and one quarrels with nothing but the rather too well-worn expedient of dragging them off to Bavaria by different routes so as to make them do so on a lonesome height at sundown. But the book is a good one, and may be put safely into any hands. Though its spirit is that of evangelical Protestantism, no attempt at direct religious teaching of any sort is made. "*If* people really *believed* what we are all supposed to believe," hints one of the characters, would not such and such practical consequences follow? This seems to be the nearest approach which those of our separated brothers and sisters who take to novel-writing as a profession, feel it safe to venture on what is plainly debatable ground with their prospective readers. It is because such conclusions as she indicates would really flow from a practical recognition of the fundamental Christian truths; and because she presents them in an unaffected and pleasing manner, that we praise her work.

Mrs. Parr's new story† is a much more complicated and am-

* *Leona*. By Mrs. Molesworth. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *The Squire*. By Mrs. Parr. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

bitious performance than that just mentioned. It is equally innocuous, however, and decidedly more interesting. Granny Croft is a wonderfully good piece of characterization, consistent with herself all through, and as real as anything in the pages of George Eliot. Her sharp tongue, her intense love for and pride in the least worthy of her sons; her sharpness toward David, which results from the verdict rendered by her mind and her wounded vanity, but is always criticised by the truer voice of her heart; the squire with his long constancy, soft heart and rough exterior; and David himself, the humble martyr of unrequited love and complete unselfishness, are achievements of which any novelist might be proud. But the story is good as a whole as well as in parts, and is very well worth reading.

The author of *A Russian Priest* has written another novel* which has been put into English by the translator of the first one. It delineates Russian life in an insignificant village; and, truth to tell, it does so in a manner neither suggestive nor inviting. The heroine—who, by the way, does not give the story its title—is the young daughter of an official who had lived beyond his means, embezzled public funds, wasted his daughter's private fortune, and then shot himself on the eve of exposure. The girl has been much courted, but her suitors abandon her when fortune does, and she retires with her mother to a village where an appointment as teacher has been secured for her. She has no resources in herself. She has inherited bad traits from both parents, and despises her vain and foolish mother as much as she hates the father whose selfishness has ruined her prospects in life. She finds her work detestable, and her scholars fill her with aversion. At last, when she seems on the verge of despair, she comes upon a diary left by her predecessor in the school, whose death had preceded her own arrival. This predecessor is "The General's Daughter," so-called in the neighborhood not only because such was her rank, but because she had voluntarily abandoned it to undertake the task that Maria Petrovna finds so hateful. She had been the idol of the village and venerated almost as a saint. Her diary hardly justifies such enthusiasm, though there are good things in it. But in the main it is a brief, sentimental record of its author's childish vanity and self-love, the evils they resulted in, and the escape she made from them by abandoning home and parents in order to devote herself to the good of her more remote neighbor. Maria

* *The General's Daughter.* By N. E. Potapěeko. Translated by W. Gaussen, B.A. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

is represented as profoundly moved by the little tale, and as impelled by it toward some saving self-sacrifice on her own account. But her disgusts are too strong for her. She cannot win the love of her pupils because she cannot give them any; neither can she fight down her scorn of her mother's vanity and wretched flirtations. Hence suicide, and a novel which is morbid to a degree.

We hardly know any popular novels which it would be more unfair to outline than those of Anna Katharine Green. But people who have been scared at midnight over *Hand and Ring*, and felt unable to lay down the *Leavenworth Case* until they had plucked out the heart of its mystery, will be like enough to go on buying her stories as they come, without waiting for other counsel than her publisher's advertisements. The present tale,* though it has sensational incidents enough, gets a curiously domesticated air, as far as New York readers are concerned, from the locality of its earlier scenes, an old house in Flatbush. No murder is done in it, though one is planned, with arson as an accompaniment. The secret when discovered—not the secret of the attempted murder, for that is patent, but that which shrouds in portentous mystery the seclusion of the two fair sisters—does not turn out a very costly one; unless in the sense that it makes a tolerably heavy draft on the reader's credulity. Still, when one recalls the true story of Emily Dickinson's self-imposed solitude, shall one undertake to say of what cranks the youthful female of our species may not be capable now and again, under what seems small provocation to the rest of us?

How shall one do other than praise Mr. Kipling, whether he labors free and untrammeled, or helps to draw a coach and pair, as in the instance of *The Naulahka*?† The feat has been accomplished, as we know, but perhaps mostly by people whose patriotism clings as closely as their skins, and will not be shuffled off, even for a journey into that not yet fully-discovered country where all artists are brethren and all art contemporary. *The Naulahka* has, as usual, given the present writer much joy. Kate is Mr. Kipling's best woman, thus far. There was always that core of earnestness in everything he did that gave promise of a genuine woman, her soul fixed on "something above buttons," when he came to settle down to the task of showing one

**Cynthia Wakeham's Money.* By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†*The Naulahka: A Story of West and East.* By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. New York: Macmillan & Co.

forth. The "tiny little bit of a" Western woman is extraordinarily characteristic of one of our best American types—and that Mr. Kipling should have found her out so soon is rather reassuring. There had seemed danger of her dying out under the pressure of new-fangled ideas; but as she is contemporary with her latest discoverer, she has evidently plenty of space and time before her still. The latter half of the book must doubtless be credited wholly to Mr. Kipling, and we are bound to say we found it the most entertaining. But extremes meet and dovetail with excellent precision throughout; Kate's young Western energy and aspiring hope are matched with something as real as themselves in the bitter wisdom of the Eastern Queen and the sad loyalty of the woman of the desert. As for Nick Tarvin—we fear he is characteristic too, and that there are more of him, so to say, than there are Kates to match him. Unfortunately, he seems as a rule to have no surer balance-wheel to regulate the escape of his energies than such as she are capable of providing. Nor has that fact escaped Mr. Kipling's penetrating vision.

The Scribners have just issued another volume of the "Famous Women of the French Court" series.* It is the first of the three devoted to the portrayal of the picturesque figure of Marie Caroline, Duchess of Berry, the mother of the Count of Chambord. It is a charming personality that is pictured in this volume, and one which the portrait prefixed seems to hint at with more definiteness than usually accompanies such presentations. Her story is carried only as far as the death of Louis XVIII., when she was not quite twenty-eight years old. She had already buried two children, and held in her arms, as he was dying from the thrust of an assassin, the husband whom she had so tenderly loved. And yet the drama of her life had hardly as yet begun. The most singular chapter in the volume is that which describes the strange struggle with death carried on by Louis XVIII., so desirous to go down into the grave with dignity that he debated the ground inch by inch, always contemplating defeat, but looking it squarely in the face and holding it at bay without an apparent tremor.

The Rev. Daniel Lyons' excellent volume on *Christianity and Infallibility*† has already gone into a second edition, although published hardly more than half a year ago. It eminently de-

* *The Duchess of Berry, and the Court of Louis XVIII.* By Imbert de St. Amand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Christianity and Infallibility—Both or Neither.* By the Rev. Daniel Lyons. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

serves its popularity, for it is at once clear and cogent; while to readers who take their souls in earnest, and truly desire to know the Christian verities and rule their lives in accordance with them, it can hardly fail to be convincing. The text has been revised somewhat for the present edition, but a little more careful proof-reading would still be necessary for the third which we hope may soon follow it.

Canon Brownlow's scholarly and particularly interesting lectures on *Slavery and Serfdom in Europe** have been collected into a handsome volume. They invite and will repay careful study. They are written, moreover, in a style both lucid and pleasing. They carry the story from slavery as it existed in the Roman Empire down to the abolition of serfdom in Russia, in 1858. Canon Brownlow is painstaking in his investigations, and so undogmatic in his conclusions that he hesitates about the true answer to the question whether the "serfs are any the better for their emancipation." It is, he says, "a question which those best acquainted with the subject are not so positive about." Beginning his volume with a translation of Leo XIII.'s letter to the Brazilian bishops, congratulating with them upon the abolition of slavery in their country, and intending it throughout as a study of the action of Christianity in first softening slavery into serfdom, and then aiding to sweep the latter entirely away, he closes it with the subjoined reflections:

"It is impossible to put back the hands of the clock of time; and it would be nothing less than criminal to attempt to bring back either slavery or even serfdom into any country from which it has been abolished. But it is a conviction that has impressed itself strongly upon my mind, since I have been following out these studies, that we ought to be very slow in passing condemnation upon those by whose influence slavery was abolished, because they did not, in the interests of the poor, think that it was advisable to hurry on the complete emancipation of the serfs. Christianity prepared the way for, and accomplished the deliverance of the slave; she prepared the way for, but a variety of other causes actually effected the emancipation of the serf. One thing is certain: the abolition of serfdom in Europe has by no means solved those great social problems upon the solution of which depends the happiness of the human race."

Doctor Val D'Eremao has furnished in his new volume† a set

* *Slavery and Serfdom in Europe.* By W. R. Brownlow, M.A. *Trinity College, Cambridge*, Canon of Plymouth. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

† *The Hail Mary.* By J. P. Val D'Eremao, D.D. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

of instructions and commentaries on the *Hail Mary* which are eminently well adapted to popular comprehension, and which can hardly fail to be exceedingly useful. Each phrase in the prayer is taken up, explained, illustrated, and practical conclusions drawn, but without the introduction of other matters, "pious in themselves no doubt, and interesting, but not directly connected with the prayer itself." The author says he has found no such detailed explanations as he desires to give in any English dress. In a note to the section on the phrase, "The Lord is with thee," he remarks on a common abuse by which it is given in some books as: "*Our* Lord is with thee." He says that there is not merely no authority for this, but that, since it has been condemned by a Bull of Pius V., it "cannot be used now." This is interesting at a moment when there has been laid on our table a copy* of the *Little Office*, done into English for the use of a long-established community of religious women, and in which the following singularly indefensible translation is given of the first verse of Psalm 109: "*Our Lord said to my Lord*, sit thou on my right hand." There is such a wonderful amount of misconception crowded into the phrase we have underlined that we should feel prepared—and delighted—to hear that the edition in which it appears is likely to be cancelled.

No one who loves and venerates the great St. Ignatius—and who does not?—can be otherwise than delighted with the very full collection† of his maxims which has been made by the Rev. Xavier de Franciosi of his Society, and translated into English by some unnamed but ready hand. The contents are spread over something like four hundred and forty pages, closely printed, but in a clear and beautiful type. They give the spirit of the great soldier-saint, not altogether as they purport to give it, indeed, yet at least as fully as that can be done by means of detached thoughts and sayings. But just as our mortal capacity for knowing the spirits of men demands that they shall be enclosed in flesh, so any adequate knowledge of a departed saint must be gained from a study of his life itself, and not merely so much of it as ever escapes into speech. The new edition of Stewart Rose's life of the saint, or some of the fascinating older ones which occupy less space, might fitly be studied in connection with these maxims. They are in the nature of a commentary—and a commentary al-

* *The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Office of the Dead; and other Prayers. Used by the Sisters of Mercy.* New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

† *The Spirit of St. Ignatius.* Translated from the French of Father Xavier de Franciosi, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ways presupposes a text. No one, we take it, who should get his notion of St. Ignatius entirely from this volume, would get an altogether just one.

Curiously enough, as we turn from the book just mentioned to a recently published French work* on "The Spirit and the Philosophic Spirit," we light upon a sentiment very like the one we have just expressed. We give it in a rough translation:

"Warn those who read the *Spirit* of an illustrious man, that they have only a portion of his spirit before their eyes, for the relations, the harmonies, the proprieties, the soul, in a word, are not there. They should not close the book on that account, but after having read it over they should go to the author himself. So it is, too, with the thought of philosophers: skilful and learned critics may well prepare us to understand it, but it is necessary to read it afterwards in its authentic text. For the understanding of Plato, all the volumes that have been written concerning him are worth less than one of Plato's dialogues."

The parallel is imperfect, of course, for the maxims of which we were speaking are doubtless in the shape St. Ignatius gave them. But as he was essentially a *man* of thought and action, not what one calls a thinker or philosopher, his speech, even when most significant, gets its best interpretation from his environment; and, first of all, the environment of his total personality.

This volume by M. Charaux is the second of his that has reached us within two years. On the whole, we prefer it to his *Cité Chretienne*, although the latter had more variety, both in matter and form. The chapter entitled *Pensées sur l'Esprit* is wholly composed of detached thoughts, often profound, sometimes witty, almost always suggestive. Here are some more of them:

"One may be an idealist to the point of believing in his mind alone, and not at all in his body; still less in the body and mind of others. Naturally, in this profound solitude one thinks extraordinary things. What surprises me is, that one afterwards dreams of communicating these thoughts to other minds, when there are none—and of using matter for that purpose, when it does not exist."

"A hundred pages of wit are not worth as much as ten lines of truth; but it is not forbidden to bring a little wit to the service of truth."

"The knowledge of ourselves generally begins by the know-

* *De l'Esprit et de l'Esprit Philosophique, par Claude-Charles Charaux, Professeur de philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Grenoble.* Paris: Pedone-Lauriel.

ledge of our neighbor, and it often ends there. That keen penetration which discovers innumerable shades of difference, and even the slightest defects in others, is subject to incurable languors when it is a question of analyzing ourselves. One never has strength enough to go down into himself, but he always has plenty to fathom other people. The science of the soul would be still in its infancy if it were nothing but the science of our soul."

"Wit is the flower of intelligence, and sound judgment is its fruit. Is it too much to say that on the same tree there are twenty flowers for one fruit?"

The body of the volume, which is divided into three parts, treating of the Philosophic Spirit under many aspects, is consecutive and dignified; still, it is seldom uncharacterized by the light touch so conspicuous in the chapter from which we have been quoting.

I.—THE STORY OF A PARISH.*

The uses of a work like this extend far beyond the parish of which it treats. The history of one portion of a nation or a church, if honest and if in detail, is a guide to the intelligent inquirer who seeks to learn the actual results of laws and of movements concerning which a more general history is written. It is not enough to say that this parish, an ideal one in many respects, is a miniature of the American Church in its most prosperous development, and that therefore its Story is of general historical value. It is more than that, for it is a record of the methods and appliances by means of which religion can alone succeed anywhere when confronted with modern difficulties and modern aspirations.

As a history of a now great and flourishing church; of its humble beginnings half a century back; of its laborious and often painful, yet always sure and steady, progress in spite of scanty resources, of few and overworked priests, of the widely-scattered congregation; in spite of inherited and bitter prejudice and persecution of all that bore the name Catholic—this *Story of a Parish* has all the interest and more that belongs to romance. The author's patient research; the labor and time necessary for the consultation of original documents going far back into the Colo-

**The Story of a Parish*, 1847–1892. The First Church in Morristown, N. J.: its foundation and development. By Very Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, R.D.

nial and Revolutionary periods; the direct and straightforward style, often eloquent and full of charm and always clear and accurate; the prudent and discriminating use of anecdote; these are the elements that go to make this work valuable and trustworthy as a history, while as a contribution to a general history of the church in this part of the world its value is far above the value the author modestly puts upon it.

But this Story, as is said above, serves other ends as well as those of history. Father Flynn's book shows how the "voluntary principle" pays the expenses of a complete church establishment; nay, how it builds it up and endows it with the perennial riches of spontaneous Catholic generosity.

We have used the word "ideal" in connection with the Catholic parish of Morristown, N. J., because it is a complete one. Mainly by the efforts of its present pastor, it is provided with a beautiful church, a fine modern school, a convent for the religious, a beautiful commodious building for the amusement and instruction of the young people, a hospital, an orphanage and home for the aged poor, and, finally, a beautiful cemetery—all this secured and the parish enjoying an easy financial condition. The people for whose spiritual interests it is all intended are virtuous and edifying Catholics. Their pastor is not only their servant for every religious need, but he is deeply concerned for their temporal welfare. He is identified with every good work of the city, and is the strongest moral force in Morristown. No movement for the public good but seeks his aid, and never in vain. He knows that it is a fault for a parish priest to avoid publicity, since his vocation calls him to be a leader of his people in religion and morality—elements seldom absent from the common interests of men. Hence, to cite an instance, he was one of the chief arbitrators in settling a dangerous strike in Morristown.

Every attack on the Catholic faith finds Father Flynn ready in defence; every opportunity for the advancement of truth finds him prepared. He is the courageous foe of venal politics and of saloons, the friend of clean living and honest government.

We should also mention that now, when the size of the parish indicates the need of a division at some future time, this unselfish pastor has already provided for that event by the purchase of property, and the building of a church and school.

We are proud of such parishes and of such parish priests. This delightful story traces everything to its beginning, and tells of a religious institution perhaps a good span over the average; yet there are very many others in this country which approxi-

mate to it in success, and not a few whose career is equally worthy of commendation.

In press-work, paper, and binding the author has aimed to secure the best product of the book-maker's art, and his ideas have been realized in a manner that leaves no place for fault. The illustrations, many of which are the work of the author himself, are numerous and beautiful, and add special value to a work valuable in many ways, and beautiful enough in every detail of workmanship to merit the highest praise, and to illustrate the possibilities of artistic book-making.

Father Flynn has done his work well. There are few priests upon whose time so many and incessant demands are made, not only as the head and director of a great parish in all its avenues of activity, but as one who is identified with the public welfare of a large town. And yet he has found time and patience for a most valuable contribution to our Catholic literature. We trust it will prove the pioneer of many a similar work.

2.—ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE'S LETTERS.*

There is no manner of doubt but that the inner life of any great man is best known through his letters. They reveal his innermost thoughts, and we see him not simply with that reserve, either of demeanor or of thought, which any one would throw about himself when he stands before the gaze of the public eye, but as he is known to his most intimate friends.

Archbishop Ullathorne's letters are of great value for many reasons. Primarily, perchance, because they are the outpourings of a great and holy soul. Man's greatest study is of man himself, and particularly does this study become interesting when we find human nature portrayed among those men who have been standing head and shoulders over many of their contemporaries. Ullathorne's letters are important also because they constitute a history of one of the most intensely interesting epochs of religious thought.

For forty-three years Ullathorne was a bishop in England, and he took an active part in all the important affairs of the church. The revival of Catholicism, the re-establishment of the hierarchy, the Tractarian movement with its after-effects coming down to the present time—all these are of the greatest interest to us.

* *Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne.* London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Archbishop Ullathorne's long and useful life reached across them all, and his letters constitute one of the very best of contemporary histories.

3.—THE SACRAMENTALS OF THE CHURCH.*

It is well to have a thorough knowledge of the meaning and signification of the various sacramentals of the Church, and to ever keep before our mind the very important distinction between a Sacrament and a sacramental. Of the sacraments there are seven, and they are all divinely instituted; of the sacramentals their number is legion, and they are of human institution. The former confer grace of themselves, the latter depend on the dispositions of the user.

Yet in the external religious conduct of Catholics as it appears to others, and particularly to those who are not of the household, it is the sacramentals which in most cases manifest themselves. The wearing of the scapular, the use of the sign of the cross, the use of medals, small statues, Agnus Deis, etc., these things are oftener seen and as often misunderstood by non-Catholics, and sometimes it is difficult to find those who can give an intelligent idea of the origin, or who can explain the proper use, of these sacramentals. Father Lambing has conferred a very great favor on us by grouping in a concise, handy volume clear and intelligent explanations of most of these customs that obtain among Catholics. His book is of great value for this reason.

* *The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church.* By Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1892.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE energetic members of the Alumnæ Association of the Holy Angels' Academy, Buffalo, N. Y., are first in the field with an outline of reading on the "Columbian Era." It will serve to suggest the topics to be considered, and some of the sources of information. Every Catholic Reading Circle should formulate at once, if it has not already been done, a plan for a Columbus meeting. The outline of work which is here given, from *Le Couteulx Leader*, indicates that the ladies of the Alumnæ Association are preparing for profitable study during the period from October, 1892, to May, 1893:

"Columbus in Italy: Italy, religious and political, between 1436–1492; art and artists of the time—in particular Della Robbia, Finiguerra, Verrocchio, Da Vinci.

"Columbus in Portugal: science of navigation in the fifteenth century; Portuguese navigators; biographers of Columbus.

"Columbus in Spain: Isabella the Catholic; Ferdinand; the convent and monks of La Rabida; the Moors in Spain; Moorish art; the Inquisition; Cardinal Ximenes; Gutenberg and the invention of printing; Popes Nicholas V. and Calixtus III.

"Columbus in America: earlier discoveries; the reigning Pontiff in 1492; myths concerning the Borgia family.

"Bartolome Las Casas; death of Columbus; Spain and Portugal in 1506.

"England, France, and Germany from 1491 to 1506; the Jews in Europe in the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries; religion of the tribes discovered by Columbus and by navigators immediately following him."

* * *

Among the books to be consulted are the numerous biographies of Columbus, especially the one written by Tarducci, and translated by Henry F. Brownson; Hefele's *Cardinal*

Ximenes; Fiske's *Discovery of America;* Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico;* Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature.*

In recent magazine literature there is a great abundance of material bearing on Columbus. Rev. L. A. Dutto has profoundly investigated all available documents in writing his series of articles on Columbus prepared for this magazine. Nearly every one of the fifty-five published volumes of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be found to contain many pages of historical information relating to Columbus and the explorers of America. The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* should also be consulted by students seeking for Columbian literature. In its pages the late John Gilmary Shea published his latest researches in regard to Columbus. Readers of the *Ave Maria* will easily recall the many notable articles which have appeared in its pages showing forth the faith and devotion of the great navigator, who sailed in the *Santa Maria* from Palos, August 3, 1492, on his voyage of discovery. The *Catholic Family Annual* for 1892, published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., contained a beautiful tribute to "Columbus, the Christ-bearer," written by John A. Mooney, illustrated with original drawings by James Kelly. The Benziger Brothers have published a drama in five acts on the great discoverer of America, composed by an Ursuline, and dedicated to the Right Rev. J. F. Horstmann, D.D.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DICTIONNAIRE DE LA BIBLE, contenant tous les noms de personnes, de lieux, de plantes, d'animaux mentionnés dans les Saintes Ecritures, les questions théologiques, archéologiques, scientifiques, critiques relatives à l'Ancien et au Nouveau Testament, et des notices sur les commentateurs anciens et modernes, avec de nombreux renseignements bibliographiques, publié par F. Vigouroux, prêtre de Saint-Sulpice, avec le concours d'un grand nombre de collaborateurs. Letouzey et Ané, Editeurs, Paris, 17 rue du Vieux-Colombier. 1892.

KRISTOPHERUS, THE "CHRIST-BEARER." By Henry B. Carrington. A Columbian Ode for School-Tablet and Declaration Use. Boston: New England Publishing Co.

THE HOLY YEAR OF THE GUARDS OF HONOR AND FRIENDS OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Translated from the French. Revised by the Sisters of the Visitation. Monastery of the Visitation, 209 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn.

LETTERS OF ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE POSITION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND AND WALES DURING THE LAST TWO CENTURIES. Retrospect and Forecast. Edited for the XV Club; with a Preface by the Lord Braye, President of the Club. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Benziger Bros. 1892.

THE CONVERSION OF THE TEUTONIC RACE; or, The First Apostles of Europe. By Mrs. Hope; with a Preface by the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns. Revised edition. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND, from the beginning of the Christian Era to the Accession of Henry VIII. By Mary H. Allies. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

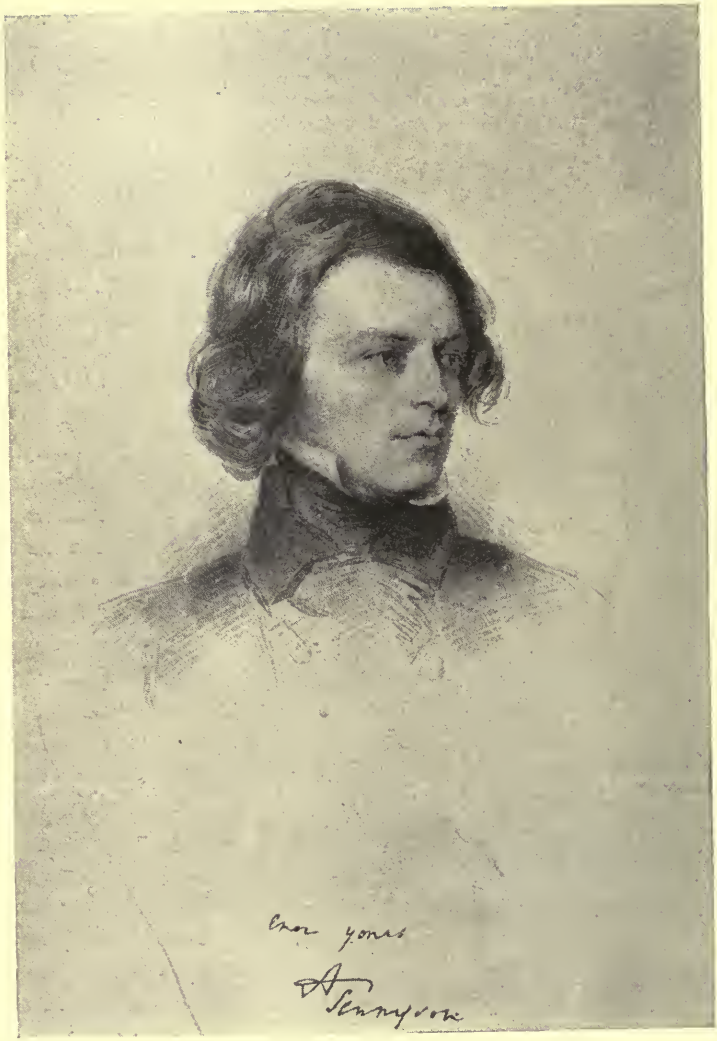
SPIRIT OF THE SACRED HEART. A Manual of Prayers compiled from various approved sources. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Benziger Bros.

THE CHURCH; or, The Society of Divine Praise. A Manual for the use of the Oblates of St. Benedict, From the French of Dom Guéranger. Edited, with Introductions, by a Secular Priest. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Benziger Bros.

A FRENCH GRAMMAR. By the Rev. Alphonse Dufour, S.J., Professor of the French Language and Literature at Georgetown University. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1892.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

THE TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY OF THE HOLY SEE. By Rev. John Ming, S.J. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1892.


Owen Jones
A. Tennyson

THE

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OF TENNYSON.

ONE of Thackeray's daughters, in a sketch of Tennyson, tells us that when Byron died the younger poet felt that the whole world was at an end—that nothing else mattered. "I remember," he said, "I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' on the sandstone." No second-rate sensitive mind could have felt in this way, and no mind not sensitive could have suffered as Tennyson suffered when the meteoric personality of Byron passed out of sight. The passing away of Tennyson could not affect us as the shock of Byron's touched him. Newman had gone, Sir Henry Taylor had gone, and Tennyson himself seemed to be waiting for the change when he put at the end of *Demeter and Other Poems* (1889)—

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

After all, no matter what he may have written since, that is his last message—a message of resignation, of hope. But, comparing it with the famous lyric of the great English cardinal—a lyric which is mistakenly called a hymn—one feels a pang that the hope is not more definite, and one misses that humility

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which is the leading note of "Lead, Kindly Light." The poet of "In Memoriam" is ready to obey just as he is, "without one plea"; the poet of "The Dream of Gerontius" prays that he may be led to grow worthier of the light of God.

The death of Tennyson has not shocked his admirers as the death of Byron shocked the young Tennyson; but it has fallen like a clod on our hearts, for all that. If he did not die in the blaze of his glory, like Byron, he died while he was still glorious. It is sometimes happy for a poet to die young. It was happy for Keats; it was happy for Maurice de Guérin; and "Endymion" and the "Centaure" have a double value for us because they seem to reflect the golden noontime of a day that never came. It was not happy for Chatterton, whose fulfilment would have made his promise pale, for it had genius and industry; it would have been a terrible loss to the world if Tennyson had died after he had written "Maud." No English poet has been so equal, no English poet has been so correct, no English poet has done more to hold up for admiration the Christian ideal of love and marriage; and, if English and American literature is pure, we owe it more to the influence of Lord Tennyson than to any other writer. We who have read his poems, or had them read to us ever since we can remember, cannot realize how subtly his inspiration has gone into our blood.

As a lyricist he was delicate and musical as Theocritus. Shelley comes close to him; but there is, in all the nineteenth century, only one set of lyrics that surpass his, and these are the choruses in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." Tennyson's songs are melodies in themselves; he is the only Englishman whose lyrics may be compared with Shakspere's without suffering. But his music is modern and touched with sadness. His "Sing low, my Lute," in "Queen Mary," is lovelier than Queen Katharine's song in "Henry VIII." He, so thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit of sadness, could never attain the jollity of the "merrie" time that produced Puck's song at the end of "Midsummer-night's Dream."

Of the great poetical dramas of our century Tennyson created none. But he did a greater thing: he made an epic—an epic of almost feminine grace and beauty—a Corinthian shaft, if you will, but on a solid base, masculine in its strength. A time will come when the critics and the people will agree that the three great dramas of the nineteenth century are: Shelley's "Cenci," Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde," and Aubrey de Vere's "Alexander the Great." To these may be added the

elder Aubrey de Vere's "Mary Tudor." Tennyson's "Harold" or "Queen Mary" will not be of them. And one of the reasons is that Tennyson seems deliberatively to have misunderstood the time and the people. Let us imagine, if we can, what Reginald Pole would have become in the hands of the man that painted Wolsey. See what he has become in those of a genius who insisted on looking at English history from the point of view of an English *bourgeois*. No delicacy and art of treatment, no touches of natural speech, no beauty of expression in a tragedy can atone for lack of elevation in the characters. The people in "Harold" and "Queen Mary" lack both elevation and distinction. And yet there are some indiscriminating admirers of Tennyson who compare "Queen Mary" with "Henry VIII." to the disadvantage of the latter. The last act of "Henry VIII." is a misfortune not due to Shakspere. But there is the same difference between them as there would be between a Madonna by Murillo and one, inspired of the Protestant idea of the Mother of God, by Sir John Millais. Judged by the highest standard, Tennyson's tragedies are failures, and not even "splendid failures"—a phrase which "Maud" and "The Princess" deserve, and which the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke applies to them in his very sympathetic study of the poetry of Tennyson.

The reason of the failure of "Maud" is apparent. It is a reflection of the worst qualities of Byron; it has his hysteria without his passion. When he wrote "Maud" Tennyson had not found out how strong he could be himself. The lyrics in "Maud" alone give it value; and lyrical beauty is at its utmost in the line, "There has fallen a splendid tear." But what could be more commonplace than the many stanzas that resemble this?—

> "A grand, political dinner
> To the men of many acres,
> A gathering of the Tory;
> A dinner and then a dance,
> For the maids and marriage-makers,
> And every eye but mine will glance
> At Maud in all her glory."

"The Princess" is a failure for a different reason; it is neither humorous nor serious, but the lyrics redeem it; besides, it is only a failure by comparison. What finish, what art, what Corinthian grace in all the lines of blank-verse that compose it! It seems crude to call the exquisite medium of "The Princess" blank-verse. The form of this poem is as much the creation of

Tennyson as the form of Horace's *Non ebur neque aureum* was the creation of Hipponax of Ephesus. In "The Princess" we find Shakspere and Wordsworth's absolute fidelity to nature—a quality in Tennyson which was cultivated early through his fondness for Thomson's "Seasons." "The Princess" is only a failure by comparison with the poet's great achievements. Who can analyze the charm and perfection of the lyrics in "The Princess"? They seem as pellucid and simple as a drop of dew—and they would be just as easily created by any other poet than Tennyson.

Aubrey de Vere, in his admirable *Essays, chiefly on Poetry*, tells us why Tennyson's dramas are failures. He gives this reason for the lack of great dramas in an age whose chief dramatist seems to be Sardou! "It," Aubrey de Vere says, writing of our time, "is deficient in simplicity, in earnestness, in robustness—in that intrepid and impassioned adventurousness which desires to watch and join the great battle of passions on the broad platform of common life; and in that elasticity of scene which makes renewed vigor the natural recoil from suffering, and a deeper self-knowledge the chief permanent results of calamity. We may descend into the depths of meditative pathos, or ascend into the regions of the mystic and the spiritual; but dramatic poetry we shall aim at in vain unless we appreciate those manly qualities which are the firm foundation of real life, and therefore of imitative art."

Shelley's "Cenci" is almost closed to us because of the repulsiveness of its fable; but it has the attributes of robustness, of breadth, of manliness. And these attributes save Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip," and help to make perfect the greatest of all modern tragedies, Aubrey de Vere's "Alexander the Great." If Shakspere's principal fault was—according to Wordsworth—that his characters did not act sufficiently from religious motives, this is not one of De Vere's faults. God, the creator and arbiter, is never absent in the minds of even his Greeks.

Tennyson's "Harold" and "Queen Mary" lack the quality of manliness; they are narrow; they are powerless to grasp enduring fame. And this narrowness is evident in the manner in which Tennyson, in these dramas, permitted himself to injure his art by following political pamphleteers—special pleaders—rather than those seeking the original sources of history. But, while "Harold" and "Queen Mary" are not great as dramas, they contain passages of the highest poetry. It may be said truthfully of Tennyson, what cannot be said of Milton, Words-

worth, Browning, or any other great poet: there are no dead wastes in his poems; he always has interest—not because he had a greater message to deliver to the world, but because he is such a thorough artist. He was impatient of obscurity; he has, it may be said, spent a life-time in perfecting the clearness and correctness of poems already clear and correct enough.

Tennyson's devotion to art is shown by his readiness to profit by Lockhart's criticisms on the poems printed at the end of the year 1832—his second volume. Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law stung deep, but he was right; and Tennyson, who seems to have been always sane, turned Lockhart's arrows into additional supports for his art. The improvements made in other editions of "The Palace of Art" and "The Miller's Daughter" show the fine sense of the poet, who, unlike most men of genius, could not be blinded by the manner of a criticism to the justice of it. Tennyson went on refining details to the end of his life. Some of these details, such as changes in "Mariana in the Moated Grange," seem to be merely capricious, for what difference does it make whether it is the peach or the pear that is strapped to the garden wall? Still, the hand of the artist has the daintier touch, and in no poem has ever color and silence been so well suggested as in this. It has all the details of the Pre-Raphaelite *métier* without the Pre-Raphaelite affectation; for, after all, Tennyson was in his "picture-poems" a greater pupil of Coleridge's than Rossetti or William Morris.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam" may have given consolation to some hearts, but it has probably given pleasure to more intellects. It is the exquisite, modulated, elegant lament of one mind for another. It ought to be studied with the elegy of Moschus on Bion, of Theocritus on Adonis, of "Lycidas" with Shelley's "Adonais"; and there will be found more spontaneity in each of these. As an exposition—done with the most artistic scrupulousness—of the effects of death on a mind affected by the conservative doubt of a modern man—it is perfect. Every tone in that harp is brought out; no string is untouched; and even in this dirge of the intellect the poet is best as a lyricist. What can surpass the dignity and what equal the music of the lines:

"When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded—if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave?

.

"Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist."

There is doubt in the "In Memoriam," but then it is a poem of moods. There is hope too, but no triumph—no ecstasy of triumph such as should come from the Christian poet when he remembers and anticipates the Resurrection:

"Behold, we know not anything:
I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last, far off, at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

The love of a St. Teresa, the desire of a St. Francis d'Assisi, the certitude of a Dante are not here. The poem is splendid, but never warm; if it had even a touch of the ecstasy of faith which we find in the "Canticle of the Sun," it would be a consolation for all hearts for all time.

There were, however, some who found it not without fervor, but this was perhaps because they knew no better things. We Catholics, the heirs of the ages, are hard to please.

Sir Henry Taylor, in his *Autobiography*, says:

"It is a wonderful little volume. Few—very few—words of such power have come out of the depths of this country's poetic heart. I met in the train yesterday a meagre, sickly, peevish-looking, elderly man, not affecting to be quite a gentleman, and bearing a strong likeness to Nettleton the ironmonger, and on showing him the portrait of Lionel Tennyson which I carried in my hand, he spoke of "In Memoriam," and said he had made a sort of churchyard of it, and had appropriated some passage of it to each of his departed friends; and he read it every Sunday, and never came to the bottom of the depths of it. More to be prized, I thought, than the criticism of critics, however plauditory."

Let us be thankful that the genius of the poet and his instinct for the true gave us the only English epic since Dryden wrote epic fragments. *The Idyls of the King*, taken as a whole—and we now have it complete—is an epic. It has all the requi-

sites to fulfil even the narrow rhetorical description of what an epic poem should be. If it be more feminine, more delicate than the epic is expected to be, it is an epic of the nineteenth century; and Tennyson reflects the best ideals of his century. It is Christian. It would have been difficult for any poet, founding his poems on Sir Thomas Malory's *King Arthur*, to have been less than Christian; but yet some modern poets, of coarser fibre and lesser genius, might have distorted the legends, as Spenser distorted them, or have missed the meaning of "The Holy Grail," as nearly all Tennyson's commentators have missed it. And yet how plain Sir Thomas Malory is! Sir Galahad, whose

> "—strength is as the strength of ten
> Because his heart is pure,"

has found the sacred chalice covered with samite of the symbolical color red. "Now," says good old Sir Thomas Malory—may his soul rest in peace!—"now, at the year's end, and the same day after that Sir Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he rose up early, and his followers, and came unto the palace, and saw before them the holy vessel, and a man kneeling upon his knees in the likeness of the Bishop, which had about him a great fellowship of angels, as it had been Jesu Christ Himself; and then he arose and began a Mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the consecrating of the Mass, and had done, anon he called Sir Galahad and said unto him, 'Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that which thou hast most desired to see!" And then Sir Galahad began to tremble right sore when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things! Then he held up both his hands towards heaven and said: 'Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that which hath been my desire many a day; now, blessed Lord, would I no longer desire to live, if it please thee, good Lord!' And therewith the good man (Joseph of Arimathea) took our Lord's body between his hands and proffered it to Sir Galahad; and he received it right gladly and meekly."

Every line of Sir Thomas Malory's bearing on the Holy Grail is fraught with love and reverence for the Blessed Eucharist. Tennyson would have been utterly untrue to his fine instincts if he had attempted to corrupt the meaning of the search of Sir Galahad by the injection of diluted Positivism into the poem. Many of his critics have misread the Holy Grail, but that is because they are ignorant of Catholic teaching and

of Sir Thomas Malory. Looking around us and seeing who *might* have treated the Holy Grail, we cannot be too thankful that this idyllium of the desire of a chaste heart for entire union with its Saviour was written by so pure and strong a genius as that of Alfred Tennyson.

One catches in the *Autobiography* of Sir Henry Taylor some glimpses of Tennyson's personality. We all know that he was a recluse—that his pupil and he were inseparable companions, withdrawn from the world. He appears to have been a man of "shattered nerves" and "uneasy gloom," full of tenderness and simplicity—a great grumbler, but never malicious or uncharitable. His best moods were in the evening; he delighted in long walks along the coast in the stormiest weather. He admired Jane Austen intensely, and put her—one of his scandalized friends wrote—next to Shakspere. He raved against the custom of seeking for facts and the most trifling anecdotes about men and women of letters. "It was treating them like pigs to be ripped open for the public; that he knew that he himself should be ripped open like a pig; that he thanked God Almighty with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing, and that the world knew nothing, of Shakspere but his writings." We find in the *Autobiography* a hint of his method of work: "He was full of poetry, but he could not find a story to put it into." But how many stories he found and made his own! He has made all he touched his own, as Shakspere did. The plaint of "Œnone" is his, not any other's that ever lived. It is fragrant, as Edmund Clarence Stedman points out, with the fragrance of Theocritus:

> "O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
> Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
> For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
> The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
> The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
> Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
> The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
> Is lily-cradled. I alone awake."

It is a delightful echo of the Syracusan, whose best moods Tennyson has crystallized for us.

There is a double meaning in the *Idyls of the King;* but it was probably an after-thought of Tennyson. Dr. Pallen, in a number of The Catholic World, worked it out very ingeniously.* One may, perhaps, be permitted to differ from this read-

*April, 1885.

ing here and there—notably where Merlin, in this allegory of the origin of the soul, represents Free Thought rather than Wisdom,

"And truth is this to me and that to thee."

It is not out of place to say a few words here against those critics who, because Tennyson never ceased until the end to cut his gems and to offer new gems to the world, have affected to find the new gems less brilliant and exquisite than the old. If the fire of the ruby seems less glowing after we have looked at it many times, it is not that the ruby is less precious. The fault is in ourselves. The second part of "Locksley Hall," besides being unique in literature, is a great poem. It perhaps has no lines that surpass the famous paraphrase of Dante's *Nessun maggior dolore*, or

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

But there are lines that equal them. The second part of "Locksley Hall" has not the impetuous music of the first, nor has it any touch of Byronic hysterics. It is a greater poem. A part of the myth of "Demeter and Persephone" is gilded by the sunset of the poet, and splendid with the same light shines "Vastness." No poet ever wrote fewer weak verses, though he wrote a few; no English poet was at once so much of an artist and so correct. He had the best of Keats and the best of Coleridge; the best of Shelley, and the simplicity without the simpleness of Wordsworth; he was as clear as Shakspere and sometimes as strong as Milton; he was the true Pre-Raphaelite, and with him legitimate Pre-Raphaelitism stopped. To Newman and to him we owe the preservation of the purest traditions of English expression. If a poet, like a creed, may be judged by its exaltation of true womanhood, Tennyson may pass unchallenged into that rank in which stands first the poet of the most Immaculate Virgin and of Beatrice.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Notre Dame, Ind.



When the Street-Car was first Started.

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF THE SOUTHLAND.



HOT, close afternoon last June; a fashionable New York avenue; dust and noise outside; a handsome room, subdued and restful, within; a group of ladies in animated discussion as to their whereabouts for the summer—one is enthusiastic about the charms of the White Mountains and the Berkshire Hills, another holds forth on Bar Harbor and Newport, and all the other familiar places along the coast dear to the feminine soul. In the midst of it all I drop in, and, refreshed by a cup of tea, add my quota to the conversation. I pine for fresh air, freedom, and solitude, and know not where to find them. I fall in with none of their plans, for I am weary of all the old rounds. We take our departure one by one without my coming to any decision as to my summer destination. The days drag their slow, simmering hours along, and yet I cannot find a congenial spot for my tired soul. At last, in sheer despair, I fling myself in a chair one late afternoon and take up a magazine. Lazily skimming its pages, a picture of a mountain inn in North Carolina catches my eye. I am attracted—read the article describing the beauties of the Blue Ridge. It is a revelation. Here is the very thing I want, and before I sleep I have made up my mind that the Blue Ridge and I shall make each other's acquaintance before another week has passed!

My friends hear my resolution with scorn. "Go South in summer, to catch yellow fever, and roast!" is the greeting I receive on all sides; but I pay no attention.

I take an evening train from New York, and in twenty-six hours, via Baltimore and Washington, reach beautiful Asheville. It is magnificent. Peak upon peak, gorge, forest, and water are enchanting to my tired city eyes; but oh! it is too worldly, too much fashion and frivolity, too much dress and display. Not this do I seek. I look again, and find all, nay, more than all, my soul and body pine for. An hour by rail from Asheville across the mountains, buried among the hills I drop on Hendersonville—the name as long as itself—almost hidden in the forests. A long, wide, old-fashioned village street, framed by three rows of spreading trees; some handsome, pretentious shops; some ancient ones, where a draper, grocer, and jeweller display their wares

under one roof. Quaint, vine-covered residences of the natives; new Queen-Annesque villas, cottages, and mansions higher up, of the visitors, principally from Charleston and New Orleans, whose advent in July is hailed with joy, for then the harvest; and last and certainly the greatest—a street-car! the pride and glory of every honest Hendersonvillite. You cannot pass Hendersonville without being introduced to the street-car; it proclaims its existence from the house-tops; twice a day, as the train comes in, a clamorous bell brings it to your notice. Its name is mentioned with bated breath, and you are solicited to enter within its precincts as to the palace of kings. It is drawn by a pair of mules, sober, steady, respectable, and the rules laid down by the company are conducive to the decorum and well-being of the citizens. They are numerous; all I can remember, though I read them over several times during the stately progress of the mules, were: "This car is for passengers only"—for whom else? I queried to myself—and "You are forbidden to hang your feet through the windows or over the dash-board!" This is too much for me; how the feat is to be accomplished deponent saith not. After alighting, the conductor bids you an *au revoir*—never farewell; no more genial man in the world than he. If you are not very busy and want to talk, he is ready, and on Hendersonville and its advantages he will eloquently hold forth. Its water-works, delightful air, mountain views, and —and always back to "our street-car!"—adding, "We are the



Road to Mt. Hebron.



A River Gorge from Cæsar Head Road.

smallest town in America with a street-car. All we want here is a start!" Speak of Asheville, and his scorn is too deep for words—"A nest of fogs, and roads the vilest in the world." He would not mention Hendersonville with it in the same breath. Two days later I am happy as a queen. Here are my surroundings: a pretty châlet on the hills beyond the village street; long French windows flung back, opening on wide piazzas; a great stretch of sloping lawn; a steep, rugged avenue; great oak doors leading to a long, wide, cool corridor running the length of the house; the whole shut in by the Blue Ridge, crowned to the summit in thick, luxuriant pine forests. From my corner on the piazza I look down on the winding road, quiet, lovely, romantic; a stray colored woman and little darky children, passing into the village, find their way up to my perch. I know them already, and love them. Candies for the young ones, which the old ones favor no less, have made many a little captive, and their plaintive negro songs have won me.



A Homestead.



The Right Side of the Way.

Saturday is the great day in the village down the mountains, and up from the valleys the farmers gather in their strange white-capped wagons. Up the road slowly comes a long line of seemingly moving tents, boat-shaped, drawn by mules or oxen, something the style of the prairie schooner one meets on the plains of Wyoming. Whole families sometimes peep out from beneath the canvas, or great white heads of cabbage oftener still. All through the morning the throng of wayfarers trundle towards

the market, and the scene is delightfully original to a Northern eye. At sunset the return is full of life and mirth; the venders are taking home some well-earned dollars—a rare commodity in North Carolina—and are joyous accordingly. Oxen and mules set off down the steep, rough road as for a race, to the great amusement of the owners. I have never seen such fast oxen; it is so laughable to see how they gallop, and often they leave the mules far behind. The farmers seem to enjoy the fun as much as I; for jokes fly back and forth from the wagons, and their quaint mountain dialect comes clear and merry to the high piazzas far above the road. Sunday morning is ushered in by the ringing of bells from all the churches; sweet, holy, and solemn, they chime across the mountains, bringing with every peal the thought of God, nowhere so near as in those lonely mountain solitudes.

The summer is dying—nay dead—and oh! I have never spent one so delightful. Not once have I suffered from the heat! But for the glorious mountains and pine forests one might be in England, the mercury is so low; even when the fiery wave frizzled and scorched poor suffering humanity throughout our country, Hendersonville and I were quite comfortable. The papers might groan over the stifling atmosphere; we knew naught of it!

My last evening has come, and I tramp up the hills leading from the village and admire its rural picturesque effect. Three spires show to great advantage through the trees. I am coming down a wild road, bordered by oaks and ferns, when through the woods, her face wreathed in smiles, comes dear old Aunt Mattie, and we meet with great delight. Her blue gown with its large white flowers has a very festive look; her cap is her own confection, wonderfully, if not artistically, made. It is worn to hide the loss of her woolly locks, which were sacrificed to the grippe. Intense headache—styled by Mattie "the misery"—followed, and so the now historic cap. Poor Mattie! she fully answers Uncle Ned's description:

> "He had no hair on the top of his head,
> In the place where the wool ought to grow;
> And he had no teeth for to eat the corn-cakes,
> So he had to let the corn-cakes go!"

Nevertheless Mattie's face is fair to see; for it is a good face, honest and bright, and to my eyes beautiful, for it tells its own tale of a hard-working, cheerful, cleanly life. She is very mourn-

ful now at my departure, and wanders off on the beauties of the village; the air, "much better nor Asheville"; she takes care to add with scorn: "I had to move up here from it for my health myself; of course the misery came from the grippe, and was not that all over the world?—they tell me." Mattie talks of the street-car with awe, and, like all the other officials, sighs for a



The Main Street of the Village.

"*start.*" With a lingering good-by and many curtsies she goes, and I wend my way homewards to the music of the bells. Every cow has a bell, and every bell rings, so from morning till night the chimes peal across the mountains. At milking-time you have not only one octave, but every chord on the piano. The effect is beautiful, reminding one of pictures one sees of the Alps or the Pyrenees. To me the sound is always new, always poetic. I follow in their train now back through the village, where I leave the tinkling kine. On the other side, beyond the woods, I stand and look back, taking my farewell view at the spires with the setting sun. It is a picture, ruddy and gold, thrown out by the dark pines and the mountains. What a sturdy, enterprising little place it is! and more, how brave, noble, courageous!—for this is the Hendersonville, so talked of some years ago, that opened its sheltering doors to the victims of the yellow fever that decimated the South. When every town and city quarantined itself against the stricken who had fled from home, without food or raiment, this Spartan mountain-village welcomed all to its

hospitality, giving them of its best. Wonderful are the stories you hear of those sad days—deeds and sacrifices worthy of a St. Vincent de Paul—and yet I have never heard one allusion to it by a villager! They speak of the air, the mountains, the *street-car;* but not once did I catch the faintest breath of all their heroic conduct towards the refugees! This great charity must bring down blessings on those good people, and will surely meet them one day when they make that last great "start" that will bring them to Eternal Prosperity!

DOROTHY GRESHAM.

A SONG.

THE milky-way is the footpath
Of the martyrs gone to God;
Its stars the flaming jewels
To show us the way they trod.

II.

The flowers are stars dropped lower,
Our daily path to light,
In daylight to lead us upward,
As those jewels do at night.

HELEN M. SWEENEY.

THE FUTURE OF THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.



ITH the successful close of the first session of the Catholic Summer-School, held during the month of August last in the quaint and historic town of New London, a new epoch opened in the history of the church in the United States. Even in the searching light of the sober after-thought that notable event grows upon us. It was, indeed, a remarkable and distinguished gathering of earnest men and women committed to an enterprise of the very highest value and importance. The projectors of the movement, although encouraged and supported by many members of the hierarchy and influential Catholic laymen, felt that the idea was in the nature of an experiment. In certain quarters, no doubt, there might have been heard whispers of "premature," "move slowly," and the like; but the outcome of the first session of the Catholic Summer Assembly more than justified the wisdom and ability of those who had undertaken the work. What was begun as an experiment ended a pronounced success. Nothing was wanting either in the attendance, the character and variety of the course of lectures, the brilliancy and thoroughness of the teachers, the earnestness and deep interest of the five or six hundred students, or in the cordial welcome extended to the school by the descendants of the Puritans, through their representative, Mayor Wheeler, that could add to its success.

The Catholic Summer-School, therefore, wherever its local habitation, is the name of a permanent institution destined, with the blessing of God, to exercise henceforth a powerful influence especially on the Catholic intellectual life of America. Nor will that beneficial influence be restricted to the church alone; no, it must reach far beyond such limits. It cannot but affect the mind and thought of the local non-Catholic community, where the school is held; scholars of all shades of religious opinion, as well as those of sceptical and infidel tendencies, will follow with interest the discourses of Catholic men and women of intellectual eminence and great erudition on science, literature, philosophy, art, history, metaphysics, socialism, morality, and government. It is for these reasons we say that this new movement is historic, and marks an era in the magnificent developments of the church that we have in our own days the happiness to witness.

In this article we propose to discuss the work and methods of the Catholic Summer-School; its intellectual and moral influences both within and without the church; and its future development and possibilities on the lines of university extension. Thus our readers will be able to get a clear mental grasp of the whole scheme.

I.

No recent phase of American progress and development has been more noteworthy than the growth of our facilities for the higher education both of men and women. Within the last ten or fifteen years not only have our colleges, academies, and universities widened their doors and made the way smooth and inviting for students of limited means and opportunities, but great educational centres like the Summer-School, the Columbian Reading Union, and the Catholic Reading Circle organization have been founded to popularize and carry forward the work of higher education. Never, we believe, has the world seen such a general reawakening of educational zeal as is to be witnessed on all sides to-day. The number of college students in the United States this year is about ten times as great as it was twenty years ago. The works of the great scientists from Aristotle to Darwin and Mivart, of the philosophers from Plato to St. Thomas and Spencer, and of the poets from Homer to Dante and Shakspere, have far more readers in our time than they ever had before. Never was there so general a desire for knowledge; to have views and opinions, if not always to be informed, on a great variety of subjects both good and bad. And never were the means and opportunities of satisfying this mental craving better and more abundant than at the present moment. The daily and periodical press, the magazines and reviews, the cheap editions of the classics and of scientific works have brought within the reach of almost every one who can read the fruit, both good and bad, of the tree of knowledge.

But this intellectual *renaissance* has its dangers and possibilities of evil. The original temptation to taste forbidden fruit, even when it is produced on what is called the tree of knowledge, is always strong upon us. In slaking one's laudable thirst for learning there is ever present the possibility of drinking from poisoned sources. All that is set down in history is not fact; all that is taught in the name of philosophy is not truth; religion has its false systems; science its unwarranted conclusions as well as its untenable theories; whilst art is made to suffer often-

times for the horribly crude and impure conceptions that are attempted to be palmed off in its name.

This, then, is the situation as we find it to-day, and as we know it to be in our own country. On the whole we are rather pleased with it. The outlook is bright and promising. What is needed to reap an abundant harvest is an active, intelligent cultivation of the field that invites our labors; concerted action; skilful, persevering effort.

The Catholic Summer-School has entered upon its work, which is to be found in the present condition of the American mind and its attitude to truth, with a clear idea of what it expects to do, and how the work is to be done. The aim of the Summer-School is to foster intellectual culture in harmony with true Christian faith, by means of lectures, and special courses on university extension lines, in literature, science, and art; while at the same time providing means of social intercourse among persons of refined, literary tastes, healthful recreation and profitable entertainment.

The late Cardinal Newman in writing of the relation of the church to literature and science put the matter clearly when he said: "The church fears no knowledge, but she purifies all; she represses no elements of our nature, but cultivates the whole." On this line of principle and thought the Summer-School proposes to offer to its students the very best instruction in the various departments of knowledge; on a broad basis of information; by competent teachers and lecturers who would do honor to any university in the world; men who being sure of their ground are able to throw upon their subjects the stronger and broader light of Catholic principles, of spiritual truth, and of a coherent faith.

How well the work mapped out in the admirable syllabus of lectures for its first session was performed everybody who was in anywise interested understands. A chorus of approval and praise of the work done, and of the methods in doing it, has come from every quarter. Catholics, as always happens when representatives of the faith are brought together for high and noble purposes, were once more proud of their title. They gloried in the great success of the Catholic Summer-School. Those who were not present almost envied those who were, because of the undoubted benefits derived from attendance.

The success of a school, even a Summer-School, involves two things as essential: teachers and students; the teachers must be learned, fully equipped in all that appertains to their teach-

ing; and the students must be attentive and studious. That these conditions were realized in magnificent proportions at New London during the three first weeks of August last there is but one opinion. We venture to say it would be impossible to bring together anywhere else, or from any other body, such a galaxy of talent as was comprised in the staff of teachers, lay and cleric, men and women. We who had the privilege of being present know how faithfully and disinterestedly this large staff of professors labored in the school's service; with what clearness and brilliancy they expounded the well-chosen themes of study; with what ease and precision they answered all queries and removed every difficulty. The highest tribute that could be paid those lecturers was forthcoming in the general approval and satisfaction of the large body of students; as also in the popular desire, so often expressed since the close of the school, that the various courses of lectures be published in book-form. What choice chapters in such a volume would not the course on ethics, Shakspere, anthropology, history, the science of comparative religion, socialism, Egyptology and the Bible, and other lectures on miscellaneous topics, make?

And if the teachers did their full share in making the Summer-School a success, what shall we say of the large number of students who assembled in the old Yankee town to profit by the instructions? By a reference to the programme it will be seen at once that the subjects were all of a serious nature. Notwithstanding the extreme heat of the early days of August, the attractive distractions of the sea-beach, the naval station, the visit of the White Squadron of United States war vessels, the New York Yacht Club, or the many points of historical interest in and around New London, the attendance at the four daily lectures was uninterruptedly large. From day to day the crowd of students kept on growing larger, and never did we witness a more eager and intensely interested class of students. Some one said that the quaint old Connecticut city during those days of the Catholic Summer-School recalled one of the university towns of the middle ages. The very atmosphere and surroundings provoked discussion and conduced to thought and study. There was an intellectual spirit abroad, roaming along the well-kept streets, round the fine old elms, on the ferry-boats, on the piazzas of the hotels, away off on White-Haven beach; its presence was sensibly felt in these places by the subject and tone of students' conversation as well as more strongly in the vicinity of the beautiful Church of the "Star of the Sea" and

the comfortable Lyceum Theatre. Those were, indeed, days of delightful memories for all who were present, because they were so profitably spent in what we might call the true modern "Academy"—the Catholic Summer-School.

II.

What will be the effect and influence of this new intellectual movement? To what extent will it be felt within and without the church? How will it affect the non-Catholic mind of America? These are a few of the practical questions that naturally suggest themselves to thoughtful persons who are interested in the Summer-School. We shall try and furnish an answer.

It is obvious that an institution conducted on the lines of the Catholic Summer-School must exercise a powerful influence on the intellectual life of America. It must quicken and infuse a new and better spirit in the world of letters. It must help in a great measure to elevate and refine the tone of our current literature; whilst at the same time it cannot fail to develop a sound literary taste in an ever-increasing circle of readers. By its teaching it will help to solve many of the perplexing problems of our day; it will remove doubts and difficulties that are torturing the minds of many; it will proclaim to a large body of non-Catholic fellow-citizens that could hardly be reached in any other manner a knowledge of Catholic principles and doctrine. It will cast the clear, strong light of true philosophy on the great social questions of the times; it will instruct all who may come within the limits of its influence on their rights and duties as members of society, as citizens, in the discharge of their respective callings in life. This Catholic Summer-School will become a centre of intellectual light from which will radiate in ever-widening circles over this fair land purifying, life-giving waves of truth. It will be, in short, a great popular university, not only in session during a month or two in summer, but working on well-defined lines, as we shall explain later on, the whole year round.

And what a *stimulus* it will give to Catholic literature! What encouragement and hope it holds out to our Catholic writers and publishers! How ready will the students of this Summer-School be to recognize in a practical way our obligations to Catholic authors, the great sacrifices these men and women are constantly making for the sake of truth! Nor can we pass by the hope that is properly entertained that from this

school will spring a generation of writers who will deal with the heroic period of American history, and "embellish with a modern literary finish" the story of the great explorers and pioneers—the advance guard of our Christian civilization—mostly all of whom adhered to the old faith. Here there is an inviting field, abundant material for a literature which now exists only in a fragmentary form. And we may reasonably expect that our Catholic Summer-School will bring forth an army of laborers who will cultivate it with diligence and success.

We have said that the Catholic Summer-School must influence the mind and thought of those outside the church. It has shown, at short notice, to the world how rich we Catholics are in men and women of the highest education and culture. It has helped to set us right before the world on the attitude of the church to science, literature, and art. It has surely contributed something to remove from the popular mind the impression that it is the business of the church to put restraints upon man's intellect; that Catholicism means illiteracy; that it is a religion suited to dark ages and servile peoples, but wholly unsuited to an enlightened period like our own; incapable of satisfying the needs and desires of a generation that boasts of its intellectual progress and conquests. Now, if the Catholic Summer-School has done anything—and who will say that it has not?—to get rid of this galling notion—galling to sensitive Catholics—it has done a great work. If it has impressed anew on certain minds that the church encourages the fullest development of the human intellect, the highest culture of the mind, the most scientific systems of education; that, as Newman observed, she "fears no knowledge; represses no elements of nature, but cultivates the whole"; a lasting service has been rendered to the cause of truth. All this, we believe, and more has been accomplished by the very first session of the Catholic Summer-School. What, then, is not to be looked for when the school is permanently and securely established, working successfully not for a few weeks, but throughout the entire year?

The annual assembly of illustrious Catholic scholars, leaders in literature and science, ardent and devoted to their faith, will be an object-lesson to the unreasoning and unreasonable; and will constitute the strongest argument in refutation of the empty charge that we are considering. And at the feet of masters will be gathered students from all over the land, aflame with the true student's thirst for learning; desirous to be informed on all subjects of useful knowledge; prepared to study and examine

the foundations upon which revelation and faith rest; and to scrutinize for this purpose the ancient languages, the monuments of the remotest times, the documents of history, the discoveries of science, the results of the highest criticism. Every department of human knowledge will be examined, and forced to unlock its secrets, with no limitation or restriction save that which truth itself assigns.

From a school such as this what intellectual strength and virtue will go forth, year after year, to grapple with the scepticism, materialism, and unbelief of the age? It will supply an active, intelligent, and efficient lay apostolate to the American Church. Our bright young men and women will find in such a school new ideals, stronger and nobler impulses to good, and an outlet for great talents hitherto unused. Thus shall the moral and intellectual force of this new movement be felt in our modern civilization. Its influence will reach into the workshop, the counting-room, the professional man's study, the legislative halls, the marts of trade, the schools and homes of the land. That influence will aid in popularizing truth, especially religious truth, as the spirit of evil has popularized error in latter days. Thoughtful people see this. "You are doing a great work," said ex-Governor Waller, of Connecticut, to the writer, "in this Catholic Summer-School; you are doing much for your own people, and very much for *us Protestants;* you are giving us not only a knowledge of important truths, but presenting to the prejudiced mind a phase of Catholicism that it did not dream of. Now let me make this suggestion," he continued; "you must not go away off into the woods and *build a fence* round your Summer-School, because if you do *that fence* will keep most of us out, and we want to be in—*we want to be with you.*"

And Mayor Wheeler in his address of welcome, in referring to the advantages certain to follow from such an institution, used these words: "The utterances and action of Leo XIII. relative to the church in the United States have attracted the attention, and won the confidence and respect, and the reverence of all thoughtful men. The influence of a Summer-School under the guidance of teachers inspired with like sentiments may do much to unite and mould the elements entering into our American citizenship."

III.

It remains for us to notice the future of the Catholic Summer-School. The General Council, which is the name of the governing body of the school, has provided for the continuance of the work the year round. A carefully prepared course of studies has been arranged for the winter months, beginning with October of each year. As far as possible the University Extension idea will be carried out.* This winter's course will embrace natural and moral philosophy, general history, literature, evidences of religion, art, and a special course in pedagogy. At the head of each of these departments of study will be men eminent in their special branches, who will discharge all the duties of the teacher or professor to his class. The head of each department of study will indicate the text and reference books to be used; he will lecture at stated times in our large centres of population. The various courses will be published regularly as a supplement to the monthly organ of the Catholic Summer-School, *The Reading Circle Review*. It has been so arranged that a student can follow an elective course. All questions and difficulties arising out of the subject-matter of the course will be promptly answered through the secretary's office by the heads of the different departments. At the end of each year examination papers will be prepared, and certificates awarded to all students who may reach the prescribed standard. The answering, of course, will be at the option of the students. On the completion of the course diplomas will be given; and the nominal sum of five dollars is the fee for the whole course.

Such are the lines on which the Catholic Summer-School proposes to work. It is, indeed, a magnificent undertaking, admirably and clearly outlined, and gives every promise of working successfully from the start. Already, we understand, there is a large enrollment of students for the University Extension course this winter. There can be no doubt of the success of the movement. The needs of our day demand it; and we have men and women of intelligence and zeal who are ready to labor and make sacrifices to push forward the work. There can be no doubt of the popularity of this movement. The New London session of the Summer-School established the fact. Nor can we over-estimate its value and importance, its beneficial and far-

*By University Extension is understood a scheme, originating in England, for extending the advantages of university instruction by means of lectures and classes at important centres.

reaching effects upon the intellectual and moral life of America. Here we have the clergy, secular and regular, teachers from the parochial and public schools, men and women eminent in literature and journalism, representatives of the different professions, united for a common object; we have the highest members of the hierarchy warmly commending the new movement, and by their presence aiding its work. Surely, when we take account of these very favorable conditions under which the Catholic Summer-School has entered upon its career there can be no thought of failure.

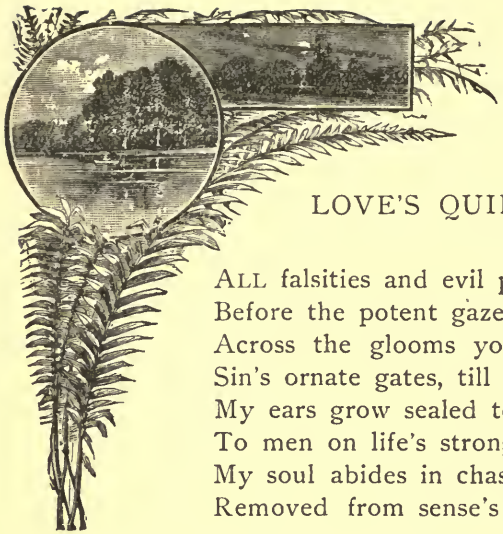
A long stride toward that ideal about which sanguine persons have been talking and writing has been made in the establishment of this school. Virtue and intellectual force are the only means by which the church can hold its own, or advance its position among American non-Catholics. And what a reserve fund of both these elements—and what possibilities of good—does not the Catholic Summer-School contain! It will formulate no new creeds, but will strengthen belief in the truths of the old; it will not waste any time in useless discussion of matters of little or no importance, but will be always sober-minded and choice in the selection of grave and practical subjects; as one of our keen-witted editors put it: "There will be no fads in this school; nor will there be any danger of mistaking the religion of its teachers."

At present one can only dimly foresee the advantages likely to flow from this Catholic Summer-School; nor can we fully realize the powerful influence it is sure to exert upon the intellectual and moral life of the Republic. "*Let there be light*"—that is its key-note and watch-word.

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Pittsburgh, Pa.





LOVE'S QUIETUDE.

All falsities and evil passions fall
Before the potent gaze of Love's true star;
Across the glooms your swift arm slips to bar
Sin's ornate gates, till all desires pall;
My ears grow sealed to sirens' songs that call
To men on life's strong waters. Where you are
My soul abides in chastened calm, afar
Removed from sense's feverish carnival.

Existence is with you a green retreat,
Full of pure fragrance, birds' songs and repose,
Where never pierce the arrows of life's heat,
Where the world's cynic minion never goes.
Content art thou, O heart! once fain to range,
Nor would'st thou for the world thy love exchange!

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.



THE ELOCUTION OF THE PULPIT.

SO accustomed have hearers become to the solemn cadences of what has been called the "preaching voice," that they are startled at hearing a preacher talking from the pulpit in an easy, conversational tone. Macaulay pokes a good bit of fun at the dignity of history, which formerly carefully ignored all the little but important details of the national life, and busied itself only with the doings of great personages. Under a similar misapprehension of the true aim of preaching, and of the dignity of the pulpit, good and effective preachers have been deluded into adopting a style of elocution the furthest removed from the natural. Pretentious professors of elocution catch an unfortunate clergyman, and drill him in hollow, dismal tones, varied now and then with a spurt of "explosive orotund" which, the good man is assured, will thrill the most apathetic congregation. We are acquainted with a worthy priest who, in an evil hour, fell into the hands of one of these phonetic fiends. The fiend was a little man, and we wondered where all his voice came from; for, at the request of our reverend friend, we were privileged to assist at a lesson.

Father James was first taught how to breathe, having been assured by the elocutionist that he did not know how to do what he had been doing all his life. Molière's M. Jourdain was not more surprised at the knowledge of his ability to speak prose than were we to learn that we did not know how to breathe. Heavy inhalations *ab imo pectore* were kept up for ten minutes, leaving us in a state vulgarly known as "blown." The little Roscius then put us through several Delsarte positions and contortions, which would have furnished sufficient evidence to any reputable physician to give our friends a certificate of our insanity.

"The tone of the pulpit," said the elocutionist, with a Websterian wave of the hand, and a manner which intimated how much the church had lost in not having him in the pulpit—"the tone of the pulpit is the 'effusive orotund,' solemn, grave, the vowels long-drawn out, and varied at times with a tremor in the voice. This I will guarantee to give you in ten lessons, with but a trifling additional charge. Alas!" he continued (heavy bass voice, with above-mentioned tremor), "alas! preachers neg-

lect the 'diatonic scale,' and actually laugh at the 'median stress.' The consequence is that the solemnity of the Bible vanishes away. Let me read for you this passage from Paul: 'Oh—o—h gra—a—ve, *where* is thy victory? Oh—o—h death, *where* is thy sting?' When old Doctor Hornblower used to read these words of the burial-service, the mourners were quite overcome. Depend upon it, reverend sirs, the pulpit is going down—going down, sirs, unless the clergy give more attention to my great system, which I impart at more reasonable rates than any other elocutionist in the city."

After this oratorical burst he made our poor friend attack a sort of musical scale, only the notes appeared to have more twists and tails than the regular notes. Words were strung on it in a most bewildering manner. Father James heroically started this lesson in modulation, and produced sounds marvellously similar to the popular tune of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

Another series of inhalations followed, and the reverend pupil began to declaim the lesson assigned (just think of it!)—the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet;" the very last piece in all oratory that would be appropriate for instruction in the elocution of the pulpit! The elocutionist insisted upon giving it to us himself, with all the languishing grace of the love-sick hero.

"But," said we, "this dramatic style is not becoming to the pulpit. What we need is not to strike attitudes or roll our eyes. Elocution is a science, and you claim to teach it. What are its great general laws, with their special application to the pulpit?"

"Ah! *you* (emphatic) must take my first course. Your friend is far advanced. He can read Shakspere—that gr—e—at, immortal bard (hand on breast) whom panting Time toils after in vain. I would recommend *you*, sir (more emphatic), to begin with easy exercises in breathing. I observe you are rather corpulent. Ten lessons in breathing (one dollar a lesson) will give you command of the larynx and the di—a—phragm. These two organs, terminating in the e—soph—a—gus, give us, according to Dr. Rush's gr—e—at work on the voice, the basis of the o—ro—tund, the voice which you will observe I possess, and in per—fect—ion, sir. Good-day, gentlemen" (here Father James produced his pocket-book)—"*Good*-day."

When we had descended the steps of this Temple of Mercury, who, we believe, was the god of eloquence among the ancients, Father James asked:

"What do you think of him?"
"*Vox, et præterea nihil.*"

The elocution of the pulpit is entirely different from that of the stage; and it is to guard our younger ecclesiastical friends against confounding them that the following suggestions are respectfully submitted. Instead of spending money and wasting what is more valuable, time and study, upon fantastical systems of elocution, let them reflect upon these simple rules, verified by the experience of all successful preachers, and commendatory of themselves to common sense.

The first requisite of all public speaking is that the words should be easily understood by the audience. As clearness, or perspicuity of expression, is the *primum rhetoricum*, so the intelligibility of the speaker is the *primum oratoricum*. A man may as well remain silent if he cannot make the audience understand what he is saying. They *hear* him well enough. The lightest tone of a violin is heard throughout a vast cathedral. All the graces of oratory are valueless unless first of all the words reach the hearers plainly and distinctly. This essential condition of public speaking rests on two simple laws, the law of articulation, and the law of slowness, or of measured speech. In articulation pay attention to the consonants only. They are the backbone, the *articuli*, of the word. The vowels take care of themselves. False elocution dwells upon the vowel, and results in what Shakspere calls "mouthing." No rule of so-called elocution is so fallacious as the one that counsels the speaker to "swell" upon the vowels. This may be right in singing, but it is wrong in speaking. That false and disagreeable tone which is proverbially associated with the pulpit comes from drawling the vowel and neglecting the consonant. Strike the consonant clearly and sharply. The word will go like a pistol-shot, and invariably reach its aim, the understanding of your hearers. Given a fair voice and vocal organs of average health, and there is not the slightest difficulty in attaining the prime requisite of all speaking, a clear and distinct enunciation. Without this the most eloquent and impassioned soul will literally only beat the air, not into articulate sounds, but into confused and confusing noise.

It seems strange to say that you cannot be *too* slow. The reason is that the natural impetuosity of the speaker, together with the habit of gliding over many syllables in ordinary conversation, will hurry him at a rate of speed incompatible with perfect intelligibility. The master of the art restrains his ardor

in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion. Speak for a while as though you saw a comma after every word; and even then the probabilities are that you speak too fast. Remember that it takes time for sound to travel, and what seems to you to be a drawl, or a dragging of words, is just the very condition which your distant hearer needs to understand you perfectly. Remember the golden maxim, "You cannot speak too slowly."

Let two priests put this principle to a test by going into the church. One will mount the altar or the pulpit, the other stand at the door. Let them begin an easy, natural reading, or discourse with each other, not raising the voice, not shouting, but articulating slowly, and they will be surprised to perceive how far the voice carries without strain or effort. Sometimes, it is true, the architectural style of the church is not favorable to public speaking. But in the majority of cases our reverend friends will find that the fault does not lie in acoustic deficiencies, but in defective articulation, too rapid delivery, and inattention to the natural modulation of the voice. As soon as some men begin to preach they cease to be natural. If they carried into the pulpit the agreeable modulations of their ordinary voice; if they laid aside the false idea that preaching demands a ponderous, melancholy, monotonous, and, above all, thundering tone, they would charm as well as instruct and edify their congregations. Dare to be yourself. A man's speech is part of his character and personality. Your manner of utterance is the result of your mental and bodily organization. Correct any faults resultant from carelessness in delivery, and be yourself at your best. Do not imitate the greatest orator. Cultivate no weeping tones, nor the majestic orotund, which has been done to death. "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, *trippingly* (*i.e.*, articulately) on the tongue."

We cannot all be orators, but we all may become good speakers. No time is better employed than in practising aloud the proper pronunciation of words. They are our weapons, and must be kept keen and bright, like the two-edged sword, to which St. Paul compares the word of God. Our language abounds in difficult combinations of sibilant letters; and we would suggest to the young preacher to learn how to pick out the words that he will find it easy to utter, for the words that issue freely and fully from the lips are pleasantest to the ear.

The law of emphasis, about which such a pother is made in "readers" and by elocutionists, is simplicity itself. We never make a false emphasis in our daily talk, because we never em-

phasize what is obvious, well-known, and self-evident. It is only in the pulpit that we declare with tremendous force that the wind *blows*, and the rain *falls*, and that the servants should place a ring on the prodigal's *hands* and shoes on his *feet*.

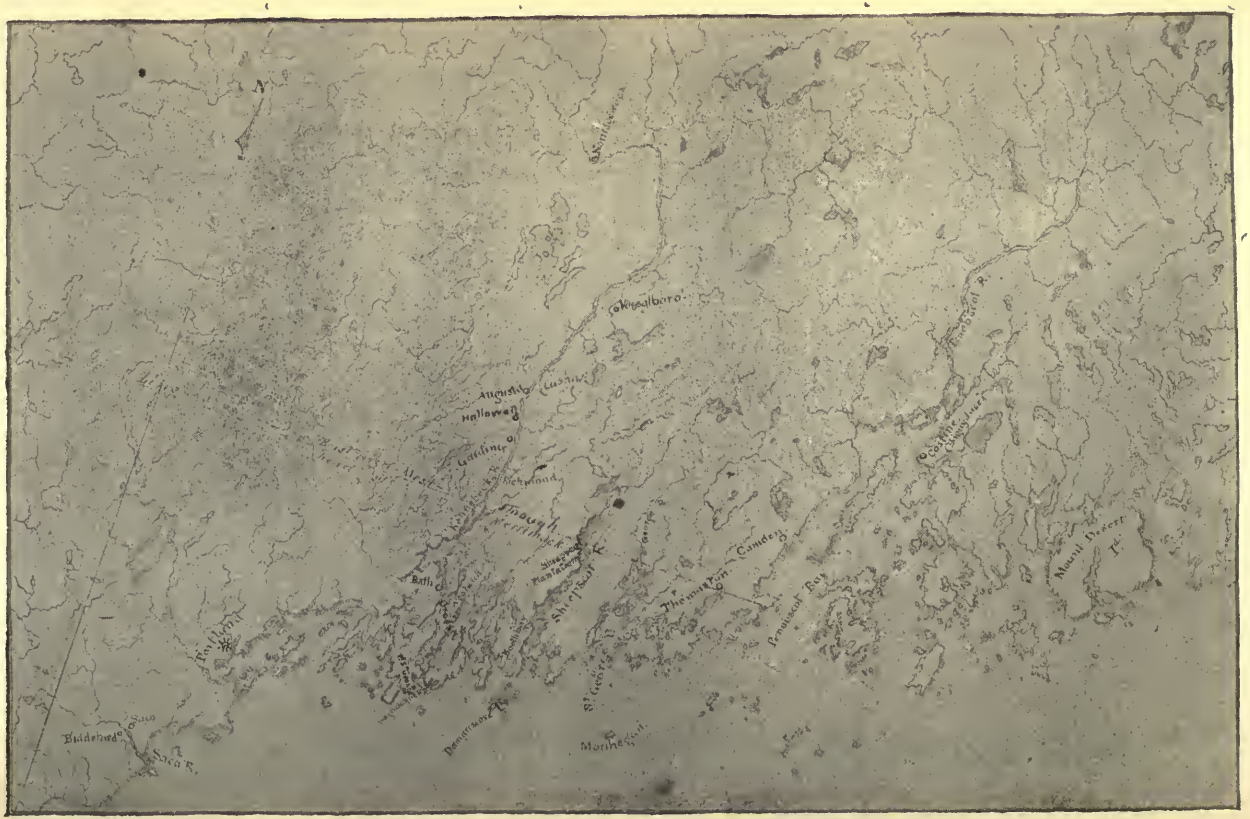
The close of the sentence is the hardest to manage, from a tendency to drop the voice a tone too low. You can keep the voice up at the end of a sentence (which is often the key-word) by stressing a little the words that immediately precede the last.

Gesture cannot be taught. The most you can do is to have a judicious friend point out any awkwardness, and have the good sense to follow his advice.

The style and manner of speaking most agreeable to the American is the simple, direct, and conversational. The great political leaders instinctively adopt this style in addressing mass-meetings. Happy the priest of whom his people say: He may not be a grand orator, but we understand all that he says to us, and we like to hear him. Better this tribute than the fame of a Boanerges, whose loud-resounding tones thunder impressively though unintelligibly through the vaulted roof, filling altar-boys with awe, and leaving on the mind of the congregation an intangible impression that the sermon was the grandest ever preached in the church. "Man! O man!" will the admiring people say, "did you ever hear the like?" Still, like the battle of Blenheim, though a great victory, nobody could tell exactly what it was all about.

The young preacher should be encouraged to give attention to delivery from the simple reflection that the pulpit, for the American, is practically his sole means of learning his religious duties. As a nation we do not read books, but journals and magazines. Above all, we seldom read religious books, as the Germans and the Irish are in the habit of doing. The American goes to church to hear Mass first, and the sermon next. If you do not instruct him from the pulpit, he will not likely read pious books. The sight of this intelligent and honest soul, delighted to hear the word of God, should move us to present it to him with the direct simplicity of speech which he loves, and with that charm of natural earnestness by which the elocution of the pulpit produces its great and enduring effects.

Joseph V. O'Connor.



THE REMARKABLE SEA-COAST OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF MAINE.

"Maine! Maine! Her adamantine hills,
Beacons to pilot ships along her shores,
Give back to ocean, through ten thousand rills,
What erst they borrowed from his ample stores.
So are their rounded summits always green
As the fresh verdure of some grass-grown field,
And high above the main from far are seen:
Well may she write *Dirigo* on her shield."

ONE need not apologize for the love of home; nor ask indulgence for a rehearsal of local legends that lend a ray of light to the obscurities of history, or a spark of interest to its dry statistics. History, always imperfect, is sometimes falsified by the omission of incidents that cluster around important facts, and give the stamp of character to truth. We tire of generalizations that omit, confuse, or falsify such records of the past as do not accord with the writer's pre-established opinions, until we are tempted to commit a like offence in declaring that history is a lie. We study the annals of Celts, Saxons, and Normans in our fatherland; and find that their specific differences were chiefly accidents of time, and a confusion of tongues; that names are doubtful indexes of race; and that races are so changed by time that the generations of to-day repudiate what their progenitors gave their lives to establish and defend.

Such considerations suggest a sufficient reason for gleaning, from our early records, some of those local facts and legends that, interwoven with the threads of history, are treated rather as accidents than essentials of its story. They tell us more of the mind and motive of the founders of our nation than can be learned by reasoning from effects to apparent causes alone; as if there were no overruling providence—no God.

History is often written to promote the doubtful claims of states; as apocryphal pedigrees are sometimes invented to further fraud or gratify pretentiousness. Then, a common tradition or an authentic date, or some incident so interwoven with facts of history as to exclude all doubt of truth, is like the touchstone which detects base metals that would pass for gold. Nearly two centuries ago a certain Scottish writer said: "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads of a nation, he need not care

who should make the laws." With equal truth it may be said that legends of historic incidents, that serve to gloss or illustrate the story of a nation's birth and growth in power, should be as widely known as its more formal history. For history is too often an exponent of polemical partisanship, while traditional legends express the *sensus communis* of a people.

Historical sketches of our early colonies must needs be discursive. The colonial period was rife with contentions of political and religious factions *at home*, and the elements of strife came with our fathers to the new world. In Maine there were also the national rivalries of English and French colonists to embarrass and retard the settlements of the country and complicate their relations with the Indian tribes. Catholic Frenchmen in the east, Protestant and Puritan Englishmen in the west, and Indians everywhere, made amicable relations impossible.

We may well say that the historic incidents—excerpts from our annals—collated in this discursive essay, are factors as well as facts of history. They were only incidents of their time; but their influences, their effects, are yet living factors of our social life. Truth has no dead issues. Perhaps they may tend to dissipate what is false in the halo with which sectional partisans and poets have surrounded the hard intolerance with the virtues of some New England colonists. They were a brave people whose nobler qualities were marred, but not effaced, by an inheritance of false prejudice and narrow religious polity. Their acceptance of exile from home and its endearments; their perilous voyage across the ocean, and landing on the bleak shore of New England in mid-winter, was heroic; but who, except a poet enthused by sympathy, would dare to say of them:

> "They left unstained what there they found:
> Freedom to worship God"? (*Mrs. Hemans*).

To prove their intolerance of other sects would be a waste of words; and their statutes against Catholics and Catholic teachers have been too recently enforced among them to permit, even to poetic license, the ascription of "Freedom to worship God." The little State of Rhode Island stands a monument of their religious intolerance; and the blood of the "Friends" whom, in 1656, they branded with hot irons, mutilated, and hanged cries out against the assertion that

> "They left unstained . . .
> Freedom to worship God."

Theirs was an age of persecution of all dissenters from the religion of the ruling powers, when the ruling powers professed

some form of religious belief; as this is an age of positive indifference because the ruling powers have no religion, or its exercise is forbidden. Whether we have attained the end proposed by that *First Amendment* of our Constitution, which declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," may well be questioned. Happily for the character of that Constitution, and for the security of our religious liberty, "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." But in the colonial period there was no such restriction, nor was there any recognition of personal or communal liberty in matters of religion. Freedom to worship God was freedom for ourselves, and for others to do as we direct. In fact, the annexation of Maine to "the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," was chiefly due to religious intolerance, and was accomplished when ultra-Protestantism was dominant *at home* as well as in New England. Governor Winthrop's journal exposes the reason for extending the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay over the territory of Maine. And the records of the time tell us how the work was accomplished. We read from the journal: "In years past the Province of Maine has pursued a course disagreeable to Massachusetts, both in their *ministry* and *civil administration*."

In 1639 Charles I. gave to Sir Ferdinando Gorges a charter of "the territory between the rivers Piscataqua and Kennebeck, extending one hundred and twenty miles inland, and including all islands within five leagues of the main." This territory was incorporated under the name of "The Province or County of Maine." The Church of England was established in the province, and the patronage of the churches was vested in the "lord proprietor," who was made in effect its feudal sovereign. This was the *reason* of the Massachusetts claim. The *right* was based on the words of her charter, and is, in its way, a curiosity among territorial claims.

The charter of Massachusetts Bay embraced all "the territory within the space of three English miles to the northward of the river Merrimack, and to the northward of any part thereof." When this charter was granted, in 1628, the Merrimack was known for only a few miles from its mouth. In that extent its course was nearly *northeast*. The northern boundary of Massachusetts was to commence at a point on the sea-shore three miles north of the Merrimack, and run thence westerly, three miles from the river and any *part thereof*, to the western limit

of the province. No one even dreamed that the charter extended eastward of the point of coast-line three miles north of the river's mouth, until the *ministry* and *civil administration* in Maine aroused in the rulers of Massachusetts Bay a desire for their suppression. Then the terms of her charter were revised in the light of extended knowledge of the country. The course of the Merrimack was found to be nearly south from its source to a point southwest, and thirty miles distant from its mouth. A commission was appointed to determine the latitude of the source of the Merrimack; and Massachusetts claimed that her northern boundary, under the charter, was an east and west line through a point three miles north of the source of the river, and extending from her western limit to the sea. This would have given to Massachusetts nearly one-half of Vermont, more than half of New Hampshire, and all the English settlements in Maine; with a sea-coast stretching from the mouth of the Merrimack to a point on the west shore of Penobscot Bay, and more than *three hundred* instead of *three* miles in extent.

The time chosen for preferring this novel claim to territories included in other royal grants was propitious for the claimant, and disastrous for the province whose counter claims of vested rights were assailed. "The Commonwealth of England" ruled at home instead of the king, and was, of course, in sympathy with "the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." What hope of successful resistance remained to the "*malignant*" supporters of prelacy? For some years prior to 1651 Puritans from Massachusetts and New Hampshire had drifted into the western settlements in Maine, until they outnumbered such of the original settlers as had the courage of their convictions before the dominant party "at home." And when the question of submission to Massachusetts was proposed for the suffrages of the people, the few loyalists who ventured to the polls were a powerless minority. So Maine was *annexed*, much as Texas, a hundred and eighty years later, was annexed to the United States. The Church of England parson was reshipped to some foreign port, and the outcome of Puritanism—Congregationalism—became the "*standing order*" in the "District of Maine, Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Perhaps it was well that Maine was annexed to Massachusetts; for, in the half-century between her first attempted settlement and the annexation, so many ill-defined grants had been made by the crown, and so many conflicting patents had been issued under them, that other and higher tribunals than the local courts of the sparsely settled "district" afforded were required for their final adjustment. But, though union with "the com-

monwealth" might produce uniformity in the land tenures of the district and the State, it could not so readily beget uniformity of social conditions, or of the characteristics of their peoples. Steamboats and railways are more efficient agents in the unification of States whose traditions are not in harmony. For, when a contested political union has been accomplished, whether by election of the people, legislative enactment, or force, there always remains a trace of antagonism between the victorious and vanquished parties—a spice of annoyance in the one, and of resentment in the other—which only time and the commingling of their people can efface.

It is the purpose of this essay to present a cursory review of some local historic incidents suggested by memoranda made many years ago, and which, it is hoped, may be found of some interest to the reader.

In the summer of 1837 I visited my old home in Maine. I had just graduated at West Point. Relief from the routine and restraints of military discipline seemed, at first, a real happiness; though idleness became positively irksome before a three months' "leave" expired. I had visited kindred and old friends, and told stories *ad nauseam* of cadet life at "The Academy," when an invitation to join a fishing-party on the sea-coast offered some alleviation of the *ennui* engendered by vacation of study hours and drills. The party included Captain Howard, U. S. Revenue Marine; Lieutenant—the late Admiral—Craven, and passed Midshipman Wingate, of the navy; Mr. George Jones, of Georgia; Mr. Robert Hallowell Gardiner, of Gardiner; a Mr. Smithwick—an elderly Irish gentleman—and myself. I may, without scruple, write the names of my companions; for they, like the incidents of which I write, are all of the long past; and I can say of them *nil nisi bonum.*

It was proposed to make a ten days' cruise along the coast between the mouth of the Kennebeck and the island of Monhegan. Our craft was a large sloop-rigged sail-boat, which had a half-deck to protect stores and luggage from rain and spray.

Embarking at Gardiner, some thirty miles from the sea, the first day's run was little more than twenty miles to Bath. There we completed our outfit of fishing tackle and stores, and lodged at an inn near the shore. After breakfast next morning we put out to sea. The fishing proved excellent. A few hours sufficed to fill the well of our boat with codfish and haddock. Landing on a point of the coast where a few small trees gave delusive promise of shade, the experts of our party concocted a chowder. There was the usual discussion among the amateur *chefs* as to its com-

position: the slices of lard and cutlets of haddock; the hard-tack, the potatoes, and the various condiments to be used; whether port wine or claret should flavor the mess; and other questions contradicting the aphorism, *De gustibus non est disputandum.* But it all ended in chowder; and the chowder ended with the dinner, eaten *sub tegmine veli*, because the few stunted trees that gave some relief to the eye afforded no shade. Refreshed by our repast, we took advantage of a light land-breeze to run over to the Damariscove islands for the evening fishing.

This group of islands is some twelve miles east of the Kennebeck, and ten south of Boothbay. How far from the coast-line it were hard to tell, where deep bays, between headlands and islands, make it difficult to distinguish the island shores from the main. Damariscove proper is a low island about two miles long, and less than a mile in width. It was inhabited by four or five families of fishermen. There was no appearance of agriculture, except a potato field and a small kitchen garden. The *flakes*, or stages for drying fish, were of larger area than the cultivated land. A curious feature of this low island is a small pond of fresh water near its eastern extremity and midway between its north and south shores. The water is fresh as it bubbles up from the bottom, but becomes more or less salt—brackish—from the dash and spray of the waves in violent storms. These phenomenal springs on small islands are doubtless fed through natural channels, like inverted siphons, by which water from some inland lake is conveyed through miles of hidden arteries to give a cool fountain to some arid mountain top, or a pond of fresh water to a little island of the sea. An example of the former is seen on the flinty summit of Mount Kineo, a promontory on the eastern border of Moosehead Lake.

In August, 1835, in company with two friends, I visited this lake and climbed to the top of the little mountain. The day was warm, and the labor of climbing the steep ascent made us painfully thirsty. But we had left flasks and drinking-cups in our boat at the shore. To gaze upon the blue water of the lake was only tantalizing: "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink!" The stunted growth of pines on the almost bald mountain top gave no shade, but we found some relief from the direct rays of the burning sun in the shadow of a huge boulder. While resting there we noticed a narrow strip of thin grass extending from the boulder to the edge of the cliff, a few yards distant. Its fresh green gave relief to the eye, and it was refreshingly cool to the touch. The fine gravel, or coarse sand,

that filled the crevice in which the grass was growing was icy cold, and so loose that a little basin was easily scooped out with the hand alone. In less time than it takes to tell of the discovery we had a small pool of clean, cold water on the summit of Mount Kineo, where the flinty rock was hot from the burning sun of August.

The top of Kineo is about seven hundred feet above the surface of the lake. It is a mass of flint connected with the high lands eastward by miles of swamp. There is no lake or pond of water nearer than thirty miles—on Mount Katahdin—that could be the source of the thread of icy water percolating through a crevice in this mass of rock. *Whitecap* mountain is twenty-five miles distant toward the southeast; *Spencer* mountain twelve miles east, and *Squaw* mountain ten or twelve miles southwest. On neither of these, it was said by those who had explored them, is there any body of water that might ooze through a crevice of Mount Kineo. Doubtless the little pond of fresh water on Damariscove came from some of the fifteen hundred lakes of Maine through a vein of the rock underlying the ten miles of ocean between the island and the mainland.

Fishing along the coast of Maine was not like catching bass and bluefish just outside the harbors of our Atlantic cities. Fifty years ago there were no seaside resorts on the coast, where a day of fishing was followed by a champagne supper and a luxurious bed. It was just fishing among fishermen and nothing else. No outward or inward bound steamships reminded one of the great world on this or the other side of the ocean. Vessels going eastward were bound for "the bay" or "the banks." And those going westward were carrying their fares to Portland, Boston, or Gloucester. The smaller craft dotting the sea around us were all fishermen, this for halibut, that for cod and haddock. Wherever we landed, on a cape or island, the few inhabitants were busy in turning fish upon the flakes, or packing them for shipment. While inland farmers—"off-islanders"—were turning hay and gathering it into barns, these farmers of the ocean ploughed the sea and gathered their harvest from its deeps. Sometimes women were seen in open boats miles from the shore, engaged in the one great industry of these denizens of the sea. The islands were their homesteads, the sea was their country, and the millions peopling the mainland were only millions of "off-islanders."

One evening we were becalmed when seven or eight miles from the land. There was not a breath of wind, though plenty

of motion from the ground-swell of the glassy sea. Our three sailors awaked to the fact that we were a long way from port, with no possibility of reaching it without recourse to the large oars, or *sweeps*, with which our little vessel was provided. It was near sunset—would soon be dark—and there was question of our course to the nearest harbor. Captain Howard had commanded the revenue cutter on this coast for several years, and no one questioned his knowledge of its sinuous shores. He directed the vessel to what he said was the entrance to Boothbay. To the surprise of the party, our Irishman declared that we were not on the right course. Howard laughed at the "foreigner's" doubting his knowledge of landmarks on the coast of Maine, and challenged a bet on the issue. The challenge accepted, a few words sufficed to demonstrate that the "foreigner" was right. "Ah!" said he, "you should have asked how I knew the coast before offering to bet against my knowledge of it. Why, man, I was a lieutenant of the Royal Marine Artillery in the British squadron on this coast when you were a baby. We looked into all the harbors and noted all the headlands of the coast between Portland and Eastport. We had little else to do in the two years that we spent here, between 1812 and 1815. I was young then, and I remember these islands, headlands, and harbors very distinctly. What a blessed thing is memory! Mine has just now won a dozen of champagne." We were amused as well as surprised at the discomfiture of our American pilot. But he bore it with good humor. I wondered then that our Irish companion should remember the features of the coast after the long interval of more than twenty years. But I am writing of occurrences of fifty-four years ago, and do not wonder that I remember them more distinctly than I do those of the year just ended.

During the ten days of our fishing and sailing around the capes and islands of this iron-bound coast the weather was most favorable to our enjoyment. We encountered no storms of wind or rain, and tired of the sport only when sated by success.

On the return voyage we sailed through the somewhat tortuous passage called *Cross River*, which connects the Sheepscot and Boothbay with the Sagadahock or lower Kennebeck, at a point two or three miles below Bath; where, as one of the sailors remarked, "They build ships by the mile, and saw them off to order." This inside passage makes the southern boundaries of Woolwich and Westport, and the northern shores of Arrowsick and Parker islands. It is only a few miles in length; but

so variable in width and the direction of its channel, its shores are so bold and irregular, that the navigation offered a succession of charming surprises. Now a narrow strait between bold promontories; then a broad bay seeming to have no egress, until, on rounding a point of the shore, another wide bay opened before us. Here the steep cliffs of granite were crowned with sturdy oaks; there the sombre green of firs and hemlocks was interspersed with the lighter tints of birch and aspen poplar. Now a bird was seen flitting among the tree-tops, and the discordant cawing of carrion-crows broke the stillness of the silent waters. There were no other signs of life along these rugged shores, save when a sleeping seal, roused by our approach, scuttled into the water from an isolated rock; telling that there was good fishing in the romantic strait misnamed *Cross River*.

The township of Woolwich, on the north side of Cross River, is bounded on the east by *Monsweag Bay*. On its southeast corner is the birthplace of Sir William Phipps, the first royal governor of New England. He was born in 1651, being one of twenty-six children of the same father and mother. Maine has produced some notable men, but perhaps none more remarkable than Sir William Phipps. Until his twenty-third year he had not learned to read, and he died at the age of forty-four. But in the last twenty years of his life, by intelligent and daring enterprise, he achieved what was then a large fortune; captured Port Royal—now Annapolis, Nova Scotia—from the French; was made a baronet and captain-general and governor of New England. He married in Maine, but had no children. His nephew, Constantine Phipps, his son by adoption, married an English lady of birth without fortune, and revived in her descendants the dormant honors of her family. A descendant of Constantine Phipps is, in the peerage of Great Britain, Earl of Mulgrave and Marquis of Normanby.

We arrived at Bath early in the afternoon. Landing near the residence of General and ex-Governor King, we met a welcome invitation to dine with him. For more than a week we had been coasting along the shores and around the islands of this ancient dominion of Maine—of New England. We had visited the birthplace of its first royal governor when Maine was a "district"—an adjunct of Massachusetts Bay—and had not been unmindful of the historic interest pertaining to the shores and islands of this eastern region of our country. It seemed apropos to the sentiment awakened by our excursion that it

should conclude at the hospitable board of the venerable first governor of the *State* of Maine.

This excursion along the coast of what was once called Sagadahock, or the colonial territory of North Virginia, aroused something of the interest which "men from Maine" have always shown in regard to the geographical features and early history of their native land. Doctor Johnson—in the *Tour to the Hebrides*—says: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Five of our party were "*native here, and to the manner born*"; and the lives of the two others were affiliated to our people by ties of kindred or the adventures and associations of early years. Historic legends of the country were more or less familiar to us all. The Kennebeck, the Sheepscot, the St. George, and the Penobscot; the bays and harbors, capes and islands of the coast, had each some legend of historic times which, if not history, were perhaps more truthful, because their traditions had no motive of selfish interest to distort and falsify their story.

One might assume any point in space and make it a centre, not of the universe, but of the little world of his own perceptions. But this sea-coast of Maine, and the land it borders, have more than this factitious claim to historic interest. Here is neither a Marathon nor an Iona; but a sinuous coast, embracing four degrees of longitude between New Brunswick and New Hampshire, whose bays, islands, and headlands have more than two thousand miles of shore. Some of these islands and promontories were noted landmarks to early navigators between western Europe and America; and all are monuments of the long struggle between savage barbarism and the barbarities of civilization! The history of this region of Maine is essential to the story of French and English colonization in America. The annals of the province, the district, and the State are interwoven with those of all the provinces and States from Nova Scotia to the Carolinas; of the war for independence, and its sequel in 1812–15; and with those international disputes about boundaries which once threatened war between Great and "Greater Britain."

E. PARKER-SCAMMON.

New York.

NOTE.—General Scammon will contribute two other interesting articles on the early history of Maine. These articles will be illustrated with views of scenery along the coast.

MY SAINT.

GOD'S masterpiece is she, my saint,
Whom feeble words are fain to paint
In colors true; God's subtle art
Hath wrought her fair of face and heart;
White thoughts and gentle deeds of love
Have made the beauty bright thereof.
And for a golden halo she
Wears records rare of charity.

II.

My saint hath darkly-dreaming eyes,
In whose sweet depths of Paradise
Arise the stars of hope, that lure
My life to heights of manhood pure.
The benediction glad of God
I feel where'er her feet have trod;
And music of the brooks and birds,
And joy and peace are in her words.

III.

Rich locks of lustre hath my saint,
A brow that Raphael might paint
For some Madonna, and a face
That mirrors all her spirit's grace—
So pure and mild and meek, it seems
The vision of a poet's dreams.
And God, I know, hath lent her smile
To bless our blighted world a while.

IV.

And gracious little ways she hath
To sweeten duty's daily path;
You'd know the way she went, for sweet
The rough earth blossoms at her feet.
And many gentle courtesies
She hath and young and old to please,
And sympathy to cheer the sad,
And smiles to make the children glad.

V.

Within my heart's dim sanctuary
Look close, if you my saint would see;
There love hath builded white her niche,
With jewel-thoughts of beauty rich.
And honor, truth, and chivalry,
Like loyal knights, on bended knee,
In fealty before her bowed,
Their homage to my saint have vowed.

P. J. Coleman.

JOAN OF ARC, THE MARTYR OF ROUEN.

TO advance nothing that is false, to hold back nothing that is true, is the fundamental law of history, as Leo XIII. lays it down in his encyclical on historical studies. I have much to say in this paper which needs this premising. Quicherat, who has published from the original the report of the trial of Joan of Arc in Rouen, says in his *Aperçus nouveaux sur Jeanne d'Arc*, pp. 96, 101: "The idea of bringing Joan for trial before the church was born, not in the councils of the English government, but in the councils of the University of Paris. . . . Nothing is more striking in the trial than the care of the lay functionaries to efface themselves; even where their presence would have been legitimate, only churchmen appear." Surely the English hated deeply the Maid who, in Heaven's name, wrung from them a conquest purchased by a century of war. But they found in France a corporation that had for her a hatred still deeper—the hatred of renegades and traitors to their country; I mean the University of Paris.

Odious as was the *rôle* of England, more odious was the part played by those Parisian theologians, traitors to the Papacy and their fatherland. I say, traitors to the Papacy; for, while putting to death the saviour of France, they strive at Constance, at Pisa, and at Bâle to do to death that power which is the saviour of religion and civilization, the Holy Apostolic See. And I say traitors to fatherland: in the French politics of the day the university was anti-patriotic; took sides with England and the Duke of Burgundy, whose murder of the Duke of Orleans it defended; approved the excesses of the butcher Caboche and his followers, named after him Cabochiens—excesses equalled in history only by those of the Terror four centuries later; was party to the treaty of Troyes by which the King of England was made Regent of France and heir to its crown. This was the body that tried and sentenced Joan, whose mission from God was its condemnation.

The Caiphas of the process against Joan had been the rector of that university, and was at the time Bishop of Beauvais. The prostitution to political vengeance of his holy position, intended for the protection of the lowly and simple, the sacrilegious

hypocrisy of a procedure that pretended to be canonical, but was in reality barbarous and iniquitous, have rendered the name of Peter Cauchon one of the most hideous in the annals of mankind. He sold himself to the English and the Duke of Burgundy for the bishopric of Beauvais. When the Maid marched up from Orleans towards Rheims, Beauvàis proclaimed itself French, went over to Charles VII. and drove out the unpatriotic bishop. He went to the court of his friends dreaming vengeance. His opportunity came. Joan has been captured in his diocese. He has a right to put her in judgment if the process be made in matters of religion.

The assistants of Cauchon in this infamous trial were all of a like spirit, worthy of their master. The right hand of Cauchon in the trial was Thomas Courcelles, doctor of the University of Paris. He was the man who wanted Joan tortured on the rack for the good of her soul and body. He was 'the great shining light of Bâle; of him it was said he kissed the pope before striking him. Another doctor of the university and leader of the Council of Bâle was Erard, who preached in the cemetery of St. Ouen the sermon that preceded the pretended abjuration of Bâle—of which more anon. Another Parisian doctor was Nicolas Midi, who administered to Joan in prison the monitions called *caritative*. His charity was much that of the soldier who gave the Saviour vinegar and gall to drink. Another worthy was Jean Beaupère. This was the man whom the Council of Bâle sent to Rome to make report to Eugenius IV. of the condition of affairs in that assembly. He lied, and was the original occasion of the dissensions between the pope and the council. Jean d'Estivel, a canon of Beauvais and doctor of the university, was the promoter, or as we should say, the state attorney in the trial. This man cast at the poor girl expressions and epithets that drew tears from her eyes. This man forbade the constables to allow the prisoner to go into the church to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament on her journeys between the prison and the court, and took his stand at the church door to see that his order was obeyed. Nicolas Loyseleur was a doctor of the University of Paris and a canon of Rouen. This man was the Judas Iscariot of the case; disguised himself first as a cobbler and pretended to be a countryman of Joan, in order to gain her confidence and worm out her secrets, while Cauchon was listening on the other side of the partition. Later he presented himself to the prisoner as a priest, gave her advice calculated to mislead her; as, for instance, to refuse submission to the

church. I name only the leading actors in the drama of Rouen, enough to give an idea what justice she may expect.

For six months Joan was in the possession of her captor. They were months of bargaining. John of Luxemburg was a knight, and honor forbade him to traffic in his prisoner. He could let her go out of his hands only by free release, ransom, or exchange. To sell her was bringing back paganism into the age of chivalry. His aunt, worthy sister of Blessed Peter of Luxemburg, pleaded the cause of Joan and of her own sex. But England was influencing the jailer through his suzerain, the Duke of Burgundy, and through Cauchon, who during these months tramped to and fro with his thirty pieces of silver in his hand. For a time the knight refused the shameful offers made to him. The University of Paris neglected nothing to set aside his scruples, and to give him scruples in a contrary direction. A letter from the university to the knight is in existence; here is the pith of it: "Small thing is the capture, unless there follow a reparation of the offence perpetrated by this woman against God and Holy Faith, without speaking of her numberless other crimes. Hand her over either to the Inquisitor of the Faith, so that God may be pleased with you and the people be edified in good and holy doctrine, or to our reverend father in God, the most honored Lord Bishop of Beauvais, in whose jurisdiction she was taken." This letter to John of Luxemburg does not stand alone; there is another one of like import addressed by the university to the Duke of Burgundy. These two letters were carried to their respective addresses by the Bishop of Beauvais in person, with an official summons from himself as the bishop within whose jurisdiction Joan had been captured, "that the woman called Joan be sent to the king (the English one, of course) in order that she be delivered over to the church for trial, inasmuch as she is suspected and defamed of many crimes, notably witchcraft, idolatry, invocation of demons, and other offences concerning faith." At the same time, in the name of England, he offered, first six thousand, then ten thousand *livres tournois*—about fifteen thousand dollars of our money—the ransom of a royal captive. At this latter sum the Maid was knocked down. Was it the highest bid? His fairest province would have been a small sum for Charles VII. to give for the liberation of her who had given him a kingdom. From the day John of Luxemburg fingered the gold Joan of Arc was doomed. At that very time a woman in Paris, who publicly affirmed her belief in Joan's divine mission, was burned at short notice by order of the university, a sure sign of what

awaited the heroine herself. The news that Joan was finally in the power of the English gave infinite joy to that learned body. We have two letters testifying this—one to Cauchon, the other to the King of England—both urging quick work, and, to secure quickness, begging that the Maid be sent to Paris for trial. But there was some French sympathy left in the capital; a rebellion shortly before gave evidence that the English domination was not well assured. Moreover a dash into the city by the French troops was a possibility. It was thought safer to send her for trial into the very heart of the territory held by the English for many generations, and she was hurried on to Rouen. On the 3d of January, 1431, came a letter from the King of England handing over the prisoner to the church for trial—that is to say, to Cauchon—at the request of the University of Paris, says the letter. It is explicitly specified in the letter that in case she should not be found guilty by the church, she is to remain a political captive in the hands of the English government, and be dealt with as such by the secular arm. This meant that if the church did not burn her, the English would put an end to her in their own fashion. If the University of Paris did not succeed in getting the prisoner into its own precincts, it stretched out its arm to Rouen to help destroy her; sent on its doctors to examine her, acted as the jury that gave the verdict, and rendered the sentence through its former rector, Cauchon.

To present in detail the drama of Rouen is to recite one of the sublimest and most moving pages in all history. The process itself should be read, as published in full by Quicherat. Cauchon pretended to represent the church; to justify the pretension he called in the services of the Grand Inquisitor, which were grudgingly given. In spite of all appearances of conforming to the prescriptions of canonical procedure, the process is an absolute illegality—injustice from beginning to end, as the process of rehabilitation twenty-five years later proved and declared. A prisoner of the church ought to be confined in the prison of the church, and Joan claimed the privilege. She was kept in an English dungeon; first in an iron cage expressly made for her, later in a cell with an iron chain about her waist, another about her ankles, both riveted to the wall; three guards were constantly inside the cell and two outside. A prisoner of the church during the trial, she was in the keeping of the state. That was illegal.

A process in matter of faith can begin only after strong presumptions amounting to a *semi-probatio*, a half-proof, or, as we

should say, a very strong probability of guilt. To obtain this the former life of the accused must be investigated. Cauchon sent inquirers to Domremy to investigate. Their report was that they wished their own sisters were as well reputed as Joan. The bishop suppressed the report, and out of anger refused to allow the inquirers their expenses. The Duchess of Bedford, deputed for the purpose, certified as to Joan's perfect virtue. Her report was suppressed. Where, then, were the presumptions required by law? Cauchon simply passed them by, and went on with his hellish work. These points are but a few of those in which the procedure was illegal, and it were too long to detail them all.

The interrogatory, or examination, of Joan began on February 21, and lasted to March 25, 1431. Every morning, and sometimes in the afternoon, the poor girl—she was not yet twenty years old—exhausted by prison life, was subjected to moral torture. She stood alone, unaided, unsupported by counsel, to which she was entitled even by the law of the Inquisition on the ground of her being a minor, against a pack of keen-scented, ravening legal wolves. Since nothing in her past life had been discovered whereon to found an accusation, in her own words must it be found. She must be made, if Paris learning can do it, to speak that which shall damn her. To me it is the greatest miracle in her life, so full of marvels, that she was able to hold her ground. Her answers fill the reader with wonder. One who was present, and afterwards gave testimony in the process of rehabilitation, says: "The questions put to her were too difficult, subtle, and captious; so much so that the high ecclesiastical and well-lettered men who were there present would with great difficulty themselves have known how to answer them." Only a few specimens of her answers can be given.

Asked to swear that she will tell the truth on everything asked of her—"I know not what you may ask. Maybe you will ask me things on which I will not answer. As to the revelations I had from God, I have never said anything of them to any one except to King Charles. I will not reveal those, even if I should have to lose my head, because my saints have forbidden it."

"Do you think it is displeasing to God to tell the truth?" "My voices have commanded me to tell some things to the king, not to you."

Another time this question was put to her: "Are you in the state of grace?" One of the assessors told Joan she was

not bound to answer. "By heavens!" cried out the angry Bishop of Beauvais, "keep your tongue or it will be worse for you." Was his prey to escape him? If she answered no, what an important confession; if she answered yes, what infernal pride!

"Answer; do you know you are in the state of grace?"

"If I am not, may God put me in it; if I am, may God keep me in it."

On another day: "Since when have you eaten or drank?" It was Lent; if she had eaten more frequently than allowed by law, she was guilty of despising the church. "I have neither eaten nor drank since yesterday noon."

Poor girl! it was in that state she had to stand the terrible ordeal. Let us hope her examiners were as scrupulous about the law of fasting and abstinence, and did not excuse themselves for the reason that they were engaged in arduous labor.

"Do your voices still speak to you?" "They do."

"What have they said to you last?" "To answer you boldly."

"Do they speak English?" "Why should they speak English, when they are not on the side of the English?"

Saints who don't talk English! Capital offence! It will be made one of the heads of accusation against her.

Asked about St. Michael when he appeared: "Did he wear any garments?" "Do you think God has not wherewith to clothe his angels?"

The judge, ashamed of himself, floundered on: "Was his hair long?" "Who should cut it?"

"Do you know by revelation that you are going to escape us?" "That has nothing to do with this trial. Do you want me to incriminate myself?"

Well, yes, that is just what they did want her to do, and her indignant answer condemns their system of examination. Urged again to tell the whole truth:

"As to the trial I will tell you the whole truth, as if I were before the Pope of Rome."

"Which is the true pope?" "Why, are there many?" A crushing reply to those proud doctors who had fostered the great schism, and were about to set up an anti-pope at Bâle.

"Why were you singled out by God for your work?" "Because it pleased God to use a poor peasant girl to defeat the king's enemies."

"Do not St. Catherine and St. Margaret hate the English?" "Of God's hate or love for the English I know nothing, but I do know that they will be driven out of France."

"Well, when the English were prosperous, was God on the side of the English?" "I know not if God hated the French, but I believe he permitted them to be defeated on account of their sins, if they were guilty of any."

"Was not the hope of victory placed by you in your banner?" "It was placed in our Lord and nowhere else."

"Was not your banner waved over the head of the king in the ceremony of consecration?" "No, as far as I know."

"Why was it borne to the consecration?" "It had been in the strife; it had a right to be in the honor."

One day they laid a trap from which they thought she could not possibly escape. They knew well that she questioned their authority. As she continually appealed to God and his saints, they introduced the question of submission to the church. They put before her the distinction between the church triumphant and the church militant, and demanded of her whether she submitted to the church militant. Had she assented to the question, they would at once have replied: We are the church militant as far as you are now concerned, therefore you have submitted to us. She declined to answer that day. A few days later they asked whether she would speak the truth more fully before the pope. "I request to be taken before our Holy Father the Pope himself, and then I will answer before him everything I should answer." The subject was dropped. They had trodden on dangerous ground. She had submitted to the church militant, but not as they wanted her to do.

All these examinations and interrogatories were only preparatory. Out of her answers was constructed an indictment in twelve articles which was forwarded to the University of Paris for its legal opinion. Its answer was her condemnation.

When we think of the physical and moral sufferings to which Joan was subjected, when we remember that she was refused the solace of Communion, of hearing Mass, of a simple visit to the Blessed Sacrament, we are not surprised that she fell sick and came near dying in the first days of April. The English, afraid she might pass off by a natural death, wanted at once to throw her to the flames, sick as she was. She recovered, however, and on the 9th of May was brought to the hall of the castle, where were displayed the instruments of torture with the torturer ready to use them on her delicate, wasted body, unless

she immediately abjured and retracted. She courageously refused to retract, saying she notified them beforehand that whatever avowal the torture should force from her should not be held for truth. They were cowed by so much courage and sent her back to her cell.

What was to be done? Some of the assistant judges were in favor of immediate abandonment to the secular arm. But the milder suggestion prevailed that Joan should have another hearing in which the twelve articles should be read to her with the decision of the university, and that the final verdict should depend on what she should then say. Accordingly on May 23 she was brought before the tribunal. After the reading of the twelve articles an admonition was given her: "If you persevere in maintaining your assertions of innocence, know that your soul will be swallowed up in damnation, and your body, I fear, will be destroyed." "Even if I should be in the judgment," she answered—"if I should see the fire lighted, the fagots prepared, the executioner ready; if I should be in the fire, I would maintain what I have said even in death." Nothing remained but to cite her for the next day for the reading of the final sentence.

The next day, 24th of May, 1431, it being the Thursday after Pentecost, a vast concourse of people were gathered in the cemetery of St. Ouen around two platforms, the larger for the judges, the smaller for the prisoner. Cauchon carried with him two sentences: one declaring Joan a heretic and giving her over to the secular arm, which meant the stake; the other inflicting as canonical penance perpetual imprisonment on bread and water. Which one of these he should read depended on the issue of the scene about to be enacted. If she persevered in her affirmations and refused to abjure, the former sentence; if she abjured, the latter. Abjuration he desired above all things; not that he cared for her conversion and penance, as he should if really he believed her to be deceived by the devil, but that he wanted first to dishonor her and her mission by her own confession, and *then* burn her. As long as the Maid persevered in asserting that she was sent by God, death would only add brilliancy to her life. But if she should acknowledge that she had been deceived by her saints, or that she had played the impostor, the cause of England and the cause of the university would have been saved from the brand of divine reprobation which her mission put on them. Let her abjure, and all was well—he will give her the usual mercy of the church; he knew how afterwards

she could be brought to the stake. There was such a thing as relapsing; for the relapsed there was no mercy.

From a pulpit between the platforms a doctor of the university, Erard, preached on the text "The branch cannot bear fruit unless it abide in the vine." The vine is the church, the branch is Joan. "O France!" cried he, "elder daughter of the Church, thy so-called King Charles has become a heretic and schismatic for having allied his cause to a dishonored woman. It is to thee, Joan, I speak. I tell thee thy king is a heretic and a schismatic."

"By my faith," cried Joan, "I tell you and swear on my life that of all Christians he is the noblest, and holds dearly to faith and Holy Mother Church!"

"Behold," said Erard in conclusion, "the kind judges who have often summoned thee to submit to Holy Mother Church, and have showed thee that in thy sayings and doings there is much to retract."

"As to submission to the church," she replied, "I have already spoken my resolve. Let my sayings and doings be sent to Rome to our Holy Father the Pope. To him next to God I make my appeal."

This answer cuts short the jurisdiction of the Rouen tribunal and annuls its sentence of death. It is the *Civis Romanus* of St. Paul. Felix was juster than Cauchon. "The Holy Father! replies the bishop; "he is too far to get at."

Shame on the traitorous prelate! The brave girl he is hounding to death is witness to the sacred rights of the Papacy as well as martyr to the cause of France.

Then Cauchon began the reading of the first sentence he had prepared, abandoning her to the secular arm; already the executioner had come forward with all that was necessary for the execution of the sentence. Then arose a great tumult among the bystanders. All cried out to Joan to confess and retract. Some told her that if she submitted she should be set at liberty; others, that if she did not, she should be burned. A formula of abjuration was presented to her. She objected that she could not read. "Let the clergy see it; if they say I ought to sign it, I will." Cauchon had interrupted his reading.

Overwhelmed by the tumult, Joan put her name, guided by some one near by, to a paper held out to her. What did she sign?—a denial of her revelations? an admission that she was an impostor? She afterwards emphatically denied that she had done any such thing. The paper that had been read to her

and that she thought she was signing—another had been substituted for her signature—contained nothing about her apparitions and revelations, but restricted itself to the minor points of her dress and hair. The process of rehabilitation, which went thoroughly into this pretended abjuration, proved conclusively that Joan had been duped.

Now was Cauchon satisfied. Folding up the first sentence he had begun to read, he drew forth the second, condemning her to perpetual imprisonment on bread and water. Thereupon furious cries broke out from among the English against the bishop and his assessors; swords were drawn, lances brandished, and it was with difficulty bishop and assessors escaped and made their way home. "Fools!" said one of Cauchon's men to Warwick, "we shall have her up again." In virtue of the sentence pronounced, Joan had a right to be lodged in the prison of the Inquisition; she demanded the privilege and many others demanded it for her. But the English were not going to let her out of their hands, and the Bishop of Beauvais knew that well. "Back with her to the prison whence she came!" was his order.

That same afternoon woman's garments were brought to her, and she put them on according to her promise. In the English dungeon she was still kept chained by day and by night. Five soldiers still guarded her, three always in her cell and two outside at the door. There is explicit evidence of the gravest nature in the sworn depositions produced in the process of rehabilitation that she was now subjected to deadly attempts upon her chastity. I cannot give the details. We must go back to the days of the early persecutions, to the lives of the martyr virgins of early Christianity, for scenes to match those of that prison cell. God's holy angels protected and saved her. It is to be hoped for the sake of humanity, let alone the holy ministry, that Cauchon knew nothing of these outrageous attempts. He was not, however, a stranger to what follows.

On the Sunday morning following Joan's female attire was taken away before she could dress herself, and in its place male attire was handed her, and she was commanded to put it on. "Sirs," said Joan with tears in her eyes, "you know that this is forbidden me; without blame I cannot put it on again." In spite of all her entreaties they refused to give her any other garments; finally she had to dress again as a man. She is a relapsed!—she had promised in her abjuration not to clothe herself as a man. It was true what Cauchon had said: "We shall have her up again"!

On the Monday following Cauchon and others came to the prison to verify the report. Joan affirmed that she was willing to take a woman's dress, if they would put her in a suitable prison under the protection of an honest woman; not a point further will she concede. She denied that she had understood herself to have abjured anything beyond the wearing of man's garments and the wearing of her hair after man's fashion. She rose to her fullest dignity and grandeur as she solemnly affirmed: "If I were to say that God had not sent me, I should damn myself, for verily God has sent me." The next day the crowd assembled. Cauchon gave an account of what had passed since Thursday, stating that at the instigation of the devil Joan had taken again her man's dress and reasserted the truth of her revelations. It was unanimously decided that she was relapsed—that nothing remained but to abandon her to secular justice for execution.

Early in the morning, Wednesday, the 30th of May, 1431, Cauchon went to the prison to exhort Joan to patience in death. "O Bishop!" said Joan, "I die through you. Alas! if you had put me in the prison of the church and placed me in the hands of suitable keepers, this would not have come to pass; for which reason I appeal from you to God." He sent a Dominican father to prepare her for the end. It is not for me to explain how this Caiphas could permit the Sacraments to be given to one he was about to condemn to die as a relapsed, unrepenting heretic.

At first nature had its movement of terror and weeping. Did not the Saviour himself grow sorrowful in the Garden of Agony? After this brief cloud the heroic soul of Joan came out in all the splendor of faith and hope and love. The Dominican has deposed that words fail him to describe the scene he witnessed when he laid the King of Martyrs on the lips of the Maid who was about to die a witness to France's king and Rome's pope. "O Father! where shall I be this evening?" said she, her thanksgiving over. "Have you not confidence in God, daughter?" "Aye, surely, by God's grace I will be in Paradise." The tumbrel was at the door. Joan, wearing the cap of execution with the inscription "Idolatrous and heretic," slowly rode between two friars from the prison to the market-place. O Maid of Orleans! where are the thousands thy banner led to battle and victory? Or art thou dreaming of the days of Domremy and thy vanished girlhood? Twenty thousand spectators, lovers of France and Rome, were on the square with pity in their

hearts and tears in their eyes. There was a sermon. Nicolas Midi, a Parisian doctor, gave her the gall and vinegar to drink. Cauchon read the sentence that dooms him to everlasting infamy. He had the audacity to read, "You have also categorically and at various times refused to submit yourself to our Holy Father the Pope and to the Holy General Council." Joan knelt, humbly begged the prayers of the people, and the charity of a Mass from each priest present. Abandoned by her king and country, abandoned by the church as represented in Rouen, she turned to Him who never abandons—Christ crucified. She begged a cross. An English trooper made one of two sticks from the pile of fagots on which she was to mount. She kissed it, laid it on her heart; then asked one of the friars to go for the processional cross of the neighboring church, and to hold it high so that from the smoke and fire she might see it until her eyes closed in death. As the match was set she spoke out from her throne of fire, asserting that her mission was from God, and steadily gazing on the cross, she ceased not to repeat the name of her crucified Master. At last, with a cry that was heard at the furthermost limits of the crowd, she uttered the word JESUS, bowed her head, and gave up her soul to her Creator.

"We are lost," cried one of the English secretaries; "we have burned a saint!" "I believe her soul to be in the hands of God," said another, "and all those damned who have consented to her condemnation." And they rushed from the market-place, the English awe-stricken as if the doom of Good Friday were on them; the good folk of Rouen sorrowing as if with the maiden-saviour of their country its sun had sunk in darkness.

Cauchon proceeded immediately to bury deep her memory by calumniating her to every court in Europe, the Papal included, and by sending out falsified reports of the trial. The Burgundians and English seconded him. But her vindication came twenty-five years later in the process of rehabilitation.

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THE LAND OF THE SUN.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE SUNSET ROUTE.

IF Miss Gresham embodied the consequences which Mr. Travers so valiantly made up his mind to brave, they were certainly, Russell decided when he saw the young lady, of a very agreeable order, to the outward view at least. She was indeed possessed of beauty in uncommon degree, and when to a face of radiant fairness, with wonderful violet eyes under lashes and brows of midnight darkness, is added a tall, graceful figure dressed in that perfection of style which it requires all of a woman's mind and a very long purse besides to compass, it will be perceived that report was not likely to do Miss Gresham injustice when it credited her with a remarkable destructive capacity where the hearts and peace of the masculine half of humanity were concerned. Indeed, as Margaret Langdon began to reflect, it seemed rather hard that poor Philip Meynell, after having once escaped from the net of such a charmer, should have it cast over him again. But the thought of a Mexican sister-in-law steeled her heart, and she decided that the possible cruelty was justified by necessity, and that after all many worse things might befall a young man than a hopeless passion for Violet Gresham.

What caprice possessed this young lady to forsake her field of social conquest for a tour in Mexico, no one was able to declare with certainty; but Dorothea suspected that an engagement of which she had tired, and which she had ended abruptly, was one reason for her desiring a change of scene, coupled with the fact that an irate father had for a time refused supplies for new toilettes. To these important reasons might be added the lesser one of wishing to reclaim and fitly punish Philip Meynell, who had precipitately and somewhat indignantly renounced his allegiance. When she heard, moreover, that Travers was to form one of the party, Miss Gresham smiled in a peculiar manner—a smile which might be translated to mean, "Now has mine enemy been delivered into my hand"—and when Russell, of whose reputation she was not ignorant, was presented to her, she felt

that the possible hardships and boredom of the expedition had been provided with compensations.

It was, therefore, a party sufficiently well satisfied with themselves and with each other for practical purposes of harmony which assembled one day in the station of the Southern Pacific, bound for the land of sunshine. And very desirable such a land seemed on this special day, for the sky was overcast, and a cold, raw air from the great river made them shiver under their wrappings. There are times when this mighty water seems to bring the very breath of the icy North upon its flood, and when the climate of the most delightful city of America suffers in consequence.

"I am glad that it is a disagreeable day," said Dorothea. "When one is going in search of climate, one wishes the contrast with what one has left to be as effective as possible. I think I have understood you to say, Mr. Russell, that there is always fine weather in Mexico?"

"I shall make no more promises or prophecies about Mexico," answered Russell, smiling, "You will soon be able to judge of it for yourself. But I am safe in saying that you will not feel such an air as this soon again. Mexico has no Mississippi to bring the air of the arctics into the tropics."

"I have but one complaint to make against you as leader of this expedition, Mr. Russell," observed Miss Gresham, when they were seated in the cabin of the ferry-boat. "Why have we not taken the Montezuma Special? Some of my friends went to Mexico in it last winter, and they were delighted with the ease and comfort of the journey."

"Your friends, no doubt, travelled direct to the City of Mexico," Russell answered, "and therefore the train of which you speak answered admirably for them. But for us it would not do, because our plan of travel would require us to leave it very soon. We intend, you know, to proceed leisurely southward, stopping at all points of interest on the way."

"Oh!" said Miss Gresham. Her face fell perceptibly. Evidently this plan of travel did not commend itself very much to her. "I thought," she said after a moment, "that we were going immediately to the City of Mexico, and that afterwards, perhaps, we would do a little sight-seeing in other places—although Elise Delemaine told me that there was really little else worth seeing."

Perhaps it was Travers's smile which made Dorothea's voice a trifle sharp as she said quickly: "I am sure, Violet, I told

you distinctly that we were going to see Mexico as completely as possible; and by Mexico I meant the country, not merely the capital."

"Did you, dear?" responded Miss Gresham, in a tone of resignation. "I suppose I was stupid and did not understand. And then I really did not imagine there was anything to see in the country."

"It is a pity you did not explain a little more fully to Miss Gresham what she was committing herself to," Travers observed to Dorothea. "If she had been aware of the exhaustive, and probably also exhausting, nature of your itinerary, she might have preferred to remain at home."

Miss Gresham lifted her dark lashes and looked at the speaker with her expressive eyes for a moment before replying. Then she said sweetly: "Oh, no! I should not have remained at home, because I should have thought that nothing could prove very disagreeable with such a party as we have; and, after all, though things are very well, *people* are the chief consideration—don't you think so?"

What Mr. Travers thought was inaudible, for at this moment the ferry-boat touched the western shore of the river, and there was an instantaneous movement of the throng of passengers forward.

If the train which awaited them was not the special and luxurious one to which Miss Gresham had alluded, it was of sufficient comfort to satisfy all except the most spoiled travellers of a generation spoiled by the unlimited luxury born of unlimited wealth. Their sections in the Pullman were taken, and they had nothing to do but settle themselves for the first stretch of their long journey.

But now that this journey had absolutely commenced, and they were irrevocably committed to each other's society for an indefinite length of time, the gravity of the situation seemed to make itself felt to two persons at least. One was Dorothea, who moving away with a slight air of impatience from the section in which Miss Gresham established herself with her multitude of wraps and bags, sat down alone in another, and turned her face resolutely toward the window. Her sister smiled at the expression of the back of her head—if the back of a head can properly be said to have expression. She knew perfectly well what the young lady was thinking, what doubts of her own wisdom were assailing her, what sincere regret for the weight with which she had encumbered the party. But Dorothea's moods of con-

trition, though keen, were generally short. Mrs. Langdon knew that her spirits would quickly rebound from their fit of dejection, and her high opinion of her own judgment reassert itself with its accustomed buoyancy. She made no attempt at consolation, therefore, but occupied herself directing the disposition of the various impedimenta of the party—while General Meynell found an acquaintance with whom he opened brisk conversation; and Travers, taking out a cigar-case, lifted his eyebrows to Russell, who followed him to the smoking compartment.

Then it became apparent that another person beside Dorothea was oppressed with a sense of the irrevocable. There was no one beside themselves in the compartment, and, after blowing out a fragrant cloud of smoke, Travers proceeded to unburden his mind.

"I don't know how it strikes you," he observed in a confidential tone to his companion, "but I begin to feel that we have embarked upon a risky undertaking. I have always had a distinct horror of the close association of travel with uncongenial persons, and therefore I have always declined to join any party formed for such a purpose. Yet behold me at last, not only one of a party bound together for weeks to come, but a party which comprises two people who dislike me sincerely, and one of whom irritates my nerves beyond measure."

"Don't you think it is rather a mistake to allow your nerves to be irritated?" Russell asked. "I grant that, as a rule, traveling-parties are undesirable—I have always avoided them myself—but I have a strong hope that our present party may prove an exception to the general rule. Moreover, we have not entered into articles of partnership, and should association prove disagreeable, nothing is easier than to separate."

"One would dislike to take that step, on account of the old general and Mrs. Langdon," said Travers. "I have the sincerest regard for both of them. No"—as he caught a slight smile on Russell's lip—"don't start out with any mistaken ideas in your head. I am not in love with Mrs. Langdon. I think her the most charming, sympathetic, and high-minded woman I know; but I have not the presumption to do more than admire her from afar."

"Yet in the old days at Beau-Séjour I sometimes thought—" Russell suggested.

"What was quite correct," assented the other. "In those days I was tremendously in love with her. But she never gave me a thought; and I had sense enough to see it. She married Lang-

don, and then—well, I did not see her for some time, and when I did I found that she was another woman and I another man. We are the best of friends, and I admire her, as I have said, more than any one I know. But that is all. So don't imagine that any promptings of the tender passion have made me embark on a journey which I fear will prove a mistake as far as I am concerned."

"Nonsense!" said Russell, who saw that these first symptoms of dissatisfaction must be promptly quelled. "Do you think we are the kind of people to be on non-speaking terms by the end of the week, in the fashion of some parties I have encountered? Are we not a trifle too well-bred—and too much of philosophers also, for that? If Miss Gresham jars on you, can you not ignore her, or, better yet, amuse yourself studying her as a typical product of certain social influences?"

"The type has not sufficient novelty to prove amusing," Travers answered, shrugging his shoulders. "She is a vain, frivolous creature, with malice enough, however, to be dangerous, whom Miss Meynell is dragging along for some inscrutable reason of her own."

"And Mademoiselle Dorothea has no power to amuse you either?" asked Russell. "I confess she amuses me greatly. She is piquant to a degree, and her follies are all the follies of cleverness."

"If by that you mean that her opinion of her own cleverness is stupendous, you are not far wrong," said Mr. Travers with some acrimony. "A more self-conceited young person it would be difficult to find. Heavens! how different the older sister was at her age. But this one is only a spoiled child."

"So much the more reason for not trying her temper," said Russell. "I think you hardly know how exasperating your manner is sometimes. Come, come, instead of forebodings, let us determine to make this expedition a success and a model for all who shall come after us."

"A success!" cried the general, who appeared in time to hear the last words. "Why, of course it will be a success—what should prevent it? And now what do you both say to a game of whist? My friend, Judge Hildreth, will join us in a moment, and there are worse ways of passing time, eh?"

Meanwhile, as the train, flying westward, left the great river behind, the air soon grew soft and mild, and sunshine broke through the clouds, filling with beautiful effects the swamps through which the railroad presently passed—a tropical-looking

region of moss-draped trees and sword-like palmettoes, of luxuriant climbing vines, and dark, shining water, weird, mysterious, fascinating to eye and fancy, as the glance strove to pierce its dim, green recesses; but speaking of an enemy more deadly than the tiger of Eastern jungles in the fever that lurked beneath its beauty. The afternoon was far advanced when they finally emerged from these scenes into a fair and fertile land, level as a sea and green as summer—the lovely country of western Louisiana, the refuge of the banished Acadians, the home of those *emigrés* from France who brought with them to the New World many of the fairest traditions and customs of that old order, over which in their native land the bloody scythe of the Revolution swept. Here one charming picture after another passed before the gaze. Sugar plantations followed each other in close succession, the luxuriant cane partly cut in the fields, the tall chimneys of the sugar-mills belching forth smoke, for it was the height of the sugar-making season; the homes of the planters—great, old, spacious Southern houses, embowered in giant live-oaks—standing on the banks of the Téche, loveliest and most famous of Louisiana waters. Travers, who knew the region well, pointed out many familiar landmarks to General Meynell, who had not seen it for years.

"What a charming country it was!" said the general with a sigh. "And what an ideal life they lived here in *ante-bellum* days! There was wealth without the feverish rush and covetous struggle which is the curse of our day, there was the leisure for mental and social culture, the inheritance of good blood and fine manners, and the exercise of a hospitality as boundless as it was perfect. There is nothing like it now."

"The conditions of life have so changed that a revival of it is impossible," said Travers. "Yet much of the aroma of the past still lingers among these old homes on the Téche. There are few things I enjoy more than a visit down here."

"Some of the aspects of the country are wonderfully picturesque," said Russell. "I know of nothing more fascinating than the scenery along these bayous, while as one approaches the Gulf the vast, wind-swept plains and marshes, with their herds of cattle, their wide waters and marvellous skies, are full of the most delightful suggestions of poetry. Among these French Acadians another Mistral should arise to give us a *Mirieo* of the New World, with its scenes laid in that region."

"It might be a perfect idyl," said Dorothea. "I know the country of which you speak, and it possesses a haunting spell.

One can never forget its singular charm—so beautiful and so poetical. What sunsets I have seen on those immense green expanses, where land and water and sky seem to have their meeting-place!"

"There is something of a sunset preparing for us now," observed Travers. "And in the way of landscape, I think the scenes we are passing through at present are not to be despised."

It was indeed a land of pastoral loveliness which spread before them in the long, golden light of the sinking sun. Wide fields rich with tropical cane, broad meadows across which groups of cattle were slowly moving, clear streams shining with sunset reflections, noble trees bending to the water's edge or forming picturesque masses of foliage against the sky, the columns of smoke from the sugar-mills were turning to glorified vapor in the last rays of the sunlight, and the great old dwellings under their spreading shade looked the very abodes of peace. Green, fair, steeped in repose the smiling country lay, as the sun finally sank beneath the horizon, leaving behind a sunset pomp which filled heaven and earth with its fleeting splendor.

> "'They who dwell there have named it the
> Eden of Louisiana,'"

murmured Margaret Langdon softly, as in the wonderful glow the outspread land was more than ever like a dream of Arcadia, while the train sped through its green levels toward the glorious gates of color that seemed opening beyond into an even fairer and more celestial country. It was an enchanting picture. The radiant sky flung over everything its magical light and color—over broad fields and shadowy woods, over gleaming waters and distant figures of men and cattle. Even the prosaic car was transformed into a palace of light, and Dorothea's fair hair shone like the aureole of a saint. And when the splendor presently faded, it was with the softest and most exquisite changes from dazzling radiance to tints that might have been borrowed from an angel's wing, ethereal aquamarine, delicate rose, dashes of carmine and shining gold, passing into the tender hues of twilight which fell at last like a veil over the face of earth, while the silver crescent of a new moon gleamed out of the still tinted west.

"I must say," remarked Travers, when they finally turned from the darkening landscape to the well-lighted car and the

well-spread tables which had meanwhile been arranged for them, "that it is not often a railroad, or anything else for that matter, proves its right to a poetical name as undeniably as this line, which calls itself the Sunset Route, has this evening established its claim to the title. Do you furnish such sunsets every day?" he inquired, turning to the porter who stood near, ready to render any service to a party whose appearance so unmistakably bespoke the probability of liberal tips.

"Never fails, sah," responded the official promptly. "Always has 'em on hand—regular business, sah."

"But that is not what the name really means, Mr. Travers," said Miss Gresham in a tone of mild correction. "It is called the Sunset Route because it goes west to the Pacific Ocean, you know."

"Why not to the Evening Star!" asked the gentleman thus enlightened. "Pray allow even railroads to import a little poetry into their very prosaic affairs, my dear Miss Gresham. Who would not be glad to take a ticket to the sunset if he could? And hope to find no stupid beauties when he reached there!" added the speaker in a lower tone, as he seated himself at table with Mrs. Langdon and the general, leaving Russell to share that of the two younger ladies.

Mrs. Langdon shook her head, smiling. "Whatever else she may be, Violet Gresham is not stupid," she said. "But it may serve her purpose occasionally to affect stupidity—especially where your remarks are concerned."

"I know that she detests me," he replied, "but really any affectation of stupidity on her part is unnecessary and does great injustice to nature, which has endowed her so liberally in that respect."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASS OF THE EAGLE.

The vague, soft darkness of a moonless, windless night—for it was close upon midnight and the slender young moon had long since vanished below the western horizon—a wide, overarching sky thickset with shining stars, masses of hills faintly outlined around the old Pass of the Eagle, and a sense of vast, far-stretching distance in the dimly-seen expanse of country toward which the train moved slowly across the Rio Grande, hardly visible through the obscurity as it flowed in its shrunken,

winter current far below. Russell uttered something like a sigh of content as he turned his face to meet the caress of the air that came from the wide, dark plains beyond the river.

"No one," he remarked to Travers, who was standing with him on the platform of the car, "can understand the fascination of this country until he returns to it after an absence. One's heart expands as one says to one's self, 'Yonder lies Mexico!'—the land of wonders and of mystery, the land as full of romance as other lands are full of commonplace, the land that for the artist, the poet, and the scholar possesses a spell second to none that I know, in its beauty, its interest, its wonderful and varied charm. Think of it as it lies before us under this mantle of darkness! Let your fancy wander over its trackless sierras, its wide plains, its walled cities, its ruins whose story no man can read, its ancient and strangely gifted people, its history. But really I beg your pardon!" he broke off with a laugh. "One has no right to bore one's friends with one's enthusiasms, however great they may be!"

"I envy the man who has a subject upon which he finds it possible to become enthusiastic," said Travers. "If you can only help us to see Mexico with your eyes, my dear fellow, you will confer a benefit that cannot be overrated. And"—as the train passed from the bridge to solid earth again—"here we are! This is the soil of Mexico."

"You may congratulate yourself, as far as the ordeal of the custom-house is concerned, that it *is* the soil of Mexico," said Russell. "The officials on this side treat travellers and their luggage with the utmost courtesy."

"That is good news, at all events," observed a feminine voice in the door behind them. "Of course I have nothing contraband in my possession," pursued Miss Meynell, stepping out on the platform, "but, none the less, one dislikes to have one's trunks tumbled and disarranged by rude men."

"There are no rude men in Mexico," said Russell. "I promise that you will not find a fold of lace disarranged when you open your trunk after the custom-house examination. Give your keys to your father and go to bed in peace. We shall be here for an hour or two."

"Where are we?"

"In the town of Piedras Negras, otherwise Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, Americanized and uninteresting, as most border towns are. Don't think of it, but think of the country into which you have

entered, and which lies before you like an unread page, glowing with color, romance, and interest."

"Really," said Travers, "if Russell is allowed to go on like this as soon as we have set foot on Mexican ground, I should like to know what we may expect when we come to something a little more definite than an unknown country wrapped in darkness."

"I understand exactly what Mr. Russell means," cried Dorothea eagerly. "It is because we are just on the threshold of the country, and it lies before us under the shadow of night, unread and unknown, that his imagination takes in everything—its beauty and poetry, its mystery and charm, its past and present."

"You are a hopeless pair," Travers observed, throwing away his cigar, "and I shall leave you to inflame each other's imaginations while I go and refresh myself with a little prose in the person of—I beg pardon, Miss Gresham! I did not see that you were coming out."

There had been a momentary danger of collision in the door, where now appeared the tall, graceful figure of the young lady to whom he spoke.

"I am looking for General Meynell or Mr. Russell," she said, in her musical voice, that always had a plaintive ring in it, "for *somebody* who can tell me about the custom-house examination. I am wretched to think of those officials tearing out my carefully packed things! I have not brought many toilettes on a journey of this kind, but still—"

"Still there are enough to contain possibilities of laceration for your feelings," said Travers. "I quite comprehend. But Russell engages that both your feelings and your toilettes shall be spared. Russell, come and reassure Miss Gresham with regard to the examination of her trunks."

Thus invoked, Russell, who had taken refuge on the lowest step of the platform, was forced to reappear and soothe Miss Gresham's anxiety concerning her cherished gowns.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the general, suddenly emerging from the car. "Come and see the examination yourself, if you are so uneasy. But Russell says there is no trouble to apprehend, and we have implicit faith in Russell, you know. The best thing to do is to give me your keys and not worry at all."

Miss Gresham hesitated for a moment, but evidently she could not bring herself to trust anything so precious as those keys to the easy-going general. She finally said, with an air of resolution, "I should prefer to go myself. Sometimes the presence of a lady has an effect."

"I think you are wise," said Travers gravely. "A smile judiciously bestowed has been known to work even greater wonders than the softening of a custom-house official."

"Well, Dorothea," said her father, "are you coming too?"

Dorothea could not in courtesy allow her friend to go alone, so the party strolled down to the custom-house, where they found their luggage ready for inspection, and where the inspection, when it took place, justified all that Russell had said of the courtesy of the officials. Miss Gresham was inclined to attribute the extreme consideration shown in the perfunctory examination of her mountain of *chiffons* to the effect of the smiles she liberally bestowed upon the examiner, but when she saw the next trunk in order, that of a pale, careworn woman, whose fascinating qualities, if she possessed any, were certainly not apparent to outward view, treated with equal consideration, she was forced to abandon the flattering theory, and only accept the result with relief and gratitude.

"What a lovely thing courtesy is!" said Dorothea meditatively, as they presently retraced their steps toward the waiting train. "And what a mistake the Anglo-Saxon makes when he considers it incompatible with what he calls business or official duty."

"Oh! the Anglo-Saxon, taken in the mass, is generally more or less of a brute," remarked Travers carelessly. "The grace of fine manners has always been unknown to the race, except when carefully cultivated in the higher classes."

"Every race, as well as every individual, has *les défauts de ses qualités*," said Russell. "A race strong in physical force is likely to be somewhat brutal and obtuse. But courtesy is the birthright of a Mexican. It pervades the country like a perfume, and is as likely to be found in an adobe hut as in a palace."

"How glad I am that we are in Mexico," said Dorothea, with a soft little sigh of content, "and still more glad that we have Mr. Russell to interpret it for us."

"Yes," said her father dryly, "I am inclined to think that without Russell we might possibly exhibit some Anglo-Saxon obtuseness ourselves."

It was the sûn himself who waked Dorothea the next morning, as if to tell her that she had entered the land where he reigns supreme, and where it is little wonder that he had his priests and worshippers of old. Even through the thick window-shade his rays pierced so insistently to touch her sleeping lids, that

they were constrained to unclose; and extending her hand she lifted cautiously a little of the curtain, lest too much splendor should overwhelm her vision, and looked out. What she saw was a wide plain bounded by distant mountains and flooded with such an excess of light, such clear and dazzling radiance, as she had never beheld before. The great god of day had just risen in his majesty above the crest of the eastern sierras, and his level rays filled all the wide scene with gold, save the sides of the mountains, where soft, purple shadows yet hung. It was a desert over which that resplendent mantle of glory was spread; but to Dorothea's dazzled eyes it looked too radiant for mere earthly land. The wide, sun-kissed expanse, extending to the foot of those divine heights with their momently changing robes of color, the translucent atmosphere, the vast marvellous sky, the all-pervading blaze of light, the indefinable sense of breathing a new and rarefied air, all gave the impression of a veritable land of the sun, where the earth had yearned upward as it were to meet his ardent kiss, and where he had poured his rays upon her with the passion of a lover through unnumbered ages.

But the eye brings its own power of seeing, and it was not remarkable that such an impression was not shared by all the party. "An inspiriting kind of landscape this!" said the general, taking a comprehensive survey of the wide waste, covered with low-growing sage bushes and yucca palms, as he sat down to breakfast. On one side—very near at hand, apparently—were a range of dark, volcanic-looking hills, and on the other, bounding the far-stretching expanse of the level plain, a line of more distant mountains, wrapped in a veil of softest azure. "It is neither more nor less than a desert!" he added, cracking the shell of his egg with a sharp stroke.

"Exactly that," answered Russell. "I warned you not to expect anything of interest to-day. Our route lies altogether over this desert, until we reach Torreon this evening."

"But I find a great deal of beauty here," said Margaret Langdon, also looking out over the scene with her gray eyes shining in the clear morning light. "There is such a sense of unlimited expansion in this plain, such breadth of sky, such floods of sunshine, and such wonderful tints on the mountains. See how that nearer range is purple almost to blackness, while what tender aerial shades of blue are on those distant heights!"

Miss Gresham turned and made a little movement of repulsion as she looked out of the window beside her. They were

now running so close to the nearer hills, that it almost seemed as if a stone thrown from the train might strike them, and they stood fully revealed in all their rugged harshness, their abrupt sides covered only with cacti and scattered masses of black volcanic rock. It is impossible to imagine anything more forbidding than they thus appeared. They seemed to have been fashioned by nature in her most savage mood.

"Do you really find anything to admire in those?" asked the young lady with excusable surprise. "I had no idea before that hills could be so hideous."

"They are so young," said Travers in a tone of apology. "Russell has just been explaining that *that* is what is the matter with them. They are full of the crudity of youth, to which, you know, many things must be excused. And hills are unlike people in one respect—they grow better-looking as they grow older. We may hope much for the softening effect of time on these. A few thousand years hence they will no doubt have improved much in appearance."

"The conductor has been telling me a gruesome story," said the general, "about some place among them where, when the survey for the road was made, the party discovered a cave full of human bones."

"They are certainly savage and desolate enough for anything," said Dorothea. "A very fitting place to find a cave full of human bones. How did the discoverers account for them? Was an ogre supposed to have made his home there in times past?"

"The theory seemed to be that it was a place where brigands disposed of their victims," answered the general; "but of course no one could tell."

"The brigand theory is plausible," observed Travers, "only I was under the impression that those gentlemen usually selected high-roads rather than deserts for their operations."

"That fact is what makes the theory plausible," said Russell. "The high-road from Monterey to Parras crosses this desert and enters between these hills near the spot where the discovery was said to have been made."

"And unless all reports err," said the general, "brigandage was for many years, if it is not still, the curse of the country."

"An undeniable fact," said Russell, "and not to be wondered at when one remembers that, from the time of the first rising for independence, the country hardly knew a day of peace for more than half a century. Guerrilla bands infested it, and, under

cover of the constant warfare, robbery and slaughter abounded. No one who knows anything of the effect of war, especially civil war, can be surprised at such a result. It is only surprising that, after seventy years of almost constant revolution, lawlessness and anarchy could so soon have been subdued, and the people have settled into the condition of law-abiding order we now find."

"And is brigandage extinct?" asked Travers.

"Practically so. In wild, remote parts of the country it may yet linger a little; but the government is untiring in efforts to suppress it, and these efforts are severe enough to be effectual. I may remark in passing, that one never hears of train robbers in Mexico. They are a feature peculiar to our high civilization across the border."

"That is a comfort at any rate," said Dorothea, "for this road would offer an excellent opportunity for them. We might all be murdered and thrown into a cave without any possible chance of rescue."

With such light talk they managed to dispose of an hour or so of the long day, in which they were assured there would be nothing to see. And yet to one or two, at least, there was so much to see that even the books with which they had provided themselves in liberal quantity failed to attract their attention. There was no change, and yet an infinite variety in the great desert over which they sped steadily southward. Dorothea presently induced the porter to place a camp-stool for her on the rear platform of the car, where under the shade of a large white parasol she sat, delighting her eyes with the atmospheric effects that converted the waste into a wonderland. Steeped in sunshine, the great plain, with its palms and cacti and white, dazzling alkali soil, assumed an ocean-like variety of tint as it stretched away into remote distance, blending at last into what seemed to be sparkling, tree-fringed lakes, lying at the base of the distant heights—but which in reality was only a mirage that changed and shifted constantly. The mountains that bounded these wide leagues of space on each hand were full of inexhaustible charm and ever-changing beauty, as they threw their spurs out upon the plain, broken into fantastic forms, wildly desolate and darkly purple or brown, or lay against the remote horizon in robes of celestial hue and dreamy softness, while fleecy masses of white clouds were piled above their crests or tossed with feathery lightness into their violet gorges. Marvellous was the variety of transformations which they underwent, marvellous the fascination of the changes wrought by every mile of distance, and most

marvellous the impression which the whole scene in its mingled beauty and desolation produced upon the imagination. On the vast expanse there was no human habitation, no movement of man or beast. Nature had taken this realm for her own, by withholding the saving water that would have made it blossom like the rose; but in compensation she had flung over it her most royal colors, arched above it her most brilliant sky, fanned it with the freedom of her purest airs, and, desert though it was, given it a strange and penetrating charm which many of the garden spots of the earth lack.

"But one would need to be a poet to express it," said Dorothea softly to herself—yet, softly as she spoke, the words were heard by one of whose presence near her she had been unconscious.

"What is it that we are told?" observed a voice above her head. "'To have the deep poetic heart is more than all poetic speech?' Be satisfied with possessing the heart, and never mind the speech."

She turned and, glancing up, found Travers standing in the open door behind her.

"I should be quite satisfied if I thought that I possessed it," said she, "but that is nonsense, you know."

"I am not sure that it is nonsense," he answered. "An artistic eye and a poetic perception are both required to perceive any beauty in this scene. To most people it would be only a sun-parched waste, made up of desolate plain and savage mountains."

"But the color, the changing aspects and contrasts, the breadth of horizon, the loveliness of outline and purity of tint, the sense of infinite expansion—surely any one able to feel at all must recognize the beauty of all this!"

"Doubtful. It requires a peculiar faculty of appreciation. At all events, let us imagine so. It is a very solid comfort to be able to feel one's self superior to the majority of mankind, on whom all fine and subtle effects in nature or in art are wasted."

"What an immense amount of comfort you must have, then!" said Dorothea. "I never knew any one likely to derive more from that particular consideration."

He laughed. "I must acknowledge that I do," he said. "And why not? One does not have so many sources of comfort in this best of all possible worlds, that one should neglect any of a satisfactory nature. Honestly, now, don't you plume yourself a little on seeing and feeling things that the commonplace herd never see or feel?"

"I never allow myself to think of my fellow-creatures as a commonplace herd," she replied promptly. "And I never encourage sentiments of vanity—never! Pray understand that, Mr. Travers."

"I bow before your superior virtue, then. For my part I encourage everything that tends to make life more agreeable; and a comfortable belief in one's own superiority certainly does so. I confess, also, that I do not believe in modest merit. No one ever had powers above those of his fellows without being fully aware of it."

"But it does not follow that he was vain of it," cried the girl quickly. "It is a bad rule to judge everybody by yourself. Here is Mr. Russell. *He* certainly is not vain, or arrogant, or anything else disagreeable, and yet he must know he has powers very much above those of most people."

"Oh! Russell is rather a remarkable person," replied Mr. Travers carelessly. "He must know, as you say, that he is not exactly ordinary, but he is a master in the art of concealing the fact—aware, probably, that what people resent is not so much a man's superiority as his knowledge of it. But here he comes, to speak for himself! Russell, Miss Meynell has just been remarking how successfully you conceal the vanity with which it is useless to suppose you are not burdened as heavily as the rest of us."

"Mr. Russell," interposed Dorothea indignantly, "I used your name, on the contrary, to point a moral against vanity, concealed or otherwise. Although, in fact, I do not believe that vanity can be concealed, and if Mr. Travers imagines—"

"I *don't* imagine," said that gentleman; "I am sure that I don't conceal mine. But I hope to learn a little humility by the time we finish this journey. With Russell on one side to instruct, and you on the other to snub me—not to speak of Miss Gresham's praiseworthy efforts in the same direction—I shall probably find my self-conceit materially reduced when we cross the Rio Grande again. By the by, Russell, is there no other route by which we could have entered the country except through such a desert as this?"

"Oh, yes!" Russell replied, "there are other routes, and that of Laredo is notably more attractive in scenery; but we have chosen this line because it brings us at once into the heart of the land you have come to see, the ancient land of the Aztec and the Spaniard, with its brilliant, picturesque cities, absolutely unlike any others on the soil of the New World. You will

see one of them to-morrow," he said, smiling at Dorothea, "and you will feel as if an ocean must surely roll between it and the country you have left."

"So much the better!" she cried. "And its name?"

"Zacatécas."

She knitted her brows in an effort of remembrance. "I recall the name, but not what is said of the place. I must read it up in Mr. Janvier's *Guide*. I could never, by the way, have imagined until I read it how excellent would be the result of inducing a literary artist to write a guide-book. Of course one expects only fine work from the author of the *Stories of Old New Spain*, but this book seems to me a model of its kind. It is not only full of information, but it is told in the most delightful manner."

"And, better yet, all the information is accurate," said Russell. "Unlike some other literary artists, Mr. Janvier never distorts or embroiders facts for effect. When I first entered Mexico his guide-book was my constant companion in all my wanderings, and I never yet found it at fault. He is always as accurate in fact as he is charming in style, and his knowledge of the country is to be specially relied upon because it is founded on the sympathy without which true comprehension is impossible. He knows Mexico thoroughly because he loves it, as all who really know it must."

"But why bother with guide-books, however accurate and charming, when here is Russell to tell you all you want to know?" queried Travers. "Follow my example, and apply boldly to him for any desired information. Now, about this place with the remarkable name. What is it noted for, as the geographies of my youth were wont to ask?"

"A geographer," answered Russell, "would probably reply that it is noted for its mines, which have produced vast quantities of silver; for its picturesqueness—or do geographers notice that?—and for its great altitude. It lies about eight thousand feet above the sea."

"Higher than any mountain on our Atlantic coast!" said Dorothea in an awed tone. "What a wonderful region the plateau of Mexico must be!"

"We do not seem to be ascending very much at present," said Travers, glancing around the wide, level expanse.

"We have, however, been ascending ever since we left the Rio Grande," Russell replied, "and to-night we shall climb several thousand feet more. Then our way will lie along that great vol-

canic ridge, the table-land between two oceans, which fanned by the airs of both, with its varied elevations giving every variety of climate and product, its beautiful lakes, its vast plains and mountains, is, in its natural features alone, one of the most interesting regions of the world. Humboldt says—but I must really have compassion on you! Never mind what Humboldt says, at present."

"But *I* mind," cried Dorothea. "If you think that I will consent to be cheated out of information so interesting in that manner, you are mistaken. I insist on hearing what Humboldt says of the plateau of Mexico."

"That is rather a large demand to fill," said Russell, smiling; "but a desire so laudable should be encouraged. Meanwhile, are you aware that the glare of this alkali soil is very great? Have you no fear of the feminine *bête noir*—sunburn? I really think you will find it pleasanter within."

"If I come will you tell me what Humboldt says?" she asked, holding on to her point with pertinacity.

"I will do better than that," Russell answered. "You shall read it for yourself. I will show you what he has written of the wonderful region in which you will be to-morrow."

"With that inducement I shall go in," said she rising. "I will pull down the blinds so that the sky and the hills and the mirage shall not tempt me; and devote myself to acquiring information about the country. Mr. Travers, is it worth while to advise you to do likewise?"

"I am constrained to make the humiliating confession that I have at present imbibed as much information as I feel myself able to digest," replied Mr. Travers with an air befitting the confession. "I think that I shall relax my mind over a novel and a cigar, and admire your and Russell's industry from afar. The spring of my enthusiasm is extremely likely to become dry if I pump it too persistently. One must humor one's self in these things."

"As far as I can perceive," responded Dorothea unkindly, "you humor yourself in all things. We will leave you, then, to your novel and your cigar, and hope that the spring of your enthusiasm will have sufficiently filled for you to appreciate Zacatécas when we reach it. Come, Mr. Russell. Let us go in and read Humboldt."

CHRISTIAN REID.

EVOLUTION AND DARWINISM.*

THE importance and the prominence of the doctrine of evolution in the biology of the present day cannot be denied and can hardly be overestimated. It has obtained the assent of almost all those who are actively occupied in the investigations of that science, and one cannot deny it, ignore it, or in any way dismiss it without putting one's self outside what are recognized as scientific circles. Though it is not claimed that an actually conclusive demonstration of it has been furnished, the induction is considered sufficiently perfect to leave no reasonable doubt of it in the minds of those who have studied the matter. To quote the words of Dr. Romanes in the work before us: "I confess," he says, "it does appear to me remarkable that there should still be a doubt in any educated mind touching the general fact of evolution; while it becomes to me unaccountable that such should be the case with a few still living men of science, who cannot be accused of being ignorant of the evidences which have now been accumulated." And though Dr. Romanes is very advanced in his support not only of evolution, but also of the Darwinian explanation of it by natural selection, it can hardly be said that these words would be considered extreme by any but a very few biologists. The fact is that evolution in the organic world is, practically speaking, as much taken for granted by scientific workers in the departments which it concerns as the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation is by astronomers.

Nearly as much may be said of Darwinism, commonly so called, which is often confounded by the non-professional with evolution itself. People often suppose, on hearing that there are some scientific men—and there are some such, and eminent ones—who do not altogether accept the Darwinian theory, that these authorities are disbelievers in evolution in any way; that is, that they believe that no species, properly so called, has been formed by means of it, but that all were created substantially just as we see them now. But this is far from being the case. Darwinism, or the Darwinian theory, is not the theory that species have been formed by evolution, for this idea was

* *Darwin and after Darwin.* An Exposition of the Darwinian Theory and a Discussion of post-Darwinian Questions. By George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. 1. The Darwinian Theory.

broached and widely accepted long before Darwin; but it is a theory as to the *way* or *method* by which the evolution was accomplished, or is now going on; that is, by what Darwin and his followers have called natural selection. It may be as well to state briefly what is meant by this, though no doubt most readers of this present article have understood it before. By natural selection it is not meant that the being accustoms itself to its environment, and develops the parts that the environment calls for (as, for instance, a short-necked animal, which found its favorite food in the leaves of trees might gradually lengthen its neck in reaching for them, and thus develop into a giraffe), or suppresses and practically loses those organs which the environment does not need. This, if not carried too far, is a reasonable supposition enough; but this change of form by voluntary exercise or disuse, even though transmitted, as it naturally would be, to the progeny, is not the idea of Darwinism properly so called. It is indeed plain that but few variations could be thus produced, and these only among animals capable of being influenced by motives, and making efforts accordingly; while the Darwinian theory undertakes to account for variation in all parts of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and for transmutation of species everywhere.

This theory is simply that *accidental* variations, such as will constantly arise in all kinds and grades of vegetable and animal life, will be preserved if they are of advantage to the subject in the conditions in which it is placed, whereas if they are not of advantage they will disappear. And why? First, because by far more animals and vegetables are produced than can be sustained, especially in the lower grades of life. The seeds or eggs are always immensely in excess of the possibility of support; and this is true even of the young actually produced and living for a time. Darwin calculates that actually for the elephant, the slowest breeder of all known animals, fifteen million would be alive, descended from a single pair after five centuries, if none perished prematurely. Dr. Romanes computes nineteen million only for seven and a half centuries; but this is quite enough. For animals in general, and for plants, the case is much stronger. Linnæus shows—to quote Darwin—that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—an almost absurdly small number—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, in twenty years we should have a million plants. As life is not and cannot be sustained at this rate of increase, the doctrine of the "struggle for life" necessarily follows.

And what then? Who are to be the victors in this struggle? Who will survive it? Will the victors or survivors be determined by their physical strength or powers for mutual combat? Hardly as a rule, for the struggle is not one of this kind. It is rather with the powers of nature than with each other; a struggle with the surroundings or environment. Will it be merely accidental which will live and which will die? To some extent it will be so; and also the environment will be somewhat different for each individual, especially for plants, as in the parable of the sower. But where it is approximately the same, as it often is for large numbers of individuals, external accidents cannot bring about the whole result; the variable suitability of the individual to its fairly uniform surroundings must have a considerable effect; those will survive the others which are most suitable to their surroundings. Here we have the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; or the natural selection of those which are fittest to live and to continue the species. On the average, the progeny of these will inherit their advantageous characteristics; some in a greater degree, others in a less; those who have them in a greater degree will have the best chance to live; and thus the advantageous variation, in the first place accidental, will be constantly developed, increased, or emphasized.

That this is not all theoretical, that progressive changes can actually be produced in this way, is plain from the fact that by artificial selection types can be thus brought in and developed which are suitable, not indeed to the environment in a general way, but to the fancy of man. If then we concede, as it would seem that we must, that the environment can have any real effect in killing off those least suitable to it and preserving the rest, we must admit that this natural selection which it causes is at least an unavoidable cause of some progressive change.

It is plain that this theory has the advantage, if we grant evolution as a fact, of accounting for it in all orders of life, we may say equally well.

Such, then, is briefly the Darwinian theory of natural selection; it is supplemented also among the more intelligent animals by what has been called sexual selection, by which variations tending to beauty or attractiveness are obviously likely to be preserved in pairing; and also to some extent, no doubt, by the Lamarckian theory before mentioned, according to which animals are developed in various ways, not by the survival of those fittest to their environment, but by the straining or endeavor of all to accommodate themselves to their environment,

as in the supposed case of the giraffe stretching his neck to reach the leaves.

As Dr. Romanes remarks, the theory is not by any means a mere theory; that is, it is not merely a way of accounting for observed facts, like that of gravitation. It is, to a great extent, a simple statement of fact itself. That all seeds do not and cannot come to maturity is an unquestionable fact; that those best adapted to their surroundings will survive, is as certain as that when the individuals are alike those will fare best which have surroundings best suited to them. That there will be to some extent a natural selection, as claimed by Darwin, seems, therefore, to be unquestionable. The introduction of the idea by Darwin is certainly a thing extremely creditable to him, none the less so on account of its simplicity. It always seems, when great and fruitful ideas are suggested, that they ought to have occurred to some one long before; but as they did not, the one who actually suggests them retains his pre-eminence. It seems hardly probable, however, that even among Darwinians many will be found to go with Dr. Romanes to the length of saying that "if we may estimate the importance of an idea by the change of thought which it effects, this idea of natural selection is unquestionably the most important idea that has ever been conceived by the mind of man." This is what may be called scientific fanaticism.

To resume, however. Natural selection, to some extent, is, it would seem, infallibly necessary and certain; but the double question arises: first, is it competent, even with its supplements of sexual selection and Lamarckism, to account for all the evolution which has actually occurred; and, secondly, has evolution been the cause of all the varieties of species which actually exist?

The first question really seems, though no doubt possessing great scientific interest, to be of minor importance. It is of much less importance to know whether the Darwinian theory entirely accounts for *all* actual evolution—here is where it passes from the domain of fact to that of theory—than to know whether *all* the variety of species comes from evolution.

The Darwinian theory has an importance, however, more than would at first appear, from the confirmation it has actually given to the scientific mind in its belief in the universal scope of evolution; that is, in the origin of *all* species by that process. It has shown a possible way of evolution in all parts of the kingdom of life, from the highest to the lowest. And therefore,

on the Newtonian principle of not adducing more causes than are required to produce the effects, scientific men have generally concluded that evolution by natural selection has actually given rise to all species.

This is just the main question. Evolution to a great extent, and going far enough to form what we have been accustomed to consider as different species, must be admitted, it would seem, if we look simply at the evidence of fact. Whether it has been made by natural selection or otherwise is not so much matter; whether we believe it to have been so made may, however, have a potent influence on our views on the main question as to the origin of all species by evolution. Scientific men can hardly be blamed for holding the view that they do; there is great encouragement to it, for they have a cause seemingly adequate to produce all the effects, just as gravitation seems adequate to regulate all the mechanical movements of the stars, and is commonly believed to do so, though we are far from certain of its universal or sole application. And we need not wonder that they are inclined to stretch evolution as far as possible, even to the developing of man, soul as well as body, from the inferior animals. We know that this is going too far; but let us be patient with them, and remember that they are reasoning simply on the data before them, and according to processes with which, as a general rule, we should not find fault.

Let us then get the state of the question fairly before us. Really the important matter at issue is, whether *all* species in the organic kingdom have actually been developed by evolution, or not. There is no reason why we should object to some, even a great many, of what may at least be called species, being produced in this way. We know that most astonishing variations can be thus produced; this is simply a matter of fact and experience. And there seems to be no reason why these variations cannot be carried far enough to have all the marks and stand all the tests which have been used by natural science to distinguish one species from another; we set, of course, the human species out of this statement.

But if it comes to the matter of fact, whether all the species existing have actually been produced in this way, of course this is a matter simply of history. Naturally, evolutionists try to collect its testimony as far as possible, not with the hope of making it perfect, for a very long time, if indeed ever, but to strengthen their induction as far as possible. But we must remember that on the principles of natural science induction does

not need, is not expected, and cannot be expected, to be complete. When a new comet comes into our system, we take for granted that it is going to be governed by the law of gravitation; and in tracing its past history, we do not look for facts to show what its movements have been, but assume that it has been governed by gravitation all the while. Scientific men will not deny that it may have been under the influence of some other force, or that it may even have been directed in its course by some powerful and intelligent being according to his own will; but they believe, reasonably enough from the induction which has been made, that such a supposition is entirely uncalled for. And in the same way with regard to astronomical evolution, or the taking of shape and order by our system, for instance, out of chaos, that if it can be accounted for by the operation of causes now shown by induction to exist, that we do not need to bring in any others; and indeed that, scientifically speaking, we cannot rightly do so, unless some other induction goes to show their existence.

How, then, can we find fault with biologists if, having got so good an induction as that of evolution, and so plausible a way as that furnished by Darwin of making evolution universal in the kingdom of life, they consider it sufficient to account for all the phenomena which it seems to be capable of producing, and its Darwinian explanation to be the true one? What wonder if they consider that all species have been formed by it, or if they even go so far as to carry out the law of *continuity* which it seems to indicate, even to the bridging over of the gap between the organic and inorganic—that is, to the evolving of life itself—or of that between the merely animal world and the human, which some evolutionists confess to be the greater of the two? Generalization has been successful in the past; why should it not be now?

If we have positive reasons for thinking or believing to the contrary, derived from other sources than those they are using, they will not quarrel with us, and probably will candidly confess that it will take them a long time to absolutely prove their view to be the right one, and perhaps admit that such absolute proof can never be given at all. To prove that no species had ever been created would certainly be very hard for them. But they will still claim that on scientific principles—that is, on the methods which are followed generally, and must be followed to obtain success in the physical sciences—their view is the right one to hold, or at least the only one which can at present be taken as a working hypothesis.

Scientific men, then, in being evolutionists as they now are almost universally, are merely going on the lines which, simply as such, it is almost necessary that they should follow. But let us not imagine that in so doing they must be actuated by a desire to injure religion or weaken man's faith in it. Some may have that spirit; but so far as they have it, they depart from the scientific frame of mind. All that we can complain of is, that they are not guided positively by it; but can we expect, especially when the great majority of them do not even know what the teachings of the true religion are, and when many at least of them think that it denies facts which they cannot but accept, that they would be so guided? In point of fact, there does not appear to be any real conflict between evolution, so far as it can be said even by scientists themselves to be established, and the Catholic faith. It is only in their expectations that the conflict lies, and we cannot blame them for these.

Their writings—the writings, that is, of the real investigators in these departments of science—are generally fair, and without indication of passion or prejudice, which, therefore, we have no right to attribute to them. The present volume of Dr. Romanes is divided into two parts, in the first of which he gives the evidences for evolution generally, and in the second the reasons why the Darwinian theory of natural selection should be accepted as the true explanation of it. As an illustration of the impartial frame of mind which he wishes to preserve, it may be mentioned that he frankly confesses that the electric organ of the skate is unexplainable on the Darwinian theory; but he holds that the weight of evidence is so strong in favor of the theory that this exception is too slight to count for much against it. He seems, under the influence of the desire for simplicity which every scientific man must understand and feel, to take for granted that the theory must be universally true, if true at all; to be reluctant to take it as a partial explanation of nature, especially as it seems so wide in its scope.

As an illustration of the ignorance or misapprehension with regard to religious truth or theology mentioned above, and which is now so prevalent, but which is rather unfortunate than culpable, it may be well to quote a few words in which, speaking of the matter of beauty as an evidence of design, the author remarks: "Moreover, beauty of inanimate nature *must* be an affair of the percipient mind itself, unless there be a creating intelligence *with organs of sense* and ideals of beauty similar to

our own." On this it is only necessary to remark that the second italics are ours. But he often evinces a desire to protect and preserve religion as far as possible. For example, he says: "While the sphere of science is necessarily restricted to that of natural causation, which it is her office to explore, the question touching the *nature of this natural causation* is one which as necessarily lies without the whole sphere of such causation itself; therefore it lies beyond any possible intrusion by science." And again, without denying that design may superintend the processes of evolution, he merely gives these words in his concluding paragraph, which he seems to think will be very shocking to the religious mind: "Upon the whole, then, it seems to me that such evidence as we have is against rather than in favor of the inference, that if design be operative in animate nature it has reference to animal enjoyment or well-being, as distinguished from animal improvement or evolution. And if this result should be found distasteful to the religious mind—if it be felt that there is no desire to save the evidences of design unless they serve at the same time to testify to the nature of that design as beneficent—I must once more observe that the difficulty thus presented to theism is not a difficulty of modern creation. On the contrary, it has always constituted the fundamental difficulty with which natural theologians have had to contend. The external world appears, in this respect, to be at variance with our moral sense; and when the antagonism is brought home to the religious mind, it must ever be with a shock of terrified surprise. It has been newly brought home to us by the generalizations of Darwin; and therefore, as I said at the beginning, the religious thought of our generation has been more than ever staggered by the question—where is now thy God? But I have endeavored to show that the logical standing of the case has not been materially changed; and when this cry of Reason pierces the heart of Faith, it remains for Faith to answer now, as she has always answered before—and answered with that trust which is at once her beauty [where, by the way, are the "organs of sense" now?] and her life—verily thou art a God that hidest thyself."

These are not the words of an infidel, or of one who wants to make trouble. The fact is that the objection, so far as it exists, among scientific men to religion is largely, if not principally, due to their not knowing enough about it.

And the same may be said with regard to ourselves. It is to be feared that much of our opposition to scientists in some

departments comes from a false or exaggerated idea of their opposition to us, and an imperfect acquaintance with what they actually hold. Let us try to put ourselves a little more in their place, and see a little more with their eyes; and perhaps we shall find that they are not so far out of the way of truth as we had supposed. This, of course, is said of scientific men who are really such, who are proceeding strictly on their own lines, as the majority of those who are actually contributing to science really do. There is, however, a proportion even among them, and probably a much larger one among those who may be called readers of scientific literature, not specialists, as real scientific men must be nowadays, unless possessed of very extraordinary powers, but rather smatterers, who are animated by a positive prejudice against religion, who seem to make it the end of their labors to destroy rather than to build up, who wish and endeavor to remove the idea of God from the mind of man. Such are those who are constantly clamoring about the warfare of science and religion; their only real interest in physical science seems to be in its possible application as a means to extinguish, or at least to obscure, the knowledge of God which comes to us either by nature or revelation. There is no need for us to be charitable with such. But with the real investigators, those who confine themselves to observation and experiment, and reasonings founded on them, we may and should be very patient, and should show respect to the desire for truth and knowledge which actuates them, and to the ability and zeal with which they pursue their studies, and never fear that mere ignorance of religion, or simply negative opposition to it, will vitiate the ultimate results of the legitimate course of scientific induction on which they are proceeding.

G. M. SEARLE.

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LEGENDS OF THE CID.

III.

THE CID AT VALENCIA.

ONCE more the warriors watched: the first to speak
A knight of splenetic lips though roughly kind,
Don José de Maria, thus began:
"Sirs, some have boasted deeds if quaint yet brave,
And some have lectured long of lesser triumphs:—
The Cid's half jesting feats. Such chroniclers
Because they shared those battles give them praise,
Praising therein themselves. Valencia!—there
Flamed forth the man's true greatness like the sun!—
The Moors' chief city, where their noblest dwelt
In garden-girdled palaces 'mid palms.
Seaward it looks t'ward every coast where waves
Their prophet's flag accurst. Thus spake the Cid:
'Valencia's king sent kinglings on a day
When I, now wedded, hunted on his grounds,
To visit me. We grappled; and they fled:
Decorum needs that we return that visit.'
Pass we the lesser triumphs on his march.
He took Valencia's suburb chief. Huge walls
Manned by an army barred our farther progress;
Our scaling ladders near them seemed like toys.
The Cid encamped before them; missives sent:
'Sirs, have your choice! or fight or die of hunger!'
But they had seen him in the field too oft
To fight as once they fought. The Cid flung back
With scorn their petulant sallies. Day by day
Their stores were minished. Sorer week by week
The anguish of their hunger. Many a Moor
Rushed to our serried ranks loud clamoring, 'Bread!'
'Make us your slaves, but feed our babes!'
At last
An unexpected promise dawned upon them;
The mightiest of the Moorish hosts drew near,
The Almoravides; and Valencia's sons,
Fools of a credulous hope, exultant cried:

'To Allah praise! Yon Christian foe is doomed;
Ere long their bones shall whiten vale and plain!'
So sang they, clustered on the city walls
As twilight deeper grew, and plainer shone
The Moorish camp-fires far. Meantime my Cid
Had given command to rive the dams and bridges
And open fling the sluices to the sea,
For prescient was the man and knew his foe
Must cross a lowland wide. The sea rushed in;
Twilight to blackness changed. The moon was drowned
In plunging storm of hail and rain and snow:
Emerging thence it stared on wandering floods
From sea and river, and the mountain walls
Whose torrents, glimpsed but when the lightning flared,
Thundered far off. Vain were the Moslem vows,
For countless prayers of Christians in all lands
From Breton coasts to the utmost German forest
And all that empire old of Charlemagne
Meeting them, drove them past the heavenly gates
Abortive shapes and frustrate. All night long
The Moors down crouched upon their city walls
Clinging to tower and coign. At dawn came news!
That Moorish force had fled; Valencia's sons
When spread those tidings deemed themselves dead men;
Yea, as the blind they groped about their streets,
Or staggered on like drunkards; neither knew
Each man the face of neighbor or of friend,
But gazed at him and passed: at other times
Old enemies clasped hands but spake no word;
And some flung forth their arms like swimmer spent
That sinks in black seas lost. Ten days went by;
And Moorish chiefs in castles near approached
Crying: 'Thy vassals we!'
Four weeks had passed;
Then rose a white-haired elder, prophet deemed,
And famed for justice long, a silent man;
For three whole years he had not spoken word
Save thrice. He scaled Valencia's topmost tower,
And while around its base the people thronged
Made thus the lamentation of the city:
Nine times he made it ere the sun went down.

'Valencia, my Valencia! Trouble and grief

Have come upon thee, and the hour decreed;
If ever God on any place shewed mercy
Now let Him shew it. For thy name was joy:
All Moors that live their boasting made of thee.

If God this day should utterly consume thee
Thy doom is doom of pride. If those four stones
The corner-stones that bind thy walls in one
Could leave their dread foundations, and draw nigh
And speak with stony mouth to stony ear,
The burden of their dirge would be thy sin.

Thy towers far-gazing see but woe. Thy river,
Old Guadalever, from its course is bent,
And all those watery ministers of thine
Far-sluiced behold their channels choked with mud;
Dried are the gardens green that sucked their freshness:
The wolf and wild boar root thy plantains down;
Thy fields are baked like clay.
Thy harbor vast,
The mirror of thy greatness, and the marvel
Of merchant princes, guests from every land,
Rots thick with corpses; and above it far
Drifts the red smoke from burning tower and town
Along thy coasts.
Valencia, my Valencia!
This is the death-cry from a breaking heart.
Repent thee of thy sins!'
While sank the sun
That burthen ceased. Then round that pillar's base
Rang forth a mighty and a piercing cry;
And headlong from it through the city rushed
Women and men. Then first that saying rose,
'Upon my right hand breaks the sea to drown me,
The lion on my left to crush my bones:
Behind me is the fire: before my face
And all around, the hunger.'
From that hour
Whoso had bread or grain in earth interred it
Like wild beast that inters its remnant spoil,
And gnawed it stealthily—an ounce a day—
With keen eyes glancing round. At last a beggar
Groped his blind way into the market place

And cried, 'Give up the city!' Straight that cry
Ran through Valencia; and its elders rose
And paced barefoot, and found the Cid, and knelt,
And laid the city's keys before his feet:
Right courteously and sadly he received them;
Helmless he rode through silent streets, his horse
With muffled feet in reverence for their woe;
The Cross first raised he on the Alcazar's tower,
Then freed the Christian slaves. Proclaim he made
'Let all who will depart the city, free:'
Two days sufficed not for those throngs forth-streaming:
Thousands remained, so well they loved that place;
O'er these he set, alcalde of their race,
That elder—Alfaraxi was his name—
Who mounting to Valencia's top-most tower
Had sung that city's dirge.
Through that just man
The Moors their tribute paid. Thenceforth his fame
Drew thousands to the Cid. From that far East
Whence came the Magi following still the star
To Bethlehem's crib, drew near a wondrous man
Close shorn and shaven, Don Hieronymo,
On foot a monk, a warrior when on horse;
Hating the Moors, he came to waste and slay them.
My Cid received that priest full honorably,
And gave him armor and a horse. Withal
Bishop he made him of Valencia's city,
With instant charge that every mosque should change
Thenceforth to Christian church.
The Cid next day
Sent to San Pedro's Convent golden store
And mystic gems; for well he loved that haunt
Within whose balmy bosom dwelt once more
His wife and infants twain—not infants now
But virgins in the lap of womanhood.
He sent command to speed them to Valencia:
His missive read, they knelt and raised their hands
Much weeping for great joy. The abbot old
Wept also, not for gladness but for grief,
Since much he loved them. Brief was his reply:
'I send them, Cid: our convent year by year
Will pray for thine and thee.'
A week went by;



And now Ximena with her daughters twain
Nighed to Valencia, and my Cid rode forth
To meet her, helmed and mailed. Hieronymo,
Who, clad in mystic raiment white and black,
Followed Perfection, sent his clergy forth:
That great procession met them, golden-robed,
Three crosses at their head. Behind them trooped
The knights, a glittering company. The Cid
Rode at its head. The mother and those maids
Leaped down and rushed to him with arms extended.
Silent he clasped them each. At last he spake,
Laughing like one who jests that he may weep not:
'Enter Valencia! 'Tis your heritage!
I hold it but in fief.' Entrance they made
Through streets with countless windows tapestry-hung
And arches vine-entwined. Wondering, they marked
Its gilded minarets, and high palace fronts
Mosaic-wrought. At last they reached that tower,
The same which heard so late the prophet's dirge.
They clomb its marble steps. To the West they saw
The city's myriad gardens fountain-lit;
Eastward the sea. They knelt and sang 'Te Deum;'
And from the vast and marveling mass beneath
The great 'Amen' ascended.

Sirs, a tale
For children made might here find happy end;
But life, a teacher rough, when all looks well
Genders its tempest worst. Winter went by
With feast and tournay rich. Spring-tide returned:
A sudden flame of flowers o'er-ran the earth;
To see that sight, they clomb again that tower:
What met their eyes? A spectacle unlooked for!
The horizon line was white with countless sails.
The Cid but smiled: 'I told you not of this,
Seasoning scarce welcome for your winter banquets,
But knew it well. In far Morocco sits
The Emperor of the Afric Moors. Yon fleet
Wafts here his son, with thirty kings all vowed
Their steeds to water in our Holy Wells,
Then stable them in every Christian Church:
What sayst thou, lady mine?' Ximena next:
'How many come they?' And the Cid replied,
'Full fifty thousand; and five thousand ours!'

Death-pale his daughters grew, and silent stood:
Ximena made reply, her large black eyes
Dilating at each word, 'What God inflicts
Man can endure.' That moment strange eclipse
Darkened the sun; and from that fleet storm-hid
The Arab tambours rolled their thunders forth:
The Cid but stroked his beard, and smiling said:
'Daughters, take heart! The larger yonder host
The shamefuller their defeat; our spoil the greater!
I promised you long since good mates in time:
This day I promise you fair marriage portions!'
He turned; not once again he sought that tower:
Not once he sallied from Valencia's wall
Till the last Moor had landed.
Sirs, to the end!
There where we fought we triumphed; but at last
Our springs of water failed us: then it was
Our Cid put forth his greatness. Earliest dawn
Was glimmering sadly under clouds low-hung
When, in San José's, Don Hieronymo
Sang Mass. He gave the absolution thus:
'This day whoever, Christ's true penitent,
His heart with God, his face to God's chief foe,
Dies for his country, that man's sins shall fly
Backward in cloud; his Soul ascend to heaven!'
The Rite complete, that Perfect One exclaimed:
'A boon, my Cid! Your vanguard's foremost place!
God's priest should strike the earliest blow for God.'
The Cid made answer: 'Be it in His name!'
Then Alvar Fanez thus: 'Concede me, Cid,
Three hundred knights that we may bide our time
Within that bosky dell of Albuhera:
The battle at its fiercest, we will on them!'
The Cid replied: 'In God's name be it so!'
Ere day with knights five thousand forth he rode,
And, curving round through by-ways in the woods
Dashed on the Moorish rear. New risen and 'mazed,
They deemed some second host was in among them.
That second host was Don Hieronymo
With all his vanguard. 'Smite them,' still he cried,
'For love of charity!' The battle flame
Upsoared and onward ran like fire o'er woods:
Great deeds were done that day; and many a horse

Without a rider spurned the blood-red plain
That flashed with broken breast-plates and with helms;
And now the Moor, the Christian now prevailed,
And all the battle reeled, as when two storms
Through side-way valleys met in one black gorge
Wrestle and writhe commixed. That day the Cid
Seemed omnipresent, so the Moors averred;
They swore that on his crest a fire there sat
And shone in all the circlings of his sword;
His stature more than man's. Not less in mass
Their dusk battalions hour by hour advanced:
Numbers at last prevailed; and here and there
The Christian host fell back. At once my Cid
Cried to his standard-bearer, 'Scale yon rock,
And wave around thy head my standard thrice!'
Forward the standard-bearer rushed. That hour
The monks in far San Pedro's Church entoned
Their customed matin song and promised prayer
For him, the man they loved. The standard-bearer
Waved thrice his standard from that craggy height,
And, as he waved it, shouted thrice 'My Cid'
With sound as when the Fontarabian cliffs
Re-echoed Roland's horn. Swifter than moon
Fleeting 'mid stormy hill-peaks forest-girt,
That host by Alvar Fanez hid forth dashed
And flung themselves upon the Moorish flank,
Three hundred spears. The Moors were panic-stricken;
Ere long, nigh blinded by the westering sun,
They broke, and headlong toward the harbor fled:
Then jesting cried my Cid, 'The day declines;
The sun must not go down upon our wrath.
For that cause, Christians, smite, and smite your best!
Your battle-axe be on them till yon orb
Shows but one star-like point!' That point evanished
The fugitives reached the sea. Three times that hour
My Cid closed up upon the flying king,
Yucef, and three times smote his shoulders lithe;
Half dead he reached his ship; but as he leaped
My Cid flung after him the sword Colada;—
It left its mark upon him till his death,
Then sank in sea; next day a diver raised it.
Twelve thousand perished there in ship or wave.
That evening through Valencia's stateliest street,

That Perfect One, Hieronymo, beside him,
Bare-headed rode the Cid. Like creatures winged
Ximena and his daughters rushed to meet him,
And kissed his hands, and kissed Bavieca's neck;
Great feast was in the palace held that night,
And in the churches great were the thanksgivings,
And great the alms bestowed upon the poor,
Christian and Moor alike.
Ere long within Valencia was fulfilled
That vow the Cid had vowed: 'Though exiled now,
This hand will give these babes to worthy mates,'
For thither, drawn by rumors of their charms,
Great princes flocked. In after times these maids
Were queens: The elder throned in Aragon,
The second in Navarre."

Don José ceased.
Then shouted loud Don Ivor of Morena
With hands high holden and with eyes upraised,
"O Cid, my Cid, how glorious were thy days!
How many a minstrel sang thee in far lands!
What greetings came from kings! The French king thus,
'Hail, Cid, no king, yet prop of all our kings!
In vain Charles Martel with his Paladins
Had trod the Crescent down on Poitiers' plain
Thy later aid withheld!"

Then rose once more
That youngest knight, and slender as a maid,
Who on the earliest of those knightly vigils
Had said, "Our earthly life is but betrothal."
Again he spake: "The Cid's most happy day
Was one that neither brought him gift nor triumph:
The day when came to him that silent man
Whom from the first his heart had loved and honored,
The Alcalde Alfaraxi—he of whom
Hieronymo had said, 'Watch well yon man,
For when he speaks he'll teach us lore worth knowing.'
That day he sought the Cid and thus addressed:
'Sir, I give thanks to God who sent you here.
Here dwelt my forefathers: I loved this spot;
The Christians took me captive yet a child,
And taught me their religion: but my kin
Ransomed me later; with their seers I bode
And won from them all learning of the Moors;

Yea, zealous for their Prophet's law was I.
Now, sir, a man of silence, musing long,
And measuring Christian Faith with Moslem Law,
Albeit on many loosely hangs that Faith,
Else I had been a Christian many a year,
My sentence is with Christ and not Mahomet;—
I will to be baptized.' Then laughed for joy
My Cid: he kissed that Moor, and caught his hand
And led him straight to where Ximena sat
Crying, 'Rejoice! The Alcalde is our brother!'
Gladly Ximena heard, and rose, and, like her husband,
That Christian kissed, and largess sent to shrines,
And decked the palace gates because God's Church
Is Gate, as all men know, 'twixt earth and heaven;
And on the morn of Holy Saturday
The font new-blessed, when leaped therein once more
'God's creature, water, holy and innocent,'
His god-mother was she. From that day forth
Gill Dias was his name. That eve my Cid
Whispered a priest, 'I often mused why God
Had sent me hither, not some worthier knight:
Perchance 'twas but to serve one silent soul!'
In three months more Gill Dias was a saint.
He taught the Cid to rule the Moors with kindness
Judged by their proper law. They loved that Cid
For gracious ways in peace, though fierce in war,
And ofttimes when he passed the gates cried loud,
'Great Cid, our prayers attend thee!'"

The young knight ceased. Then glittering from afar,
Again before the altar shone the lights:
Again Ximena 'mid their radiance knelt;
Again arose that saintly "Miserere";
Again those warriors joined the Rite august.

AUBREY DE VERE.

REMINISCENCES OF EDGAR P. WADHAMS, FIRST BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG.

VI.

1872–1891.



EAR the close of the year 1871 it had become evident that a division of the diocese of Albany was called for. The Right Rev. John J. Conroy assembled the councillors of the diocese, and represented to them that such was the fact. He asked them to advise with him as to the character and qualities of the man who should be recommended to the Holy See for the new diocese, and also as to what place should be selected as the proper seat or see for the residence of the new bishop. The diocese itself was to consist of the Adirondack region, including the plains which border this region on the north and west. Only two towns sufficiently populous for this purpose could be considered as sufficiently central. The one was Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, and the other Ogdensburg, in the northwest at the point where the Oswegatchie River connects with the Saint Lawrence. The sentiments of the council were very nearly equally divided as to the location of the see.

A bishop's council had no claim at that time to make a nomination, nor was any name suggested. The principal point on which the opinion of the council was desired was the following, namely: What should be the nationality of the man to be recommended? This was a point of no little importance, for the English language was by no means universal in Northern New York, especially among Catholics. Many Canadians had settled there, and their number was constantly increasing. The opinion nearly, if not quite unanimous, was that the new bishop should understand French, but that his native and most familiar tongue should be English.

Ogdensburg was designated by the authorities at Rome as the seat of the new see, and the name of the new bishop was communicated to Father Wadhams by Archbishop McCloskey in the following note:

"New York, February 25, 1872.

"Right Rev. dear Sir: I am instructed by the Cardinal

Prefect of the Propaganda to make known to you the fact that you have been appointed by the Holy Father to the new see of Ogdensburg. The apostolic letters and other documents were in course of preparation, and will be expedited with as little delay as possible. My secretary, Dr. McNeirny, who will present you this, has been appointed coadjutor bishop of Dr. Conroy. Permit me to present you my most sincere congratulations as well as my best wishes and regards. Commending myself to your prayers,

"I remain, monsignor,

"Very truly your friend and brother in Christ,

"JOHN, *Abp. of New York.*"

The bulls arrived in due course of time, and the bishop-elect prepared for his consecration.

The Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams was consecrated bishop by Archbishop McCloskey (the assistant consecrators being Bishops De Goesbriand, of Burlington, and Williams, of Boston) on the fifth day of May, 1872, at the Albany Cathedral, amidst a throng of spectators. Many of these were old friends—bishops, priests, and laymen—who had come from a distance to witness this ceremony. The great multitude, however, were citizens of Albany, who knew and loved him well.

Amongst these was an old friend and comrade who had been selected by the bishop-elect to preach at his consecration. He struck a key-note on that occasion when, before concluding his sermon, he said:

"A friend is about to say FAREWELL. Thirty years ago, when my eyes were brighter and my footsteps lighter, I entered the halls of a well-known seminary in the city of New York. Coming there as a perfect stranger, I found myself in a new world and surrounded by strange faces. With one face, however, I soon became familiar; and ever since, through a checkered and eventful life, at almost every winding of my pathway that same kind face has met me, cheered me, and helped to lighten up the road before me. From that day until this morning, when you have seen him kneeling to receive the consecrating oils, thirty changeful winters have passed over his head, but in him I see no shadow of change. It must be that great development has taken place in many respects; it must be that secret graces have been accumulating; but I see no change in character. Such as he was, so is he now; so, doubtless, will he always be. . . .

"I have been familiar with Edgar Wadhams in youth and in riper manhood. I have seen him in the pursuits of his vocation, busy in the affairs of life, and mingling among men. I have seen him at home among his native Adirondacks, surrounded by the same faces that beamed upon his childhood. And here as well as there, and everywhere, the testimony of all that ever

knew him is the same, '*Faithful and True.*' I have seen him in every occupation and mood of mind—in labor, in study, in prayer, in the hour of light-hearted gaiety, in sorrow and in joy, groping in the midst of doubt and perplexity, or walking free again in the light of a clear path. These are the natural vicissitudes of life. They come and go; they are themselves subject to change, but they bring no change to a steadfast soul like his. They pass over and leave it, as the clouds float over the face of the constant moon, and leave her as before, still travelling on her heavenly track—'*Faithful and True.*' So has he always been in all the relations of life—as son, brother, friend, Christian, pastor; at his own fireside, at the sick-bed, at the altar; and who doubts that in the episcopate, to which God has now called him, he will not be found the same—'*Faithful and True*' to the end. . . .

"Go forth, then, man of God, where God and duty call thee! Be thou the Apostle of the American Highlands, and of that broad and noble plain whose borders are a majestic lake, a mighty river, an inland ocean, and the primeval mountains. Go plant the cross of Christ among thy native hills; unfurl the Catholic banner on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and on the shores of Ontario and Lake Champlain; and there where early missionaries, sighing out their holy lives and writing their names in blood, could only save a few scattered souls, do thou in happier times found churches, and convents, and schools? Go, and God's richest blessings go with thee! But be sure of this: wherever then goest and whatever new friends may gather around thee, in the broad field of thy new mission thou wilt find none to love thee better, none truer, than those thou leavest now in tears and sadness behind thee!"

Some of Bishop Wadhams' familiar friends in Albany were anxious to retain a photograph of him before he left for his new scene of labor; and wished that this picture should represent him in his character of bishop. He very readily consented, and I was delegated to go with him to the photographer. Previous photographs had proved to be more realistic than artistic, presenting him in a dress somewhat awry; wearing, for example, a biretta with a vicious inclination towards one or the other eye. His friends wished me, therefore, to accompany him and keep him in good artistic shape. This was really a necessary precaution. He was very fond of solemnities and religious ceremonies of the highest order. He loved to see rich vestments. All this, however, was for the honor of God and to make divine worship impressive. Outside of the church and moving in the world he concerned himself very little about his personal appearance. He possessed a native dignity peculiarly his own; but he was not at all aware of it and let it take care of itself. When

arrived at the photographer's gallery he allowed me to place him and pose him at discretion. His humility and simplicity of heart were proof against all temptations, and whatever his other friends may have thought of the result, he himself was, as usual, perfectly satisfied with the photograph. It would have been hard, indeed, for us all if we could have retained nothing of him in Albany except what a photographer's art can supply, but the city is still full of more truthful reminiscences which cannot easily be obliterated.

We must now follow the new bishop to his see. "It was my pleasure," said Bishop McQuaid in his funeral sermon on Bishop Wadhams, "and my honor to come with him to this infant church of Ogdensburg, just born into the rank of an episcopal city. I remember well that day—the joy of priests and people, and the welcome every one gave him."

The first care of a bishop in taking possession of a newly established see is to arrange a domicile for himself and a cathedral church. But here Bishop Wadhams encountered at once an embarrassment which only a gentleness of heart and a Christian charity like his would have disposed of as he did.

At the time of his appointment to the See of Ogdensburg the charge of the church and the congregation there was in the hands of an old and excellent priest, who had devoted himself to it and had done the best he could to bring it to a flourishing condition. The old priest occupied, of course, the parish house adjoining, and it never occurred to his mind that it would be necessary to hand over either church or rectory to the new bishop, or to take any subordinate place under him. The good father announced the bishop's arrival to his people as follows (of course I can only give the substance of his words): "You all know, my dear brethren," he said, "that for many long years I have desired and asked for and prayed for a coadjutor. God knows I needed help, but could not get it. At last a coadjutor has arrived and now things will go on better." The new bishop scrupled to dislodge the good old man, and preferred for the moment to take another house for himself, although no other could be found convenient to the church. He said Mass on week-days at a private oratory in the new house, officiating at the church only on Sundays and holydays. He satisfied himself for the time with the supervision of the general affairs of the diocese, trusting that local matters at Ogdensburg would soon arrange themselves little by little and naturally. They did not, however, so arrange themselves. The former incumbent showed



Edgar P. Wadhams
Bishop

no inclination to yield up any part of his responsibilities or allow the bishop to do anything but "coadjute." Things went on in this way for a long while, causing the bishop great uneasiness and inconvenience. On his visiting me one day at St. Mary's, Albany, I expressed my wonder that he should allow things to go on in this way, when it would be so easy for him to set them right and at once. "Yes," he replied, "so it would be, and if he were a different sort of man I would not hesitate for a moment; but just look at the thing as it is. He is a good man, he is a faithful priest; the building up of that congregation has been the work of his life; it would break the poor old man's heart to dislodge him; and even if he were to stay there and work in the parish under me, it would be a constant and bitter grief to him to see me make the changes which I should think necessary in the church and in the house, and to be obliged to help me in making those changes. Walworth, I can't do it with a good conscience. I cannot trample out that good man's life. I must let things go on as they are until God opens for me a good opportunity to interfere." And he kept steadfastly to this resolution.

"I remember well," said Bishop McQuaid in the funeral sermon already quoted, "I remember well the poverty in which he found his diocese, and the poverty of the city of Ogdensburg. I remember then and other occasions when he unburdened his soul to me and told me of his difficulties, and spoke of his diocese and his people, and their poverty. He spoke of their being scattered over this vast territory, and I listened with feeling and attention to him. With the kindness of a child, he said how he would lead the way, how he was going to change the character of his city and church; and when I looked at the old church, I wondered how the ingenuity of man could turn it into anything that would make it presentable as a cathedral. . . . I listened to him as he spoke of those woods and the people who were scattered through them, whom he said should belong to God's church, and with the utmost joy told me that they were opening up the North Woods; they were opening railroads into them, etc. Civilization was making rapid strides into the wilderness. . . ."

The separate house he selected for his own residence at the time of his arrival, the only one he could find, was located at a distance from the church. It was a corner house, sufficiently ample, but he could only obtain possession of a part of it. He was soon obliged to remove to a plain frame house near by. Later on he found means to return to his first location, purchasing the whole lot and enlarging the building. Here he re-

mained until his death. This residence is a fine, well-built and solid edifice, but its furniture was very plain and simple, and cost the bishop very little. The two-ply ingrain carpet which he put down on his first arrival was still there when he died nineteen years later. To his own mind, however, everything was perfectly elegant. Although actually poor, he always seemed to feel himself quite rich, and no one could be more hospitable. The priests who came to him from different parts of his diocese always found a plate at his table, and a room to lodge in.

Although to a man who objected to all luxury, and required so little for his own comfort, the sense of personal poverty was something unknown, yet he had a clear perception of the poverty of his diocese, and was often made to feel it keenly. Once after his appointment and before his consecration, while walking with Professor Carmody on the Kenwood road, he opened his mind to his friend after this manner:

"I know, Carmody, the task I have before me. I know that country well. The population is poor and scattered. It is a land of small settlements and long distances. The people cannot be reached by railways or stage-coaches. Even good wagon-roads are few. But I'll tell you what I mean to do. I shall get a good pony that will carry me anywhere; and you take my word for it, it will not be long before I visit every family; and every man and woman, bare-footed boy and yellow-headed girl in my diocese will know me. Yes, sir-ee!"

I have heard it said, and it may be true, that Bishop Wadhams was not originally designated for Ogdensburg, but for another diocese; and that the appointment which he actually received was owing to the mistake of a clerk at Rome, who filled up a blank with his name where another name should have been entered. However this may be, it is certain that he had some characteristics which fitted him peculiarly for a bishopric among the Adirondacks. He was strong, healthy, and inured to physical fatigue. He was by nature and by training a child of the woods and mountains, the snows and floods. This made him well pleased with the location of his new field of labor. A familiar associate and co-laborer of Wadhams at the Albany Cathedral brings out this thought very happily when preaching at his "month's mind":

"At the time of his appointment to Ogdensburg," said Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse, "I was present when some person asked him whether he would accept or not. 'How can you,' they said to him, 'leave this great centre of life and go away to that

barren and trackless region?' His answer was: 'My dear friends, that is my native air; I love those Adirondacks—I love those mountains, those rivers and streams; I love all there is in that territory. I love to hear the saw-mills: they are music to my ears. Why, I was brought up on saw-logs!'"

And so he was. I myself have seen him walking over a fleet of logs that lay moored in a mill-dam. But although they dipped and turned under his feet, he trod among them as fearless and secure as if he were making his way along a sidewalk. It was his own impression that he knew every tree in the North Woods and could tell its name. When in the forest he walked like a master in his own house, and nature seemed to recognize him as such.

"He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene;
To hill and cloud his face was known,
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy,
The public child of earth and sky."

If Wadhams was a true child of nature, nature had not given to this child a realistic head or a realistic heart. No one can say of him,

"A primrose by the river's brim
A simple primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

Nature talked to him like a mother, and he responded to her like an eager child. If the Angelus bell is now heard in so many parts of the North Woods it is due to him. I have already spoken of him as a musician. I don't remember that I have mentioned how fond he was of bell-music. To this predilection of his is due the beautiful chime of bells in the cathedral tower at Albany. It was at one time a fond hope of his to introduce a true system of chiming, something quite different from the prevailing practice of banging out hymn-tunes on reluctant bells. He purchased rare books on bell-music, and loved to talk about peals, bobs, triple-bobs, and bob-majors. To this same fondness for bells is due also the fact that the region of the North Woods, and the level belt of land which so nearly surrounds them, has been made vocal thrice in the day with the sound of the *Angelus*.

He was on a visit one day to a parish among the mountains where the prospect was very fine but the grazing very poor. The worthy incumbent found it very hard to keep the church

in repair, and to keep either church or house warm during the long and cold winters. He did it indeed, but he had to work hard for it. The bishop said to him: "My dear father, you have a bell on your church, but I don't hear the Angelus ring." "No, bishop," the priest replied, "that's so; but in truth we are too poor." "What!" said the bishop, "too poor to ring the Angelus?" "Yes; I can't do it myself with any regularity, and there is no one here who can afford to do it without being paid. You see I am obliged to be my own sacristan, and when I am absent my cook takes charge of the church; but she has already all the work she wants to do." "Call her here," said the bishop. The woman soon presented herself. "Margaret," said the bishop, "have you got so much to do that you could not ring the Angelus three times every day?" "I could, my lord, and will, if you wish it." "You are the right sort of girl for me! Do it then, and keep it up, and you shall have two dollars a month extra."

Some time afterwards this priest came to Ogdensburg on parochial business, and said to the bishop in course of conversation: "I suppose you remember my cook, Margaret? She prays for you every day since your last visit to us." "Good!" said the bishop, "and does she get the two dollars extra?" "Indeed she does," was the reply; "she don't forget that." "And does she keep the bell going every day?" "Indeed she does; that's something I don't forget." "Good for both of you!" said the bishop, slapping his broad hand on the table. "Now I'm satisfied." "Yes," said the priest, "but Margaret is not entirely satisfied. She wants a photograph of yourself, with your autograph on the back of it, and she asked me to tell you that she don't want one of the little things that get mislaid, but she wants a large-sized cabinet." "Glory! Alleluia!" said the bishop, starting to his feet and clapping his hands together. "She shall have one as big as the side of a house, if she wants it! But let her keep that bell going."

It may easily be imagined, even by those who do not know the fact statistically, that the diocese of Ogdensburg made progress during the nineteen years of Bishop Wadhams' episcopate. New parishes were formed, new churches built, schools were established, priests were added to the clergy list, convents were founded, and the number of Catholic population increased. In a country like ours all these things take place naturally, no matter who the bishop may be. Catholics and Catholic institutions augment necessarily with the growth of the country. All

this increase cannot be set down as a development of organic life. Much of it is only concretionary. Much of it even remains a mere drift or detritus. To turn all this swelling tide of life to good account, to the glory of God and the salvation of men, requires hard and constant missionary labor, the tribute of faithful and earnest hearts. Bishop Wadhams looked with joy upon the growth and improvement in his diocese, but he was too truthful and too humble to take all the credit of it to himself, and remain unmindful that the largest part of this was the work of his clergy, and he was always careful to give the principal credit of it to them and others who labored with them.

In July, 1890, when on a visitation to Port Henry, he was greeted with a complimentary address by the sodalities of St. Patrick's parish. In this address much was said of the growth of the diocese under his administration, which was attributed simply to his personal zeal and labor. The growth of the diocese was a thought in which the good bishop took great delight. The tribute to himself did not please him so well. After complimenting the address as something very beautiful and very grateful to his feelings, he said:

"You speak of the diocese. No doubt you know a great many things about the diocese. There may be some things, however, that you do not know. I can give you some statistics. I found the diocese with forty priests, and now there are seventy-six. I found fifteen, perhaps twenty—no more—religious women in the diocese. Now there are considerably over a hundred teaching, some seven or eight employed in our orphan asylum and hospital in Ogdensburg as a beginning—but all the rest, you may say, teaching. What you attribute to me, however, must be passed over to the credit of the priests of the diocese, of each one of them. It reflects to the credit of the religious orders—the religious men, the sisters. It reflects to the credit of the laity; of young women like you, the Children of Mary, members of the Rosary Society and other Sodalists; married women also, and married men, all full of devotion, all working together for the poor, for the church, in union and charity with each other and in unity with the Vicar of Christ. That's what makes things grow!"

That same open, unmasked, guileless character which had endeared Bishop Wadhams to the people of Albany drew also all hearts to him in Ogdensburg. A movement was set on foot there by his fellow-citizens to celebrate the eighteenth anniversary of his consecration by a public ovation. It was well known that the humble prelate was as little fond of ovations as he was of presents, and they would gladly have made it "a surprise party," but it was not easy in such a town to take him by surprise. It

was necessary to secure his consent. A committee was therefore appointed to wait on him and tender him a public dinner. The bishop was embarrassed. His heart was as genial as it was humble. And then, again, there is never more danger of giving offence than when kindness is not met cordially. He got out of the embarrassment in this way. "I see, I see," he said. "What you propose is an anniversary dinner. Thank you; thank you. That would be glorious. You shall have it. You will come to my house on the fifth, all of you—the more the merrier—and we will have a big dinner. I will provide the entertainment. Leave that to me." And so it was done, the bishop taking all the expense on himself. One of the Protestant gentlemen present caused much merriment by reporting to the bishop the remark of a beggar whom he had found perched on the steps at the entrance. "Isn't it a fine thing to be a bishop, sir!" said he. The bishop enjoyed this as a capital joke, and it is needless to say that the beggar lost nothing by it.

This is nearly the old familiar story of the Irishman who said, as he leaned upon his spade: "Laboring work is not that bad after all; but for a nate, dacent, aisy job give me a bishop!"

A bishopric in the hands of a man who devotes himself earnestly and conscientiously to his high office is never "an easy job." It is a life of constant labor, and that a labor attended by many and constant embarrassments. Bishop Wadhams was not a man to shrink from labor. He was a hardy man, both in body and mind, and found happiness in his work. The greatest trouble which his diocese gave him was not from the tax it necessarily made upon his physical powers or mental faculties. It was a pain, and the pain lay at his heart. The pain came when he saw manifested in the flock committed to him anything like discordant feeling or bitterness of contention.

Whatever mischiefs may have hitherto existed in our American Church, its past records will show very little of the spirit of disunion. The clergy have been loyal to their bishops, the congregations have been loyal to their pastors, and the people have dwelt together in a brotherhood of true Christian love. It is manifest, however, that latterly with a change in sources of immigration, which, instead of flowing in one or two large streams, is now fed by a great variety of springs from all parts of Europe, extending even into western Asia, a new condition of things has been engendered. A jarring of nationalities shows itself, all claiming the privilege of engrafting into this country, into its social life, and into the very worship and government of our

church, their several peculiarities. These alien elements are not only calculated to disturb and displace what they find here, but they jostle with each other, and they constitute a great practical problem to be solved by our church in our day.

The diocese of Ogdensburg has had its own share in these difficulties, and the heart which most keenly felt the strain has been the great, loving heart of the late Bishop of Ogdensburg. Toward the close of his life his increasing infirmities caused him to apply to the Holy See for a coadjutor. This excited a contention, and the nationality of the proposed coadjutor was the subject of the contention. The trouble assumed such proportions that the wearied bishop finally decided that the wisest course was to withdraw the application and endeavor to bear his burden alone. It is not my purpose to enlarge any further upon this matter. I have only introduced it as a matter too real and too important to be entirely suppressed, and because it will throw light upon the closing scene of the good bishop's life, now soon to be recorded.

Some twelve years after his elevation to the episcopate Bishop Wadhams was attacked by a complication of physical disorders which were not only extremely painful, but interfered with the prosecution of his duties, and even threatened his life. Feeling that a serious crisis was at hand, he came quietly and unannounced to Albany, and, taking a room at St. Peter's Hospital, he placed himself under the care of Dr. Keegan, a visiting physician of that institutiom, in the hope that a period of quiet rest and skilful treatment might fit him again for active labor.

The sufferings of Bishop Wadhams at this hospital before obtaining relief were, according to Dr. Keegan, as dreadful as human nature can experience. He found him at one time sitting doubled up on his bed in a perfect agony of pain, covered with perspiration, shaking from head to foot and sobbing like a child. "Don't think hard of me, doctor," he said, "to see me cry in this way. I can't help it. I am only a man. Nothing either more or less." During all the time of his illness, however, he never uttered a word of impatience or complaint. Only the body was shaken. The soul was steadfast. "I recognized at once," said the doctor, "that I had under my hands no common man. He was a man of heroic mould."

The relief obtained from the skilful treatment received in Albany at St. Peter's Hospital, although most serviceable and for the time effectual, did not amount to a permanent cure. The effectual and permanent cure came on the eighth of December, 1886, the feast of the Immaculate Conception. At half-

past six o'clock on the morning of that day he celebrated Mass in his private chapel. This Mass was the concluding exercise of a novena which he had instituted to obtain a cure from heaven. The sisters of the Sacred Heart Academy ("Grey Nuns," so called) had at his request taken part in the novena, and were present at the Mass. The disease left him suddenly at the consecration of the Sacred Host, and never returned again. He became overpowered and burst into tears, which flowed abundantly during the remainder of his Mass, but at the end he could not control his feelings and gave full vent to them. He continued at prayer in the chapel until half-past nine. Two of the sisters remained with him there. Several times he said to Sister Stanislaus: "O my child! if I could only tell you what the Immaculate Queen has done for me! I, so unworthy!" This he repeated over and over.

The central figure of the sanctuary dome in his cathedral, representing the coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the Eternal Father, was painted there by his orders in memory of the cure thus obtained through her intercession.

We owe these details to Sister Stanislaus, to whom he made a full revelation of the whole occurrence a few days before his death. As he said Mass frequently at the Sacred Heart Academy this sister became well acquainted with his method of making thanksgiving after Mass, and with his habits of devotion. His close and familiar conversations with our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, with the Blessed Virgin, and with St. Joseph were something remarkable. She tells us that "after his usual morning Mass he would sit down and actually talk to the Blessed Virgin, telling her what she should give him, commending such and such an interest to her care."

In February, 1891, old age and over-taxed energies brought him down again and near to death's door. A circular letter of the vicar-general, sent through the diocese and to friends outside, announced what was believed to be the approach of death, and fervent prayers were sent up for him from many altars which he had helped to build, and where his face was familiar and beloved. To the surprise of all, however, he rallied so as to afford strong hope of his restoration once more to active duty. His physical condition at this time, as well as something of his warm-heartedness and the Christian tranquillity of his soul in sickness, may be seen in the following letter, dated August 31, 1891:

"Rev. dear Friend Walworth: I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for your most excellent and affectionate letter, through the hands of your devoted niece.

"I was brought to death's door, and received all the Sacraments of Holy Church by sickness that took me to my bed on February 12 last. Since the first of July I have been strong enough to fast and receive Holy Communion occasionally. I went down very slowly, and very lowly, and very far; up to the present I have not been able to celebrate Mass, but am in hopes to be able to do so before many days, once in a while.

"As you well say, my working days are nearly ended as far as taking the road again. I am able to ride out every day, read a *very* little, write none.

"Your allusions to past years and our Catholic lives touch me most sensibly, but it is a matter of which I cannot write at present. Who can be more happy than we?

"With kindest and most affectionate regards and blessings for yourself and Miss Nellie,

"I am, very sincerely in Christ,

"E. P. WADHAMS, *Bishop of Ogdensburg.*"

The above letter is in the bishop's own handwriting. It begins with a certain show of firmness and good penmanship, but grows gradually more straggling, until at the close a failure of strength is very evident, and the signature is little better than a scratch.

"See what a letter I have written to you *with my own hand*," wrote St. Paul to the Galatians. Other of his inspired epistles were written in bonds and from Rome. They contain the same careful reminder that he used his own hand to write. His room in the Roman prison still remains. It was a very dark one, unless he was allowed the light of a lamp. He must have taken his scroll to the little window and written there upon the sill, on which a flush of daylight fell and still falls. It cost him something, this work of love. How affectionately he reminds his brethren of the prison which held him, and of his anxiety that they should read his heart in his own handwriting. Tears fall from my eyes when I gaze on this last letter of my old friend, and feel that it must have cost him something to trace the straggling characters with his own hand. I am not in the habit of preserving private letters, but I could not bring myself to part with this one.

Although my friend endeavored to write cheerfully, and may perhaps have entertained the prospect of resuming his active duties for a little while, yet this was not to be. There came, indeed, from time to time short periods of returning activity, as flames are seen to flicker and gleam above the dying embers of a hearth-fire; but the end soon came. He died December 5, 1891.

The close of his last illness is thus characterized by his

niece, Harriet Wadhams, wife of Dr. Stevens in New York, a most estimable Episcopalian lady, who was in constant attendance upon him during the last two weeks of his life. Her testimony is as follows: "It was my great privilege during this time," she says in a letter to the author, "to listen to the saintly utterances which continually fell from his lips. His end was most peaceful, as he had so long prayed that it might be."

We will not dwell upon the occurrences of that final day, nor of other days leading directly up to it, except to recall one scene remarkably characteristic, in which he signalized his departure from the world in a manner that was deliberate, solemn, and impressive.

The following account is gathered from the columns of the Ogdensburg *Courier* of December 5, 1891:

When the symptoms of a speedy end became apparent, the bishop decided to make a final preparation for death. He was anointed and received the Holy Viaticum. His thanksgiving being ended, the bishop declared his desire to make his solemn ante-mortem declaration of faith. There were present in the sick-chamber the Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, Vicar-general, and Fathers Larose, Burns, Conroy, and Murphy, priests of the diocese; his niece, Mrs. Dr. Stevens, and two members of the community of Grey Nuns, Sisters Stanislaus and Matthew.

The profession of faith according to the formula of Pius IV. was read to him in Latin. During the reading the bishop accentuated his acceptance of the church's teachings by frequently repeating, with evident satisfaction and emphasis, the words as read by Father Walsh. Now a smile of approval lit up the pallid face, now an earnest "Credo" fell from the prelate's lips. When the last words were reached a bright smile overspread the bishop's face, and he said joyously, "Deo gratias!"

This done, the dying man bethought himself of his responsibilities as a bishop. He announced that he had a last utterance to make. "You all know of my life," he said; "educated in the Protestant Episcopal belief, I left it for the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church."

"It won't do to say that one church is as good as another—there is only one true church. There must be unity; there must be a head, and that is the pope. I want to insist upon unity. There may be some difference of ideas amongst us—we are of many different births—but for God's sake let there be unity amongst us. To the devoted clergy of the diocese—oh! what shall I say to them?—they have done so much for me, holding

up my hands and authority—and oh!" (turning to Father Walsh) "let them hold up your hands—respect and hold up your authority! Struggle for the old faith. Be faithful in giving the Sacraments. *The priests are for the people, not the people for the priests.*" The anxious heart of the dying convert then reverted to that crowd of souls outside of the faith with which he had once been united. "If one thing has, during the past year, contributed more than another to break my health and my heart, it has been the thought that one thousand seven hundred more souls annually come into the world in this diocese than receive the sacrament of baptism. There are seven sacraments, not two only—and the saddest of it all is that even these two, once accepted, are being rejected by those who formerly accepted them." After a few more affectionate words and expressions of thanks to the clergy and religious of the diocese, and also to all the laity, he repeated once more those golden words which had been the great rule of his own life in the ministry: "THE PRIESTS ARE FOR THE PEOPLE, NOT THE PEOPLE FOR THE PRIESTS."

"I want all my priests and people to know," he concluded, "how the first Bishop of Ogdensburg died." Then after a still more emphatic and closely defined declaration of his adherence to the entire faith of the church, and begging prayers to be said for him by all his people, he requested the priests present to approach, and giving his blessing, he embraced each one in turn. All were moved to tears, and retired with sad hearts from the painful and impressive scene.

These imperfect Reminiscences of the life of Bishop Wadhams are now concluded. We trust that his wish so earnestly expressed may be fulfilled, and that the Catholic people of the Adirondacks will remember how the first Bishop of Ogdensburg died. God grant, also, that all the Catholic clergy of this whole nation will treasure up the golden rule which he has bequeathed to us, that "The priests are for the people, not the people for the priests."

C. A. WALWORTH.

St. Mary's, Albany.

N. B.—The next number of this magazine will contain an APPENDIX to the above Reminiscences. Certain important materials came too late to find their proper place. These regard the family of Bishop Wadhams, his earlier life, and especially his college course at Middlebury, where he became an Episcopalian. A fuller account, also, will be given of his career as a student at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and of his friends and associates there. This appendix will thus supply some manifest deficiencies, and make the Reminiscences more complete. C. A. W.

THE "CIVILTA CATTOLICA" ON A RECENT WORK BY DR. MÜLLER-SIMONIS AND DR. HYVERNAT.*



AST year a magnificent volume in French, containing a record of travels in the East, together with historical and geographical notices, was published in Paris. A part of the small edition of five hundred copies has been placed on sale in the United States. Hitherto this scholarly work has not received the notice and gained the appreciation which it deserves. The chief reason of this is doubtless the fact, that this costly and splendid volume was published entirely at the expense of the authors, so that no publishers have had any interest in making it known.

The *Civilta Cattolica* for August 20, 1892, is the first periodical, so far as we know, to give an adequate review of the book, an example which we hope and believe will be followed by all Catholic magazines of the first class. The notice in the *Civilta*, evidently written by an expert, is so very laudatory, and coming from such a source carries with it so much weight, that we cannot do anything better fitted to awaken attention to a work of extraordinary merit than to reproduce in English the article referred to. In doing this, we presume the permission of the editors, which we have not time to ask for formally.

"Books of travel are always read with pleasure and profit. The reason is, that the adventures, the dangers, the anxieties, likewise the enjoyments and surprises, the encounters, and everything which is met with of a novel and unexpected interest in nature, in the customs and usages of divers peoples, are not a creation of the fancy of a romance-writer, but relations of historical facts and descriptions of objects really seen and understood with the eyes and the mind of the traveller. Hence, the reader has a double advantage—the utility of history, and the delight of romance and poetry.

"Not all travels, however, are equally enjoyable; nor are all those who describe them equally endowed with knowledge and other literary qualifications. Only those possess them, and excel

* *Du Caucase au Golfe Persique a Travers l'Arménie le Kurdistan et la Mésopotamie.* Par P. Müller-Simonis. *Suivie de notices sur la géographie et l'histoire Ancienne de l'Arménie et les inscriptions cunèiformes du Basin de Van.* Par H. Hyvernat. Washington, D. C.: Université Catholique de l'Amérique, 1892. New York: Benziger; Baltimore: Murphy.

in this kind of writing, who know how to unite and combine in due proportion the useful with the agreeable, so as not to impart information merely, without giving pleasure, or to furnish only pleasant but not instructive reading. We are glad to be able to say that the narrative of travels contained in the splendid volume under present notice answers fully the twofold purpose of which we have spoken. In the first part, where the *Journey from the Caucasus* to the Persian Gulf, across Armenia, Kurdistan, and Mesopotamia, is narrated, we find in Dr. Müller-Simonis a type of the perfect traveller, and the ideal of a perfect describer of travels. Dr. Hyvernat, the author of the second part, containing *Notices concerning the geography and ancient history of Armenia, and the cuneiform inscriptions of the Basin of Van*, is a learned Orientalist already well known by his incomparable work on Coptic Palæography, and as a learned professor of the Assyrian language and history. With these two agreeable, experienced, and learned guides, the pleasure which the reader feels in accompanying them on their long, variegated, and interesting journey is so great, and of such an elevated nature, that when he has once taken the volume in hand he is loath to quit its perusal and lay it down. Besides the charm of the narrative, always lively, rapid, and sparkling with humor, there is an added enjoyment for the reader in the numerous phototypes and engravings representing all kinds of scenes and objects of interest. There are also two geographical charts, one of them very large, in four colors, and both worthy of praise on account of their singular exactness, which indeed was demanded by the nature and importance of a scientific journey like that which was undertaken by our travellers. For, Dr. Hyvernat was sent on a scientific mission by the French government, and Dr. Müller by that of Alsace-Lorraine.

"It is obvious that a scientific journey exacts from those who undertake it a long and careful preparation, by the reading of previous accounts of travellers in the countries they intend to visit, the study of the history, the literature, and everything else relating to these countries, in their geological, physical, orographic, and hydrographic features, not omitting what regards their natural products and their commerce. Wherefore, our travellers, proposing to verify and rectify the observations and descriptions of others, especially in geography and the measurement of distances, found that a year was well employed in the aforesaid preparation; and the necessity and great utility of the studies preceding their long and arduous journey are made manifest by the new information, and by several rectifications contained in

the volume under notice. These protracted studies would be of little avail, however, in the lack of that prompt intelligence and energetic resolution which are necessary for confronting and overcoming the serious and unforeseen difficulties which hinder the successful accomplishment of a design like that which our travellers undertook. Fortunately, they had already acquired experience in previous journeys through distant regions, and possessed a dauntless courage which impressed even brigands with respect and fear.

"All the fine natural qualities which fitted our two travellers so well for their arduous and important enterprise were ennobled by an ardent love of science and religion, which discloses itself in all their words and actions. The reader cannot avoid an impression of respect and affection for these two brave men, so full of faith and science, and animated with a noble, apostolic spirit, and he will be grateful to them for having instructed, delighted, and made him better.

"The common scope of the two travellers was the exploration of ancient monuments; the special object of Dr. Hyvernat was to reproduce exactly the cuneiform inscriptions; and both had in view the study of the topographical and economical conditions of the countries which they visited. The task was great and laborious, leading them through vast regions of lofty mountains and desolate plains; where in some places there was no water, and in others pools evaporating miasma; here snow, ice and intense cold, there insupportable heat and sultriness. The paths would be to-day narrow and along frightful precipices; to-morrow, wide and either muddy or dusty; while the vehicles of conveyance were so clumsy and uneasy that your life would be shaken out of you and your limbs bruised. To the inconveniences of the road must be added the annoyances, scruples, exactions, threats, interferences, tricks, and faithlessness of guides, postilions, hosts, civil and military governors, officials and their compeers in what is the principal occupation of the whole crowd, viz., the extortion of the utmost possible gain from miserable foreign travellers. Moreover, the distrustful and suspicious policy and diplomacy of the Russians, their despotic methods and infinite bureaucratic exactions, gave them constant reason to practice patience in all the regions, and there were many, over which was extended the dominion or the influence of the czar. In view of all these circumstances, we can estimate the difference between the condition of men who make scientific journeys, and those who read about them at their leisure, reclining in an easy-chair.

"The countries and cities visited were Transcaucasia, Kuthais, Tiflis, from the Caucasus to Wladikavkaz; the Lake of

Sevanga, one of the three in the high Armenian plain, Erivan. In Persia, Djulfa, Khoi, Khosrava, Urmiah, with its sea or lake, the other valley of Gran Zab, Bachekaleh, the Basin of Van, where the travellers were arrested as spies by the Turks, and after six weeks of all sorts of vexations and annoyances regained their liberty through the intervention of the Russian consul. But this long time of involuntary rest proved to be exceedingly profitable as furnishing an occasion for the accurate study of everything relating to Van, its lake and city, its gardens, the manners of the people, the neighboring places and the climate. After this followed the journey in Kurdistan, where they visited Bitlis, which is its principal city, and by Saird entered the valley of the Tigris, along whose banks they advanced, amid great inconveniences and continual rains, as far as the island where Djezireh rises. Finally, after four days of navigation, they arrived at Mossul. In Mesopotamia, they visited Khorsabad, Nimrud, Kalaat-Scerkat, Baghdad, the ruins of Babylon, and Bassorah, where they embarked for India. The description of travel in this volume terminates, however, at the Persian Gulf.

"The part which follows after the narrative of the journey, and is historico-archæological, is of high importance. In this part the learned Professor Hyvernat furnishes a brief and accurate summary of the ancient history of Armenia, such as can be gathered from the cuneiform inscriptions, and a catalogue of those found at Van, containing rectifications of those which were badly copied by his predecessors, and new ones discovered by himself. Although the generality of readers may not find great satisfaction in these notices collected by Dr. Hyvernat, scholars, especially Assyriologists, will certainly owe him their warmest thanks.

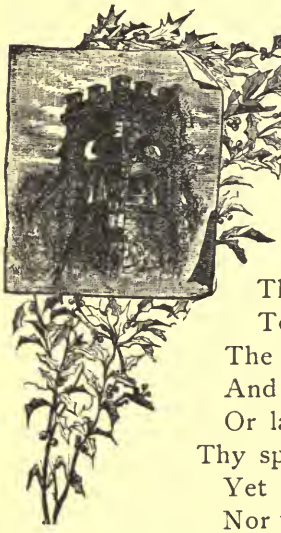
"The Appendices also deserve praise for the matter contained in them and the method of their arrangement; and most of all the Alphabetical Index, which adds much to the value of a work in all respects worthy of encomium.

"This is only a brief sketch and outline of the fine and varied pictures, the gracious idyllic scenes, and the descriptions of magnificent, sublime spectacles in nature, which the reader must look for in the book itself."

Thus far the *Civilta*, whose language is very eulogistic, but will not be thought excessive by any one who will examine the work reviewed.

The Rev. Drs. Hyvernat and Müller are still young men, and we may look for other services to science and literature from their future efforts. Dr. Hyvernat was a professor at the Ro-

man Propaganda, and Dr. Müller a recent graduate of the Seminary, when they undertook their Asiatic journey. It was very rapidly accomplished, considering the distances travelled and the amount of work done. Leaving Constantinople August 18, 1888, they arrived again in Europe May 1, 1889. In November of that year Dr. Hyvernat, instead of riding with a caravan, rifle on shoulder and revolver in hand, was sitting quietly in his lecture-room at the Catholic University teaching his classes in Hebrew and the Oriental languages. It is to be hoped that he will find here a group of students equally capable of profiting by his learning with those choice pupils whom he left in Rome. And, no doubt, the splendid work of Drs. Müller and Hyvernat, as soon as it becomes known, will find a place in every public library of importance, as well as in some private libraries of highly-educated persons who are able to appreciate its worth.



THE DEAD LAUREATE LIVETH.

WE cannot speak of thee as of the dead,
Nor bid the tear of idle sorrow flow;
The blight of the old curse weak mortals know
Touches no hair of thy gray poet head!
The inmost soul of thee has outward sped
And hovers sun-kissed where the lilies grow,
Or laughs in music where the waters flow:
Thy spirit is to deathless nature's wed.
Yet this is not the measure of the height,
Nor the full breadth of thy vast bridge of thought
That all the ocean of our epoch spans:
Whether in lowly shades or kingly light,
Through the art palaces thy muses wrought,
Thy heart was brother to thy fellow-man's!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE Trade Union Congress, which may be regarded as Great Britain's Parliament of Labor, has been holding its annual meeting at Glasgow. This is the twenty-fifth of the series; and clear proof of the advance of the workman's cause in influence and popularity may be found in the fact that while twenty-five years ago trade-unions were illegal conspiracies for whose property and funds the law afforded no protection, to the congress held this year the corporation of the city of Glasgow gave an official welcome and held a conversazione in its honor. Peers, members of Parliament and even of the cabinet, and other eminent men, listened to the debates, and all the papers devoted many columns to reports of their proceedings. The present congress was the largest ever held, and was also distinguished by the fact that it dealt with all the business on its agenda paper. This success, however, was achieved at the expense of some little suppression of discussion, towards the end of the congress even the shortest speech being received with impatience, and no toleration being given to any amendment.

This applies, however, only to matters of minor importance. To the chief question before the congress—the obtaining of a legal eight hours' day for all trades—full consideration was given. With reference to this there appear to be three parties. A number of working-men, chiefly consisting of the Durham and Northumbrian miners and the Newcastle engineers, oppose all interference by law with the hours of labor, and wish to leave the matter to private arrangement between the employers and the employed. These are now called Anti-legalists, and proved to be a very small body. Those who are in favor of legislation are divided into two parties. One of these, of which the recently converted textile operatives form the bulk, wish to have a law passed fixing the day at eight hours for every trade which by the majority of its organized workers adopts this limit. This would throw the burden of winning over the trade to an eight hours' limit upon those who desire its adoption The advocates of this are called Trade Optionists. The other party wishes the law to be of such a character as to make eight hours obligatory upon all trades, rendering it possible,

however, for the organized members of any trade or occupation to secure exemption from the requirements of the law. Exemptionists, accordingly, is the appropriate name of this party, and they were strong enough to carry the congress with them by a majority of fifty. They passed a resolution instructing the Parliamentary Committee to prepare and to promote a bill of this character. As at the congress held at Newcastle last year the majority for the same resolutions was twice as great, and as even the warmest friends of the workman outside of his own class are not prepared to go so far, it is very doubtful whether there will be any practical outcome. For the Legal Eight Hours' day for miners only, there was almost complete unanimity, there being only ten dissentients to the resolution in its favor.

Among the subjects discussed by the president of the congress was one to which we have more than once called the attention of our readers. It is all very well to blame the employer of labor for paying the smallest possible wages and making his employees work the longest possible hours. Such employers undoubtedly deserve condemnation, and are sure to meet with fitting retribution, if not in this world, at least in the next. But the real "sweater" is the public which is anxious to buy at a price below the lowest just price. Listen to the president's words on this point: "Much is said as regards sweating. Do we individually when purchasing an article make any endeavor to find out the conditions under which the article is produced? As a matter of fact we have bargain-hunters with us; yet a very little consideration or reflection would invariably lead them to the conclusion that such bargain-hunting meant misery, starvation, or degradation of some hapless worker. Let each one of us educate our wives or our husbands, as the case may be, our sisters or our friends, to the fact that to purchase an article at a cost which we know does not give fair value for labor and material is a dishonest transaction, and totally belies our Christian characters and professions. Let us refuse to purchase from those who pay unfair wages to their workers, and to some extent we will be enabled to make 'fair wages and no sweating' a popular cry." Although these words were spoken by a layman and a Protestant, they are in complete accordance with Catholic Moral Theology, which teaches that it is as sinful and unjust an act to buy below the lowest just price as it is to sell above the highest just price. To give practical effect to these words of the president, the congress passed a resolution in favor of

stamping or otherwise marking trade-union-made goods in order that the public might learn the conditions under which the commodities purchased by them are produced.

Many of the subjects discussed at the congress were of a technical character, and while it is upon these points that the delegates are best qualified to speak, and to speak with a decisive voice, it is about them the general public cares the least. Among the matters of wider interest may be noted the fact that resolutions were passed in favor of the nationalization of royalties, way-leaves, etc., pending the nationalization of the land; the adoption of the decimal system of weights, measures, and coinage; joint action between trade-unionists and co-operators; for an international congress on the eight hours' question, and for the holding of demonstrations in favor of the same object on the first of May; for the establishment in Great Britain of labor exchanges on the model of the Paris Bourse du Travail; for the amendment of the poor law in order that productive employment may be provided for unemployed citizens; against the importation of foreign labor, and in favor of a large number of legislative changes calculated to increase the power of the working-classes in parliamentary and municipal elections. The whole proceedings of the congress show that while Socialism pure and theoretic was not advocated, a strong desire exists among working-men for measures tending in the direction of what is called State Socialism, and that the New Unionism has gained a decisive advantage over the old.

As a contrast to the numerous conflicts between working-men and their employers which have taken place recently, it is gratifying to be able to record an incident of a directly opposite character. In July, 1888, Alfred Krupp, the founder of the great steel-works at Essen, died. Although the town council erected a statue to his memory, his workmen felt that this was not sufficient. They looked upon their employer as their father and their friend on account of his many acts of benevolence, and of the warm interest he had always manifested for their welfare. They accordingly proceeded to raise subscriptions, and in August last another statue was unveiled, which is strictly the workmen's monument. Seventeen thousand men employed in the Essen works, together with deputations from the other establishments of the firm, marched past in procession. In return, Mr. F. A. Krupp, the son of the founder, to show veneration for his father's memory, announced his intention of devoting one hundred

and twenty-five thousand dollars to the erection of a sufficient number of cottages, with gardens, for the infirm and the invalided of his men, and for the widows of the men who had died in his employ. This gives us a proof that even in our times it is possible for employers and employed to live and work together on terms of amity and good feeling, and this not merely in small businesses but in one of the largest establishments in the world.

A recent strike in England affords at once a parallel and a contrast to the troubles at Homestead. In both the employment of non-union men led to violence on the part of the unionists, and in both this violence necessitated the calling out of the military. So far for the parallel: the contrast is found in the fact that no life was lost in England, and that after the military arrived the force of public opinion was so strong that the employers were compelled to accept the solution of the difficulties proposed by outsiders. A great obstacle to settlement arose from the fact that employers had made promises to the non-union men who had assisted them during the strike that they would continue to employ them. This was removed, however, by the buying out of these non-union men, the employers and their men contributing equal shares. The thing most to be desired in this country is the formation of an enlightened public opinion strong enough to make the wrong-doers bow down before it.

The discussion which the Bishop of Chester's letter has originated, and the probability that an attempt will be made to legislate upon the lines marked out therein, renders interesting a fuller account than we have already given of the Gothenburg and Norwegian systems. The Norwegian system prevails in most of the towns and country districts. In some there is absolute prohibition. By an act passed seventeen years ago the voters of any district can decide to have a limited number of places for the retail sale of alcohol, or none at all. The town of Bergen may be taken as an example of the working of the non-prohibitive method. Here the local authorities are composed of a town council consisting of councillors elected by the people from among themselves, and of three magistrates appointed by the king for life. These magistrates have an absolute veto over every scheme approved by the council. This is a provision which it would seem must nullify the votes of the electors, and it will doubtless be set aside in any attempt to introduce the measure into England. To these authorities certain gentlemen applied in 1876 for

a monopoly for the sale of spirits in the town, and offered to form a company for the purpose. The authorities were to decide how many spirit-shops should be in the town, and where they should be situated. To them, too, it was left to appoint a public analyst to see that the spirits sold were good, and an absolute veto was given to them on the appointment of the company's servants. After the payment of five per cent. per annum dividend to their share-holders, the company offered to give all the surplus profits to objects having for their aim "the regeneration of the masses." It is in this feature that the essential difference between the Norwegian and the Gothenburg system is found. In the latter the profits go to the reduction of the local rates, making therefore, it is thought, a large sale of spirits advantageous to the rate-payers.

To return to the town of Bergen, and the Norwegian system as there carried out. The authorities accepted the terms proposed, and a company was formed. It commenced operations under its monopoly on the 1st of January, 1877. The number of spirit-shops was reduced from twenty-one to twelve, and although the population has increased from thirty-nine thousand to fifty thousand, the number remains the same. These shops are difficult to find, are not attractive in appearance, have no seats, and each person can have only one glass of spirits at a time, so that there is no treating in return. No person apparently under seventeen years of age can be served, nor any one under the influence of liquor. To secure the strict execution of these rules large salaries are paid to the salesmen.

And what have been the results of this plan? During the years in which it has been in operation the consumption of spirits has fallen off nearly one-fourth, and the apprehensions for drunkenness nearly one-half. And yet the profits have been considerable, for, after paying the five per cent. dividend to their share-holders, the amount distributed to objects for the regeneration of the masses has averaged sixty-eight cents per head of the population per annum, the amount of the capital of the company being equal to fifty-four cents per head. These objects have been workmen's halls; workmen's dwellings, built and sold to workmen at cost price; reformatories, a public park, a road overlooking the town, a home for criminally disposed boys, grants to the museum, to total abstinence societies, the sending of poor children to farm-houses for summer holidays, libraries, and for sending certain representative workmen to the exhibition recently

held at Copenhagen. Each of these workmen undertook within six months to write an essay describing certain improvements in his own trade which he had noticed at the exhibition, and these essays were printed and published at the cost of the company. It need only be added, to show the success of the experiment for all concerned, that the shares are at one hundred per cent. premium and can only be purchased when they come into the market on the death of a shareholder. It should, however, be pointed out that the scheme does not affect the sale of beer, although there are hopes of its being shortly extended to this branch of the trade.

The Bishop of Chester has for many years taken a deep interest in the question of the entertainment of the people. In fact, popular rumor has credited him with the desire of himself becoming a manager of a public-house in order to show the way to carry on the business properly. This, as such rumors generally are, was an exaggeration ; the truth being that his plan was to place a skilled manager in charge. Circumstances prevented even this being carried out. And in the meantime the bishop has become convinced that all experiments must be made on a large scale. Experience has amply demonstrated to him that a strictly managed public-house, standing in the midst of public-houses managed on a laxer system, is conducted at an almost fatal disadvantage. Therefore, while recognizing the fact that it is impossible to make men sober by legislative enactments, he looks to it as the necessary means of securing wholesome environments for the community, in order that the moral sentiments may have something like fair play in the contest with greed and depravity.

Many people think that the ravages of intemperance are confined to the British and Irish races. It has recently been brought home, however, by the projected legislative measures in Prussia, that the Teutons are in great danger of being afflicted by the same plague. Nor are there wanting signs that the French are treading in the same path. At all events, in the city of Marseilles the increase in the consumption of liquor has been so great as to cause alarm to those interested in the well-being of the city. In 1875 400,000 gallons of spirits were drunk, in 1891 1,320,000 gallons. This is at the rate of three and three-tenths gallons per head, while the consumption per head in 1875 was only one and a half gallons. The number of places where liquor is sold has increased from 2,400 to 4,309, or one

for each 93 of the population. In some streets there are three or four liquor-stores next door to each other, in others there are fourteen such places in thirty successive houses, and one enterprising dealer has put up an automatic bar, where all kinds of drink can be had by dropping a two-sou piece in a slot.

More than six years ago the public attention was directed to the necessity of doing something to stem the rising tide of intemperance, and the remedy which has been found may afford instruction to those who live in places where, as in Marseilles, the constituted authorities are rather fautors and abettors of iniquity than its punishers and repressors. The only thing the city authorities could be prevailed upon to do was to increase the octroi tax, and this resulted not in a diminution of the consumption, but in an increase of the revenue. It was left to private persons to put into execution a plan which has, at all events, prevented the evil spreading at its former rate, for while the increase was 80,000 gallons in 1890 compared with 1889, the increase in 1891 compared with 1890 was only 400 gallons. This good result is due to the action of the savings-banks. The money which is spent in drink by the working classes is, of course, taken from savings, and, on the other hand, the habit of saving may be cultivated as an antidote to the drink habit. The Marseilles Savings-Bank accordingly set to work to encourage and to facilitate the habit of saving. It began its ameliorative measures by employing 160,000 francs in building model dwelling-houses with gardens for working-men, on the theory that if a man's home is made pleasant for him he will not spend his earnings and his evenings in a cabaret. It set on foot a system of loans on mortgage to working-men who wished to build their own homes. School savings-banks were established, and are worked in connection with church, municipal and private schools, in somewhat the same way in which the post-office savings-banks are brought into co-operation with schools in England. In order to stimulate the saving of small sums and to get them away from the liquor-dealer stamps are sold of the value of two cents each, and when ten of them are pasted on a card they can be deposited. The delivery of lectures and the distribution of pamphlets on the evils of drink have also been promoted by the same agency. The conclusion must not be drawn from this that the French promoters of temperance are against state interference; on the contrary, they are doing all they can to stimulate the courts to a more rigorous execution of existing laws, and to promote the enactment of such

additional restrictive laws as may be required. They do not, however, confine their efforts to enforcing and making laws, nor do they include, as yet, among their legislative projects any measure of total prohibition or local option.

In Germany a further increase of the army and corresponding addition to the taxes form the most important subjects of discussion. While it may cause pity it can hardly cause wonder that such an increase should be necessary. If we look at the map and see the position of Germany between France and Russia, it will be plain that, unless her military strength approximates that of at least one of these nations, she runs the risk of being crushed when it may please her enemies to make the attempt. Now, as a matter of fact, so strong has France become that her army has a numerical superiority of 25,000 on a peace footing over that of Germany, and of more than 300,000 on mobilization; and twenty-five years hence France will have three-quarters of a million more trained men in the field than Germany. The French military laws actually utilize the whole of the population for defensive purposes; whereas, although theoretically this is true also of Germany, as a matter of fact, owing chiefly to want of money, of the whole number of men who annually become liable to military service rather less than one-third is now drafted into the ranks. The object of the new bills is to remedy these defects. While this will increase the amount spent on the army by twenty per cent., the reduction of the term of service from three years to two will afford some compensation. It is, however, very doubtful whether the power of the government in the Reichstag is sufficient to secure the passing of these measures; the withdrawal of the Education Bill alienated its chief supporters, and the Radicals and Social Democrats are on principle even opponents of the present military system. It is very doubtful, too, whether a dissolution would be of service. Recent elections have shown that the strength of the Social Democrats is growing, and seems to render probable that Herr Liebknecht's prophecy, that in the next Reichstag there will be more than fifty deputies belonging to his party, will be verified. It seems certain that Germany is on the eve of stirring events.

The French Republic having recently celebrated its twenty-first anniversary has reason to congratulate itself upon the fact that it has now lasted longer than any of the many forms of government which have come and gone in France since the revolution. What its prospects are in the future it is hard to say.

It would seem that many who have hitherto supported the Monarchists or the Bonapartists are listening to the counsels of Leo XIII., and are giving in their adhesion to the established form of government. Their way is not made smoother by the present office-holders, who seem to take a special delight in harassing, insulting, and even persecuting in a small way the church. A number of Royalists still refuse to give up their hopes and their labors for the realization of those hopes. Count d'Haussonville, the representative of the Comte de Paris, in a speech recently delivered at Montauban declared that they must offer to those counsels a firm, although respectful and filial, resistance. The President, M. Carnot, has been making one of his progresses through the country, and in reply to an address of congratulation gave a clear indication that at the expiration of his term next year he will be a candidate for a second term. The understanding between France and Russia remains unimpaired; there have, in fact, been rumors of a formal alliance having been recently concluded, but of this there is no certainty.

The chronic state of disquietude and unrest which characterizes the Balkan States has been somewhat accentuated lately by the fall of the Servian ministry, and the approaching general election. Some accounts represent Servia as within a measurable distance of civil war, and although this may be exaggerated, the situation there is without doubt exceedingly precarious. Like the rest of these states, Servia is too weak to maintain itself alone, and on this account is exposed to the intrigues of its powerful neighbors, Austria and Russia, and at one time the friends of the one power, at another the friends of the other, are in the ascendant, neither of them having the real interests of the country so much at heart as their own. There is, therefore, no reason to wonder at the perpetual unsettlement of these countries, especially when there is added to it the insane distrust and hatred which Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece have of one another. At the present moment Greece is entering upon a diplomatic campaign against Bulgaria on account of the closing of certain Greek schools in Eastern Roumelia, an act which seems to be a clear violation of the organic statutes of that country, but which is prompted by the same hatred which is the motive of so many other proceedings among these Christian powers. The other states of Europe are pursuing the even tenor of their way, their chief endeavors being directed to the praiseworthy, if not very exalted, object of trying to pay at least the interest on their debts.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

ONE of the signs of the times, indicative, as we like to believe, of a growing appreciation on the part of the reading public and their purveyors of what constitutes true Americanism, is to be found in some of the educational manuals now brought out by well-known Protestant publishing houses. The Scribner series of "Great Educators," with its monograph on *Loyola, and the Educational System of the Jesuits*, from the pen of Father Thomas Hughes, S.J., furnishes one example of the kind; perhaps the yet more recent issue, by Dodd, Mead & Co., in a series called the "Makers of America," of a life* of Archbishop Hughes, by the Rev. Dr. Brann, supplies a still more striking one. The inclusion, in the same series, of volumes on Father Juniper Serra and the two Calverts who founded the Maryland colony, seems to us far less in contradiction with the previous traditions of this publishing firm than the hospitality it has extended to the present sympathetic study of the great archbishop. A small book of less than two hundred pages, it cannot, of course, do much more than outline his long career. It does this, however, with a firm hand, leaving out of view no salient points, and even contriving to devote a chapter to his poetical and literary gifts. Dr. Brann has performed his labor of love with great care. It is a pity that his proof-reader has not been equally painstaking.

An excellent book, concise and yet sufficiently full in its statements of fact, judicial and impartial in its spirit, and eminently lucid in point of style, is Mr. Edward J. Lowell's *Eve of the French Revolution.*† The author takes up in turn such topics as the King and the Administration, the Court, the Clergy, the Church and her Adversaries, the Church and Voltaire, the Nobility, the Army, the Courts of Law, Taxation, Finance, and "The Encyclopædia," devoting a chapter to each. He lingers in detail over writers like Montesquieu, Helvetius, Holbach, Chastellux, and Rousseau. Speaking of the "Philosophers," he makes a remark which gives as good

* *Most Reverend John Hughes, first Archbishop of New York.* By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† *The Eve of the French Revolution.* By Edward J. Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

a hint as any of the attitude of his mind and the temper in which he has approached a subject which offers so many and such tempting byways to explorers of widely differing prepossessions:

"The Philosophers in Voltaire's lifetime formed a sect, although it could hardly be called a religious one. . . . The doctrines were materialism, fatalism, and hedonism. The sect still exists. It has adhered, from the time of its formation, to a curious notion, its favorite superstition, which may be expressed somewhat as follows: 'Human reason and good sense were first invented from thirty to fifty years ago.' 'When we consider,' says Voltaire, 'that Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Leibnitz would have been persecuted in France, imprisoned at Rome, burnt at Lisbon, what must we think of human reason? It was born in England within this century'—(The date usually set by Voltaire's modern followers is that of the publication of the *Origin of Species;* although no error is more opposed than this one to the great theory of evolution). And similar expressions are frequent in his writings. The sectaries, from that day to this, have never been wanting in the most glowing enthusiasm. In this respect they generally surpass the Catholics; in fanaticism (or the quality of being cocksure) the Protestants. They hold toleration as one of their chief tenets, but never undertake to conceal their contempt for any one who disagrees with them. The sect has always contained many useful and excellent persons, and some of the most dogmatic of mankind."

Colonel Johnston has never done better or more amusing work than the opening story of his new collection of short tales.* It is pathetic too, as well as funny. Mrs. Fortner's speech before "Brer Moderator" at the "Baptis' meetin'," concerning the "'Postle Paul" and the bearings of certain of his teachings on the mutual relations existing between herself and "Jaymiah Fortner," strikes the high-water mark of tears as well as of honest laughter. In its own serio-comic vein there is nothing cleverer that we know of in American literature than this story. The others are none of them quite equal to this, though they are all exceedingly diverting.

A gruesome tale, vainly purporting to be a record of personal experiences, is called *Dreams of the Dead.*† It has received high praise in certain quarters whence one would not have expected it to come. We have seen its author's pretended revelations compared, and to his advantage, with Dante's "Purgatory," and the materialistic visions of Emmanuel Swedenborg. Let no one who knows either of these take such delusory laudations as well

* *Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims, and other Stories.* By Richard Malcolm Johnston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† *Dreams of the Dead.* By Edward Stanton. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

founded. He will neither be strengthened in his hopes of immortality, should he possess such independent of Christian faith, as many people nowadays claim to do, nor find any food for a devout imagination in the opposite case. Mr. Stanton, though expressing a final belief that the teaching he has derived from "astral visions" is not "opposed to Christianity as it came from the lips of its Founder—that is, to Christianity uncontaminated by dogma," is a believer in Madame Blavatsky, puts full faith in "Mahatmas," pretends to have seen in the flesh an existing survivor of the "submerged continent of Atlantis," as well as a vast architectural hall saved from that "wreck of worlds," and is, in short, full of those cheap marvels by which people who have rejected Christian faith, or not yet been endowed with it, seek to satisfy the endless cravings which it alone has ever known how to treat with dignity, and to appease with hopes not puerile and fantastic.

Miss Jeanie Drake, some of whose earlier work in this magazine readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will recall with pleasure, has written a charmingly quaint and old-fashioned tale of Southern life * before the war. She has caught a local tone and coloring, and preserved it unbroken, with a skill that is suggestive of so great a word-master as Thackeray. Miss Drake has evidently a future in literature. So far as we know, this is her first sustained effort, but it is abundantly promising.

Bertram Mitford's South African story † of the last Kafir war is strong and ably told, and will be likely to leave a mark in the memory of its readers. Certain scenes in it, like that in the Home of the Serpents, are weirdly imaginative—painfully so, it may be added. More dreadful still, and hardly to be endured save by those who like to "sup their fill of horrors," or those who feel that what their fellow-men have been made innocently to suffer they may themselves find courage enough to read about, is the story of a wretched native given over as a living prey to the inhabitants of an ant-hill. As to the hero and heroine, they follow a too prevalent fashion in their loves, and though they overcome their temptations after a fashion, and Eustace honestly risks his own life to save that of Eanswyth's husband, the author's presentation of his heroism and stubborn self-mastery only adds to the incredible pity that so much cleverness and skill should not have steered wholly aside from the byways whose natural, and almost inevitable, end is sin.

* *In Old St. Stephen's.* By Jeanie Drake. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† *'Tween Snow and Fire.* New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

In her booklet on *Rhythmical Gymnastics** Miss Thompson presents some of the most advanced theories of vocal development, and illustrates them by a set of exercises devised for the purpose, and already put successfuly into use in the class-room. They comprise exercises of all the muscles, including those of the face, breathing to music, a detailed rule of daily life "for an artist," and various similar matters which, although they more intimately concern professional singers, actors, and musicians than they do other people, might be found eminently useful in the Reading Circles where the charming art of reading well aloud is sought to be revived among our young people.

The Idle Exile has written a pleasanter novelette than usual in her *Wee Widow's Cruise.*† It is a bright and altogether pleasant sketch of a yachting trip up and down the English coast, made in a teacup of a vessel, by the widow and her young friend Miss Dickie, with a solitary sailor-man as crew. The widow acts as guide-book, and throws in an assorted lot of more or less reliable historical information concerning the places where they occasionally land for fresh bread and milk. Some clever talk goes on between the women, and just at the end a successful wooer turns up for each of the yachtswomen.

Mr. Hale's reputation is made, fortunately. It has hollowed its own channel, and even so slender a stream as that of *East and West* ‡ must needs contribute its quota to the general flow. Perhaps its exceedingly gentle trickle would otherwise produce no effect whatever. It narrates the adventures of pretty and self-respecting Sarah Parris, paints at some length the portrait of one Silas Ransom, sailor, waiter, adventurer, and whatnot, who undertakes to follow and look after her welfare, and gives, more briefly, some account of the ways taken by Sarah's lover, Harry Curwen, to make himself worthy of her. The style is simple and unpretentious, but the tale itself is one of very moderate interest.

War under Water,§ by some unnamed French author, is a harmless scientific novel, something in the Jules Verne style. A seemingly rabid hatred of Germany animates it, but this is possibly quite as much of an affectation as the science by which it is pervaded. Though it is melodramatic to a degree, yet it will

* *Rhythmical Gymnastics, Vocal and Physical.* By Mary S. Thompson. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

† *The Wee Widow's Cruise in Quiet Waters.* By an Idle Exile. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

‡ *East and West: a Story of New-born Ohio.* By Edward E. Hale. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

§ *War under Water.* New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

enlighten, instruct, and amuse its readers in about the same languid measure.

Mrs. Alexander's hand has lost something of its cunning since the days when she wrote *The Wooing O't.* Still, though her work is more hackneyed, less delicate than of old, she has skill enough left to make a novel which many readers will find entertaining, and take a not unhealthy pleasure in. Such an one is *The Snare of the Fowler*,* which is devoted to the many mishaps and more or less sad early adventures of Myra Dallas, in the days when she was supposed to be nameless as well as homeless, and partially dependent on the grudging charities of an aunt by marriage. Later on, when her true position and her heiress-ship are discovered by the aunt in question, the latter develops into a "fowler," though one whose snares are laid pretty skilfully out of sight of the bird. Myra escapes them, of course, marries her "own true love," paints her pictures in peace, and wholly discomfits both her scheming aunt and the most objectionable cousin who has been pursuing her through entirely selfish though not mercenary motives.

L. T. Meade's *Medicine Lady*† is a better novel than the preceding one. Its purpose is peculiar, and its heroine, her husband, and their little child Nance, are characters quite out of the common. It is the story of a London physician, practising in one of the East End hospitals where the action of the plot begins, and of the young, sensitive, nervous, and over-impulsive lady nurse, whose sympathy with a patient makes an operation miscarry, and nearly costs a life. The nurse loses her situation, but is married shortly after to the doctor, an upright, conscientious man of science who thinks he has discovered a cure for consumption, in the form of a poison fatal to the germs which cause tuberculous conditions. Dr. Digby has once experimented on himself with it, but as he had no consumptive tendencies he does not regard his experiment as justifying him in employing it on others. He is satisfied that his discovery is important; but having no time to perfect it, he has, as he supposes, confined all knowledge of it to himself. An unscrupulous student, however, who had accidentally obtained a sight of his note-book while attending his clinic, hopes to further his own ends by pushing Digby into a prominence he eminently deserves on his merits as a general practitioner, and also by dropping a veiled hint,

* *The Snare of the Fowler.* By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *The Medicine Lady.* By L. T. Meade. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

now and then, that Digby is in possession of an infallible remedy for tuberculous diseases. Digby steadily denies the alleged fact, and when he traces the rumor to its source he forbids Phillips to repeat it. Digby's own wife and only child have consumptive tendencies, but his conscientious scruples prevent him from repeating even with them the experiment that had been successful in his own case. He dies suddenly from an accident when the novel is more than half done, and it is not until then that the title of the book begins to explain itself. Cecilia Digby has been charged by her dying husband either to burn all his private notes, or to transfer them to a doctor of unblemished reputation whom he names. She is above all things to prevent their falling into the hands of the unscrupulous Phillips. Cecilia has ardently sympathized with her husband, and been admitted to his confidence in a rare degree, though even she has never been allowed to penetrate the secret of his discovery. When, spurred on by Phillips, her relative by marriage, she has ventured to ask questions of the dying man, he has admitted the fact, but warned her that to use his remedy in its present form on a human being would be highly dangerous—so dangerous that of the two alternatives he leaves her, he would prefer the burning of his notes. Cecilia, however, excited by her knowledge of the physical tendencies of herself and her child, not only reads them, and discovers some preparations of lymph already made, but concludes to keep the secret in her own hands, and finally makes a successful trial of it on herself after her lungs have been pronounced seriously affected. Though a constant remorseful scruple attends her, even after a second successful trial has saved a life despaired of by the doctors, she ends by practising secretly and gratuitously among the East-End London poor. Retribution awaits her at last when she makes a fatal use of the lymph on Nance, and is stabbed in a brawl occasioned by the survivors of other victims with whom she has tampered without sufficient knowledge. Altogether, the book is extremely readable throughout.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller's first novel, the *Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*, made its appearance some two years ago, and was then favorably mentioned in this magazine. It had the good fortune to win its author abundant praise in other quarters, and to secure, in especial, the praise of the late James Russell Lowell and Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. The delicate yet strong-fibred satire by which the little romance was penetrated—it no more deserved to be classed as a novel in the ordinary sense than does its

successor *—warranted all the commendations it received. Mr. Fuller's second book, we are bound to say, is a trifle disappointing. There was a motive in the tale of the Iron Pot which he that runs might read, and it was one which both provoked and justified satire. Mr. Fuller's style is as pleasant as ever, and his sketches of Alpine scenery are charming. But the elaborate and now somewhat worn machinery of suggestive names, whereby, though not alone whereby, his first story reminded the reader of Carlyle, inevitably suggests a motive lying underneath the art. It is doubtless there, but we have ignominiously failed to find it. Unless, indeed, it might be cast into the form of a suggestion that young America, personified in Miss Aurelia West, late of Rochester, New York, with her perfectly innocent but extremely modern notions of what befits womanhood, is capable of producing such modifications for the worse in her simpler and more ideal European sister, personified in the Chatelaine, that the latter must lose much of her present charm for her European brethren, Zeitgeist, Fin-de-Siècle, and Tempo-Rubato. Possibly. A gain of a loss, wouldn't it be? Not that Mr. Fuller's Aurelia West is an attractive type. She distinctly is not. But as a means to the desirable end foreshadowed in the abrupt cessation of these young gentlemen's attentions to the Chatelaine, she answers as well as another. This may not have been the clue Mr. Fuller intended his audience to look for; but if he has another, the majority of them will probably end by concluding that the game is hardly worth the candle, especially in regions where wax is dear.

Mrs. Needell's new novel † is an interesting and well-written story of a much-forbearing, long-enduring friendship between the two heroes of her story. As they both love, and both may be said to win the affections of Margery Denison, though only one of them marries her, they seem fairly to divide the honors of hero-ship. John Cartwright, the young Methodist minister, who renounces marriage with the woman he has adored from childhood, even when she plumply offers herself, reaches a point of heroism most infrequently attained, we incline to believe, by Methodist preachers. For it is not altogether, nor even chiefly, because he knows that Gilbert Yorke loves her, and would esteem his own marriage with her a treachery, that he puts away what seems to be Margery's happiness as well as his. He does so, Mrs. Needell would have us believe, because he feels that his love

* *The Chatelaine of La Trinité.* By Henry B. Fuller. New York: The Century Co.

† *Passing the Love of Women.* By Mrs. J. H. Needell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

for her is so great that it would divert him from the higher love of God and souls. The story does not suffer on this account, however. It is long, rather plotty and complicated, and has some good character sketches, among the best of which is John Cartwright's mother.

Mr. Witt's Widow,* by Anthony Hope, the very clever author of *Father Stafford*, eminently deserves its secondary title. It is frivolous enough, in all senses of the word; a fact that does not prevent its being amusing, and which does not imply immorality. It is more like a comedy than a novel. That Mr. Hope had an extremely light touch, was evident enough to the reader of *Father Stafford;* but in that book there was something remotely approaching a didactic purpose. In this one he skips about like a harlequin, disporting himself for the sake of diversion merely. He does it well, we own—but there are many readers to whom something less like a circus would be more profitable, and we advise such to eschew all acquaintance with the relict of the late Mr. Witt.

Mr. Beattie, though he had something of a story† in mind when he began, and something resembling a philosophy to expound in connection with it, seems to have no direct vocation either to novel writing or to philosophic teaching. In point of construction his tale is inartistic to a degree. The reader, entering upon it, speedily begins to feel like a traveller in an unknown wood, the trees of which have not been blazed, and whose doubtful paths seem likely to lead nowhere. He escapes from the thicket in the end, it is true, after having made a number of acquaintances none of whom can fairly be called agreeable. He brings with him an impression that Joshua Wray, whose creed was once briefly summed up in the composite word, *Manisafailure*, and who drove around his neighborhood in a wagon bearing on its tail-board the image of an "All-seeing Eye," and the inscription in large letters: *God is Humanity! Humanity is God!* has come in the end, as a sequel to his troubles, to a more or less distinctly defined conclusion that "Humanity" is chiefly a failure when one attempts to substitute it in the place of God, and that the "Rectifier of wrongs, if there be any," can only be found "in the plenitude of a Perfect Personality." Mr. Beattie's conclusion is just, but his methods of arriving at it cannot be

**Mr. Witt's Widow: A Frivolous Tale.* By Anthony Hope. New York: United States Book Co.

†*Joshua Wray.* By Hans Stevenson Beattie. New York: United States Book Company.

conscientiously described as either entertaining or in themselves conclusive.

Mr. Le Queux's *Tales of a Nihilist** have not the accent of unadorned truth, though Russian misgovernment doubtless supplies more than sufficient grounds for histories which would strike the denizens of civilized countries at first sight as incredible. The collection of sketches brought out under the pseudonym of E. Lanin, and Mr. George Kennan's papers on real atrocities, coldly described, are far more convincing than these alleged adventures of an escaped political convict, the Jew Vladimir Mikhalovitch. That seems a curious slip by which the Jew, narrating a hideous moment in which he had to elect between recapture and death, says: "I *crossed myself* and chose the latter." There is a superabundance in these pages of what is called "love" between female spies of the government and male spies of the Nihilistic brotherhoods—a superfluity of slashed faces and direful deaths at private hands. The indictment against Russia is not strengthened by it, and we can hardly imagine its profiting any one to read it, even on its alleged ground of utility as a warning or a revelation.

I.—DR. SCHMID'S SELECT QUESTIONS.†

Dr. Schmid shows himself in this volume to be possessed of a very subtle and acute metaphysical and theological faculty of mind. He has taken up some very difficult and abstruse, but for that very reason, as well as on account of their intrinsic importance, extremely interesting topics. He very justly remarks in his Preface: "Ex eo, quod res difficilio—res disceptandas suscepimus, penes viros prudentiores justam reprehensionem non timemus." Assuredly, we are not going to risk our title to a place among the "viros prudentiores" by censuring the praiseworthy undertaking of the learned doctor; but, on the contrary, if our feeble voice can reach him in his charming seclusion under the shadow of the Tyrolese Alps, we would urge him to continue his work, and, leaving aside all trite and easy questions, to explore the loftiest heights of the theological mountains.

There are two of the questions discussed in this volume

* *Strange Tales of a Nihilist.* By William Le Queux. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *Quæstiones Selectæ ex Theologia Dogmatica* auctore Doctore Francisco Schmid, Sacræ Theologiæ Professore in Seminario Brixinensi. Paderb.: Ferd. Schoeningh, 1891; Roma: Tipogr. della S. C. de Prop. Fid.

which have interested us in a special manner, viz., the second, "De Relatione Spiritus Angelici ad locum et spatium": and the fifth, "De Esse Physico Unionis Hypostaticæ."

We will not attempt an abstract or analysis of these chapters. Our readers in general would not understand it, even if one occupied the twenty pages which would be the least possible space sufficient for this purpose. As for our beloved confrères the professors, we are not disposed to save them the trouble of buying and reading the book for themselves.

In regard to one point we are not able to agree with the learned doctor, or to think that he has thrown any light upon it. He defends the opinion, which we had hoped had become obsolete, that those who die in original sin only, suffer eternal pain as the penalty due to it.

This is a corollary from certain views respecting original sin which he shares with some other respectable German theologians, and which, we are convinced, cannot be sustained by any sound and conclusive arguments. These theologians, and our author among them, seem to confuse original with actual sin, the sin of nature with personal sin, the passive state of sin which receives its denomination from the voluntary transgression of one man, Adam, which was completed by one individual act on his part, with the persevering imputability which adheres to its subject, after the transient act has passed. When a man has committed a crime, no matter whether a day, a month, a year, or ten years may have passed, the minister of justice says, every one who knows the fact says: *You did it;* you are still the man to whom this act, and the blameworthiness of it, is imputable, and whatever punishment is due by law, even life-long imprisonment or death, you have deserved it, and are yourself the author of your own misery. In this sense, the criminality, the blameworthiness, the demerit and ill-desert of the transgression of Adam, by which we all become subject to the *reatus culpæ* and *reatus pœnæ* of original sin, is totally imputable to him as an individual, and to him alone. Original sin in us receives the predicate of *voluntary*, only in its relation to the criminal act of disobedience which Adam committed, and not in respect to us, who were non-existent when Adam ate the forbidden fruit, and were not capable of any voluntary act, at the instant of our conception, when we contracted original sin. When a theologian undertakes to explain how we all sinned in Adam, as the Apostle says we did: "Omnes peccaverunt in eo"; he is bound to give a reasonable account of the mode in which the posterity of

Adam are in solidarity with him in the matter of his disastrous fall from grace through his transgression.

This our respected friends fail to do. They repeat emphatically the terms *peccatum*, *reatus*, *Schuld*, as if this settled the question. They distinctly assert that God holds the infant guilty of a sin for which he is to blame, which is a demerit, and for which he deserves to suffer pain for all eternity. This statement is simply incredible. According to all sound philosophy, the subject of imputability is the subject from whom the act proceeds. In a moral case, the imputability of moral blame, in the strict sense of the word, has no other meaning than this: that an abuse of reason and free-will is to be referred to a free moral agent, who has chosen to commit an immoral act. It is impossible, therefore, that God should pronounce a judgment of blame on an infant for an act in which Adam was the complete and sole voluntary agent. It is impossible that he should hold the infant blameworthy for having been conceived in original sin.

The 47th proposition of Baius: *Peccatum originis vere habet rationem peccati sine ulla ratione ac respectu ad voluntatem, a qua originem habuit*, has been condemned.

St. Thomas says: "Dicendum quod defectus illius originalis justitiæ quæ homini in sua creatione collata est, . . . in quolibet homine rationem culpæ habet ex hoc, quod *per voluntatem principii naturæ, id est primi hominis inductus est talis defectus.*" (II. *Sent.*, dist. xxx. qu. i. art. 2.)

Perrone, whose explanation of the dogma of original sin has not been surpassed by any theologian, so far as we know, says: "In præsenti conditione nomina *peccati* et *pœnæ* sunt relativa ad statum elevationis et integritatis, et ideo sunt peccatum et pœna, *non in se*, sed quia *relationem habent ad peccatum Adami.*" (*De Pecc. Orig.*, prop. iii. § 468.)

The condition of the infant is, therefore, a state of original *sin*, because by sin he has been despoiled of the grace due to his nature in virtue of the original, gratuitous grant of God to the Adamic race, conditioned on Adam's fidelity, forfeited by his disobedience. But, as this grace is not due to nature as such, to quote again Perrone: "Homo per peccatum," (id est, humanum genus in suo principio Adamo) "ad eum se redegit statum, in quo absolute creatus fuisset, si Deus cetera dona minime addidisset, tum pro hac, *tum pro altera vita.*" (Idem., 467.)

There is nothing, therefore, in the soul which departs into Hades in original sin which makes it liable to any privation of

good, except that of supernatural beatitude. St. Thomas furnishes the principles and premises from which Cajetan, Sfondrati, Lessius, and many other excellent Catholic writers have inferred that most reasonable and consoling conclusion, that all infants and others who die in original sin, without having incurred the guilt of actual sin, are made morally perfect, and perfectly happy in the future life.

The opposite view is, in our judgment, a retrogression to be much deplored. It does not place a sufficient barrier against the exaggerations and perversions of Lutherans, Calvinists, and Jansenists. Moreover, it lays open the Catholic doctrine to most serious objections from rationalists, to which it can oppose no solutions which satisfy the just demands of reason. This is the cause of the strictures which we have felt bound to make on a part of the work of Dr. Schmid which does not by any means come up to the high mark of other portions of his learned and able volume.

2.—WHAT ARISTOTLE TAUGHT CONCERNING GOD.*

A treatise on the Aristotelian conception of the relation of God to the world and man, by its very title promises to be interesting to all who are engaged in philosophical studies. There is great intellectual activity among Catholic scholars in Germany, the fruits of which are to be found in numerous works of value in all branches of sacred science, and in those departments of knowledge which have some relation to theology. Many of these works are something more than a mere pouring of old wine from old vessels into new ones. And in this present instance, Dr. Rolfes, not content with giving us a variation of an old tune, such as one finds in ordinary text-books, has produced a new and original study on the most important part of Aristotle's philosophy, viz., on his Theodicy.

All admit that Aristotle has written much that is true and beautiful about God. Nevertheless, it is commonly asserted that, although recognizing the relation of God to the world as its Final Cause, he denied to him the relation of efficient cause and providence. Moreover, although the psychology of Aristotle is highly praised, and to a great extent followed by Catholic philosophers, it is commonly denied, or at least questioned, that he taught the immortality of the soul.

Dr. Rolfes maintains that Aristotle taught the derivation of

* *Die aristotelische Auffassung vom Verhältnisse Göttes zur Welt und zum Menschen.* Von Dr. Eugen Rolfes. Berlin : Mayer und Müller. 1892.

the world from God as the intelligent, efficient cause, not only of its order but also of its total being, and, moreover, its entire dependence on his providence. He argues, also, that he taught the immediate origin of the soul from God, and its immortality. His thesis is reasoned out with great learning and ability. We recommend the careful perusal of his treatise to all students and professors of philosophy who are able to read German. It is a pity that there are so many who are not masters of this noble language, the knowledge of which is now, more than it has been heretofore, almost necessary to highly educated ecclesiastics. It is to be hoped that this treatise of Dr. Rolfes will be translated at least into French, if not into English, before very long.

3.—THE FIRST YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY.*

Next to the period of our Lord's life on earth the apostolic age is the most interesting and instructive epoch in the history of Christianity. Almost the only source of information is the Acts of the Apostles, but this work of Abbé Fouard shows how much may be obtained from the inspired narrative by the diligent and truth-seeking student.

The truest historian is the simple, clear, and consecutive narrator, not the speculative, hypercritical, and destructive commentator. Our author is an example of the former, while Ernest Renan may be cited as one of the latter. Fouard certainly tells us what we knew before, but never so distinctly and in such fulness as now. Peter and the other Apostles seem to stand before us as living men. With him we follow them as they descend the Mount of Olives to re-enter the Supper-Room, where with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and his relatives, they persevered in prayer until the Holy Spirit came. Afterwards we see how he to whom Jesus had said, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," took the position of leader, the Holy Ghost first speaking by his mouth. The words spoken and the acts done are told as they have been transmitted to us without any digression into controversy, as if they must be understood by the reader as plainly as they were by the hearers and witnesses of them. Perverters of the Scriptural narrative are ignored as if they never had been. Our author does not have to stop to prove that there was a church, because his readers hear the Church speaking.

**Saint Peter and the First Years of Christianity.* By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated by George F. X. Griffith. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons. New York and London : Longmans, Green & Co.

How unlike he is to the sectarian authors who write of this period! Lightfoot, Harnack, and Farrar crowd their pages with speculations. Armitage cannot be read unless one puts on Baptist spectacles.

We wish that more church historians knew how to bring out our religion as a living thing. The church is organic but does not need to be dissected for us to see her organism. We must see her living, praying, and working to understand her and appreciate her beauty. Then she attracts us with a force that is well-nigh irresistible; and, if we yield to her gracious influences, enlightens and vivifies our souls. Those who sit in the seats of the Apostles are the ones to carry us back to them. The same Pater noster, Credo, and Psalter which they prayed, we pray; their sacraments are ours; their unity makes us one body. An American feels towards Washington as no alien can feel. Just so one who possesses the apostolic faith feels towards the Apostles as no one with another creed can feel.

We invite a comparison of Abbé Fouard's history of the apostolic age with that of any writer of a different faith on the score of fidelity in representation. When he tells us what the inspired record reveals about the Apostles, and how their knowledge of divine truth shaped the beginnings of the Christian community, we see how the truth has remained in the world up to the present day, we cease to wonder at its changelessness, expect to find it aggressive when the world is sleeping in indifference, and never imagine for a moment but that it will last to the end. Perpetuity is stamped upon it like immortality on the human soul.

Men are perishing because the truth is being wilfully ignored, Christianity is being rejected because erroneous confessions of faith can be picked to pieces. Conviction is being overthrown to give place to doubt, and the remedy is knowledge of religion as God gave it to man through the channels which he appointed for its extension, and in the form of sound words which none need to misunderstand.

Abbé Fouard's book will help to make the truth known.

We cannot but acknowledge our great indebtedness to Mr. Griffith for putting this great work within the reach of English readers.

His former translation of Fouard's *Life of Christ* has already been noticed at considerable length in these pages, and we are pleased to record its hearty reception by the reading public. We sincerely hope that this companion volume will meet with an even warmer welcome.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Vicar of Christ, Pope Leo XIII., rendered the greatest tribute of praise to Christopher Columbus in his encyclical letter when he appointed a day for Catholics on two continents to honor his memory at holy Mass, and to give thanks to the Blessed Trinity for the discovery of the New World. It is declared on good authority that no city of the world has at the present time a larger Catholic population than New York, estimated to be probably eight hundred thousand. From the great cathedral pulpit and from the preachers in all the parish churches the Catholics of New York heard the message of the Sovereign Pontiff, extolling the heroic deeds of Columbus the Christ-bearer. With commendable public spirit the committee of one hundred citizens, representing the municipality of New York, requested the synagogues and the churches of all denominations to join in the religious celebrations and to co-operate in the plan for a mammoth cosmopolitan parade. The Catholic schools and colleges furnished over five thousand marchers in uniform. Their bright faces and soldierly appearance evoked continued applause from the assembled multitudes all along the line. Two thousand Catholic girls dressed in red, white, and blue capes and hats, arranged in groups so as to form immense flags, sang patriotic songs with splendid effect as the imposing school parade passed. The Catholic societies gathered together in honor of Columbus fully thirty thousand men. No celebration ever held in New York could boast of such a large assemblage of intelligent young men devoted to the cause of religion.

* * *

From an intellectual point of view nothing surpassed the choice programme in honor of Columbus prepared under the auspices of the New York Catholic Club and the United States Catholic Historical Society. With oratory and song the praises of the great discoverer were sounded in Music Hall, which is one

of the finest buildings in New York City. His Grace Archbishop Corrigan presided, and delivered an address that was received with great applause. Some passages are here quoted bearing on points of history still under investigation, which will be welcomed by students generally. Archbishop Corrigan said:

"There are certain coincidences which make this celebration in New York very appropriate. I need not say to you that at this time, through the dispensation of the Holy See, the diocese of New York comprises the very spot of ground on which Columbus set his foot four hundred years ago. The islands that form the Bahama group, San Salvador and the others, are all at present under the jurisdiction of New York. After making four voyages to this country, Columbus died in Spain, but desired that his mortal remains should be carried to the land that he himself had discovered. There they remained for a number of years until, at the close of the last century, they were supposed to have been brought to the city of Havana when the Island of Hayti had been ceded by Spain to France. However, a few years ago the most important discovery was announced by the Delegate Apostolic at San Domingo that he had found the true remains of the discoverer. This question the historical societies will have to settle. Certain powerful arguments are adduced pro and con.

"Be that as it may, I merely mention it to say that you are honored by the presence of the Delegate Apostolic, who goes in a few days to San Domingo. So New York happens in a double sense to come near to Columbus's landing-place and the place where his remains so long rested. In this connection may I not urge upon you all devotion and interest in this Historical Society. You know how many controversies have been waged for years and years over the history of the discovery of this country; how many points in the life of Columbus are still disputed.

"It is certainly to the great glory of this State that the first impartial history of Columbus that the world has seen was written by one of its sons, the distinguished Washington Irving.

"But there were not so many historical societies in his time as there are to-day. Had the true facts of his voyages been committed to writing and the other events of his life been cared for in like manner, how many controversies and disputes would have been saved to the students of later ages!

"In many ways historical societies are a very great advantage to the church and to the state and to students at large, and I trust that this historical society, which has to do with the history of our own country, with interesting facts particularly connected with the establishment of religion and its progress therein, may be fostered and developed in the years which we may not be spared to see.

"I congratulate the members of the Historical Society and

the Catholic Club in their happy choice of the speakers to-night. They deserve the credit of first originating here in our midst, so far as I know, the idea of celebrating this anniversary with anything like the pomp since given to it. To the Catholic Historical Society in this diocese at least belongs the credit of the first speeches towards securing the celebration.

"You may remember the first impulse was given by one whose lips, so full of eloquence, have since been stilled in death, Daniel Dougherty. He is well represented this evening, and the representation brings in the entire country, North, South, East, and West. From the South comes the honored ex-governor of Maryland; from the North Mr. Coudert, from the East Mr. Lathrop, and from the West comes the ode of Miss Starr, which will be rendered to you in sweet music."

The members of our Reading Circles will find the thrilling poetical tribute by Miss Eliza Allen Starr a most appropriate selection to be read aloud at their meetings.

* * *

One of the most notable events connected with the Columbian celebration in New York was the unveiling of Russo's magnificent statue of Columbus, which was blessed with imposing ceremonies by Archbishop Corrigan. It occupies a commanding position in the grand circle, Fifty-ninth Street and Broadway, adjoining Central Park, and was erected by the generosity of Italian citizens as a symbol of love and fraternity between them and their adopted country. Mr. Carlo Barsotti made an eloquent speech containing these words: "In the name of all the Italians living in the hospitable land of the American Union, I have the honor to present to the worthy representatives of the greatest metropolis of the New World this monument dedicated to the sacred memory of that great Italian who gave to America the light of civilization." In the closing speech Gen. Di Cesnola not only praised Columbus as a most distinguished benefactor of the world, but also insisted that Queen Isabella should get proper recognition. He said:

"In the Metropolitan Museum of Art there is a great and noble painting setting forth the moment when the agreement between Columbus and Queen Isabella was signed and sealed by Ferdinand April 17, 1492. No painting in the museum is more popular, or more deservedly so, for it tells its own vivid story and portrays this crisis in the world's history in a manner that is grasped on the instant by every one. Vivid indeed and powerful is the scene, but the popular heart leaps beyond a mere estimate of art, and continually testifies its love before that can-

vas for Columbus and the exalted, self-sacrificing Isabella. But when in time of need, or effort, or self-sacrifice have women been found wanting? Upon women rest the laborious, patient, long-suffering part in the world's struggles no less than the private ones which bring little renown, but which guide and control the world as surely and efficiently as the wise matron raises her cradle charge to strength and virtue. Never in human history has a woman held a place comparable with that of Isabella. We know of no other woman who is mother of a new world.

"I thank Heaven that Isabella is not alone in the world of women conspicuous for services to the race and for exemplary life. Women like Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale have glorified or mitigated the aspect of war, but our joy and boast to-day is the best of women of our own land, who, in walks of life both humble and conspicuous, have ever lent, and who do still ever lend inestimable aid to every good work—religious, charitable, and domestic—in every grade of life. It is the woman in Isabella, not her throne or her opportunity, that we all must cherish and exalt. All honor to the maids and matrons of the New World, who have never failed to emulate her example or to manifest their native queenliness."

* * *

The women of America have a right to demand that no narrow spirit of bigotry be permitted to exclude Queen Isabella from a place of honor at the World's Fair. We hope to be able to report very soon some decided action in this matter from the women's auxiliary committee of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. For several years the Queen Isabella Association has been publishing circulars to awaken public interest. To the ladies of this association, who, by a two-fold inspiration of patriotic and womanly honor, have championed the claims of Isabella of Castile, Miss Eliza Allen Starr dedicated her volume on the noble queen, the co-discoverer of the New World.

* * *

Want of space last month compelled us to hold over the following account of the Red-Letter Day at the Summer-School written by Emma W. White, one of the most active workers of the New London local committee of arrangements:

In the beautiful city of New London by the sea, through its shady streets, lined with grand old elms on either side, whose branches lovingly embraced above our heads, we hurried on our way to the Lyceum Theatre on the morning of the eighteenth of August, 1892, that glorious day, that will always be remembered by the students of the Catholic Summer-School as our Red-Letter Day! Great treats were in store for us on this bright summer morning. First of all, his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York was in town and was expected.

The session opened with a lecture on Anthropology, the last but one in this series. No comment is necessary now upon these lectures: the story has been told of how we felt appalled, at first, at the prospect of more than fifty lectures in succession, on hot August days; of how we consoled ourselves with the thought that some of them—those on Ethics and Anthropology especially—were too dry, and too deep for our understanding. They could be left to the professors, to the great scholars—and we weary teachers would take some rest and recreation. And so we did. It was our rest, and our recreation, and our delight to hear these very lectures that we had so fully determined to avoid—on ethics and anthropology.

The second morning lecture was on the Early Catholic Missions, setting forth our obligations to the Jesuit fathers who had followed in the wake of Christopher Columbus, and who had suffered such horrible tortures at the hands of the Indian, whose soul they had come to save; our indebtedness to these the first martyrs of the New World. Before this had come to a close we were all well aware that His Grace had arrived. There was a rustle of excitement—a stir of eager expectation. All were on the *qui vive* to see the Archbishop and to catch his words as he addressed the school. It made our hearts glad to hear his kindly words of encouragement and approval. He told us of his sympathy with and participation in the work of the Summer-School; how he had longed to be with us, that, as St. Paul had said, he might take comfort in his faith and ours. He had read of our doings in New London, and was glad of an opportunity of assisting at one of the meetings, and to see the representatives from the East and the West, the North and the South, who had come together that they might receive comfort from their faith. He congratulated us upon the success of the school, which was now an established fact; referred to the lectures of Father Halpin—those wonderful lessons in moral philosophy that we had intended to avoid—which had been so delightful. 'I certainly,' said Archbishop Corrigan, 'have great reason to congratulate you; to give you my best wishes, and also my promise to labor with you, that the church may become better appreciated, better known, and better interpreted.'

The Archbishop was with us again when we met in the afternoon to listen to Dr. Lathrop's paper on 'The Pole Star of American Literature.' Though a recent convert to our faith, Dr. Lathrop's pen is ever ready to espouse the cause of truth and to defend our Holy Mother Church. It has been asserted that in this lecture he claimed for the Catholic Church all the American writers of modern times. Dr. Lathrop claimed no writers for the Catholic Church that did not belong to her; but he rightly insisted that some of the Catholic authors had special gifts in explaining controverted questions. Among these he mentioned Father Isaac T. Hecker and Orestes A. Brownson. What he did claim, however, and prove by copious quotations from American authors, was, that where those authors are stirred

by true religious feeling, and wherever that feeling is expressed in their works, the inspiration had come from Catholic sources —the writers had drunk deeply at the fountains of the true faith. The lecture must be heard to be appreciated; it covers the whole literary history of our country from the early colonial days.

The evening of this eventful day had been assigned to the Rev. Thomas McMillan for his lecture on 'Our Obligations to Catholic Authors,' and in addition to setting before us their claims upon our consideration and our loyalty as Catholics, he had urged many of them to be present and to read to us some selections from their writings.

In reviewing the many good results of this first session of the Summer-School to Catholic workers all over the country, this beautiful tribute to the 'Light-bearers,' as Father McMillan calls them, takes, perhaps, the first place of all. Much has been said and written about 'that neglected body, the Catholic teachers'; but here is another body of workers that deserves much and receives but little from the Catholic public. The teacher who has secured a position in a public or parochial school is at least sure of a salary, be it large or small. He has a chance to show his ability, to assert his own individuality, and to make a place for himself among the educators of his time. The Catholic writer, on the contrary, is sure of nothing. There is neither fame nor fortune in store for him. His work has only to be Catholic to render it 'unavailable' for secular journals, and the Catholic papers and magazines which are able and willing to pay for contributions are not numerous; consequently, there can be but one motive actuating the author who devotes time and talent to purely Catholic literature: viz., the desire to do one's best work for God.

Our Catholic authors have made many sacrifices for the cause of truth. They are not controlled by the desire for money, nor the ambition of gaining power by their literary gifts. By their devotion to the interests of the church they have been made to feel the burdens of the day, when they might have obtained more lucrative employment for their talents. As light-bearers in the world of thought they have had to contend with the defenders of bigotry and intolerance.

The Catholic reading public has many obligations to fulfil towards our authors. Inasmuch as they belong to the household of the faith they have a claim on our attention which should be cheerfully recognized. They are the exponents of the highest culture of mind and heart. Consequently we should study their writings, and manifest our appreciation of their efforts. The Reading Circles can perform this duty on behalf of Catholic authors in a public manner by the diffusion of their works and by securing for them suitable recognition in public libraries. Many of the choice specimens of Catholic literature have been published in mutilated editions for circulation among non-Catholics. The authors who have fought the good fight and gone to their reward can-

not protest against the vandalism of modern editors. The Catholic readers of the present day, however, can and ought to make a vigorous appeal for common honesty, and endeavor to supply the great works of our Catholic authors just as they were written.

In order to establish a protectorate for Catholic literature, and to study ways and means of diffusing it throughout the United States, the Columbian Reading Union has been established under the management of the Paulist Fathers. It is intended to voice the convictions of the Catholic reading public, and to co-operate with those in charge of parochial and public libraries, and the managers of Reading Circles. In each locality the members of the Reading Circle can do valuable service as a standing committee to advance the interests of Catholic authors. By individual effort the same good work may be assisted. In various ways representative Catholics can render volunteer service for the diffusion of good literature.

During the four hundred years from the landing of Columbus to the present time, a work of great magnitude for the temporal and spiritual welfare of this western continent has been accomplished by Catholics. This epoch is to be regarded as the heroic age of American literature. The events which mark the development of the providential design in directing the nation-builders to establish a new home for Christian civilization furnish abundant material for the historian, the poet, and the novelist. It remains for the Catholics of America to reverently study the heroic lives of their ancestors, and preserve the golden words which they committed to writing. There is reason to hope that a new generation of writers will be generously encouraged to embellish with modern literary skill the chronicles of the valiant pioneers of the Catholic Church in the United States.

It caused much regret among the students that such authors as Eliza Allen Starr, Maurice Francis Egan, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Margaret F. Sullivan, Mary Elizabeth Blake, Louise Imogen Guiney, Agnes Repplier, Charles Warren Stoddard, Molly Elliot Seawell, Marion J. Brunowe, Ellen H. Walworth, and others had been unable to accept the invitation extended by the general council of the Summer-School. In spite of these disappointments, however, the evening was most enjoyable. Brother Azarias, who needs no introduction to Catholic readers, was with us. He read from his "Phases of Thought and Criticism" his personal experience with Cardinal Newman, and the audience showed by their close attention and generous applause how much they enjoyed his reading.

Miss Katherine E. Conway, of Boston, who had previously read that delightful paper on "The Literature of Moral Loveliness," and who had many warm friends among the students of the Summer-School, favored us with two of her poems: "Ireland" and "Possession."

The Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, who presided at this reception most informal, then called upon Dr. George Parsons Lathrop. He responded by reading "Bride Brook," from his

latest collection of poems, first relating the little incident of the poem, which had occurred not far from New London town. He read also one of his best-known poems, "Kenan's Charge."

Mrs. E. G. Martin was next introduced, and read a chapter from her story "John Van Alstyne's Factory," which attracted widespread notice when it appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

We had also the pleasure of hearing from James Jeffrey Roche, the poet, whose "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly" has made his name a household word. At the earnest request of many friends he read some selections from that book, and his famous poem entitled "The Fight of the Armstrong Privateer."

After this Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop read two poems. One "So it is True," and the other "Choice," a very beautiful little poem written for the occasion.

These readings, with the addition of some exquisite musical selections by Miss Angela Gallagher, completed the evening's entertainment. And our Red-Letter Day—did it begin this morning? Ah, no! it began more than two weeks ago in St. Mary's Church at the High Mass, which was the real opening of the Summer-School. It began with the first words of the preacher, taken from the first chapter of the Book of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And a great darkness was upon the face of the earth. And God said: Let there be light. And light was"—the "pure white light" of God's truth. It was in the heart of the lecturer who taught us so simply yet so grandly the great moral science of life—the right and the wrong. It tipped the arrows of his earnest thought, which carried conviction to the hearts and minds of his pupils. It flashed across the page of history, and showed us the grand old Catholic Church in the true position which is hers to-day, and which has been hers for eighteen centuries. It pierced the veil of the dim past, and we saw her as she always had been—the true friend of enlightenment and progress; the treasure-house of learning; the guide and the comfort of erring, weary souls. It penetrated the inmost recesses of the earth, and drew for us the dividing line between scientific fact and mere speculation, and it discovered to our ken the connecting lines—the links that couple science and revealed religion.

"And light was!" It poured forth its fulness upon us; it opened our eyes to its own splendor; it forged the chains of silk and gold that held us spell-bound through the long, heated term, when rustling elms and cooling breezes were wooing us to rest in shady grove or by the summer sea.

And where did our Red-Letter Day end? At the Lyceum Theatre, when the president had made the last announcement, and when the chairman of the Board of Studies had laid before us the plan of work for the coming winter; when he paid his most eloquent and enthusiastic tribute to the projector of the Catholic Summer-School; and had said to all the students, *Au revoir*.

* * *

It may be claimed that THE CATHOLIC WORLD has spent a large amount of money for over twenty-five years in paying for the productions of Catholic authors. According to the plans of Father Hecker when the magazine was started, this was to be a most important part of its work, to provide a medium for the development of native talent, to secure a fair hearing and fair compensation for Catholic writers. Among intelligent readers there is a laudable curiosity to know something of the personal history of the men and women who write works conspicuous for literary merit. Such books are welcomed at the fireside as members of the family circle, and the names of their authors are held in affectionate remembrance. The treasures of the intellectual world are communicated to studious minds by reading chiefly.

Pope Leo XIII. has shown during his pontificate his sympathy with workers in the world of thought. On the occasion of his golden jubilee he kindly accepted from the Catholics of Great Britain a collection of books published in England from 1837 to 1887. In this collection four hundred and twelve authors were represented by over fourteen hundred volumes, including bound copies of the leading magazines. The money expended in this undertaking was generously subscribed by prominent Catholics of the clergy and laity. It was a most significant tribute of honor to the great minds that have produced the Catholic literature of the English language, and a fitting gift to the illustrious Pontiff who has achieved glorious victories for the church by the power of his pen.

* * *

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE present this month an interesting series of articles upon the important issues of the day. Maurice Francis Egan has attained a first rank as a literary critic. His estimate of Tennyson's poetical worth will be read with considerable interest by many who know Mr. Egan's ability, and wish to know what he thinks of Tennyson's place among the masters of English poetry.

The Summer-School in the able paper by Father Sheedy, who has had considerable to do in outlining its policy, is shown to be not merely a gathering of inquiring students during the hot days of summer listening to lectures on some desultory topics, but a far-reaching and maturely considered plan of educational work with university aspirations. Apropos of the future of the Summer-School, we have seen a letter from Mr. Melvil Dewey, the Secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of New York, extending extraordinary inducements to the promoters of the school to locate within the borders of the Empire State. If a home is selected in New York State, says Mr. Dewey, the school can be incorporated under the laws of the State into the University. It will be exempted from taxation as an educational institute. It will be endowed with powers to grant degrees. It can have also the use of the University libraries and scientific apparatus.

These inducements are so generous as to incline us to believe in the advisability of locating, if not in a permanent place, at least within the borders of New York State. There are many reasons why it would be better to go to different places, but if the school must have a local habitation in order to participate in these proferred educational favors, we think that it would be more advantageous to forego the benefits arising from going from place to place in order to secure these much more material benefits by locating in New York State.

It may not be considered invidious if we call particular attention to the able and masterly review of Dr. Romanes' exposition

of the Darwinian theory by Father Searle, of the Catholic University. He takes the advanced scientific ground that evolution in the organic world is, practically speaking, as much taken for granted by scientific workers in the departments which it concerns as the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation is by astronomers. He says, "Nearly as much may be said of Darwinism."

We have been pleased with the many warm words of encouragement we have received from different quarters at the efforts we have made to improve the appearance of our magazine. We have long felt that sooner or later we must introduce the feature of illustrations, and we have begun in a modest way, and we hope, with the approbation of our many patrons, to go on month by month until we make THE CATHOLIC WORLD first-class in its illustrations as it has always been in its articles.

Father Walworth in his installment of Bishop Wadhams' life gives the story of his episcopal life in Ogdensburg. Rev. Joseph O'Connor makes some very practical suggestions relative to the training of the young clergy for the pulpit. General Scammon tells us how Maine became annexed to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts through a queer political technicality. Father O'Gorman in his graphic style relates the machinations of Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, who, through the instigations of the English and the University of Paris, planned and carried into execution the burning at the stake of the Martyr of Rouen.

Our next number will be the Christmas number, and we shall endeavor to make it particularly attractive, not only through a goodly number of interesting articles and Christmas stories, but we are able to promise some very fine illustrations. Christian Reid will take us in her "Land of the Sun" into the ancient country of the Aztecs, and will describe, with many beautiful illustrations, the famous old town of Zacatécas. This old Mexican civilization is interesting because it is unique, and though Mexicans are our neighbors, yet so different are their characteristics that it would almost appear as if an ocean should roll between them and us.

The appearance of a new Catholic paper in Philadelphia is announced, to be called *The Catholic Times*. Its editorial columns will be conducted by Father Lambert, of Scottsville, N. Y., assisted by a corps of able newspaper men. It promises us each week cable news from London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin,

and Rome. It will adhere to the policy of giving the news of importance from the old world as well as being a current record of events in our own country. We wish it every success.

We are pleased to make note of in, and publish from these pages to our many readers the submission to the true faith of Mr. W. H. Thorne, the editor and owner of *The Globe*, a quarterly review of literature and religion, published in Philadelphia.

He seems to be somewhat of a Brownson in his way, having initiated and built up through his own strong, vigorous pen a quarterly magazine that has a large circulation. The announcement of his conversion in the October number is couched in such terms as to convince one of his thorough sincerity and deep earnestness. We gladly welcome such a staunch defender of the truth on our side of the line, and we hope that a pen that has been so busy in the past will find a new energy imparted to it when it is wielded in defence of the true faith.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Bossuet Historien du Protestantisme. Étude sur l'Histoire de Variation et sur la Controverse entre les Protestants et les Catholiques au Dix-Septième Siècle. Par Alfred Rébelliau. Paris: Libraire Hachette et Cie.; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Recollectiones Precatoriæ Desumptæ ex XIV. Libris de Perfectionibus Moribusque Divinis. R. P. Leonardi Lessii, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

A Practical Guide for Catholics. By a Missionary Priest of the Diocese of St. Joseph, Mo. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

Instructio Sponsorum. Lingua Anglica Conscripta ad Usum Parochorum Auctore Sacerdote Missionario. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1892.

A Treatise on Mortgage Investments. By Edward N. Darrow. Minneapolis: L. Kimball Printing Co. 1892.

Socialism Exposed and Refuted. By Rev. Victor Cathrein, S.J. A Chapter from the Author's Moral Philosophy. From the German, by Rev. James Conway, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

Analysis of the Gospels. From the Italian of Angelo Cagnola. By Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

A Primer for Converts; or, The Reasonable Service of Catholics. By Rev. J. T. Durward. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Public Schools or Denominational Schools? Pastoral Letter on the Separation of the School from the Church. By the Rt. Rev. W. E. von Ketteler, Bishop of Mentz. From the German by a Catholic Priest. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

How They Worked Their Way, and other Tales. (Stories of Duty). By M. F. Egan, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Catholic Home Almanac for 1893 (Tenth Year). New York: Benziger Bros.

Meditations for Advent. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon De Montfort, Missionary Apostolic, Founder of the Company of Mary and the Daughters of Wisdom, and His Wisdom. By a Secular Priest. (2 vols.) London: Art Book Co.; New York: Benziger Bros.

A Day in the Temple. By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College, Md. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

Echoes of the Sunset Club. Compiled by W. W. Catlin. Howard Bartels & Co., 28 Sherman Street, Chicago.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

The Tariff. Its Bearing upon the Industries and Politics of the United States. By Henry V. Poor.

The Poets of Ireland. A Biographical Dictionary in three parts. By David J. O'Donoghue. Part II. (F to M). 1892.

The Vagrant of Lover's Leap. By John T. Broderick. Catholic Christmas Booklets. Troy, N. Y.: William J. Woods.

What is the Use of It? By Wm. Jefferson Guernsey, M.D., Frankford, Philadelphia. St. Paul, Minn.: The Catholic Truth Society of America.

Indulgences. Rt. Rev. John J. Kain, D.D. St. Paul, Minn.: The Catholic Truth Society of America.

Reports of the Very Rev. Chancellor of the Commission for the Examination of Teachers and of the Board of Examiners of Parish Schools in the Diocese of New York. Press of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Mt. Loretto, Staten Island, N. Y.

Temperance Shot and Shell. Compiled by J. N. Stearns. The National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York.

Christopher Columbus. Address by F. R. Coudert before the Catholic Club and the U. S. Catholic Historical Society.



RT. REV. JOHN N. NEUMANN D.D. C.SS.R.

Fourth Bishop of the Diocese of Philadelphia

THE

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THE LAND OF THE SUN.

A CITY OF THE SKY.



BROWN, bare, savage in their wildness and grandeur, the mountains that enclose Zacatécas stand. As the train climbs their steep grades and winds in curve after curve around their great shoulders, there is a shifting panorama of deep gorges and towering heights, vast red-brown hillsides without a spear of vegetation, crossed only by the lines of white boundary stones that mark the extent of the different mining claims; and, as the city is approached, mine after mine in close succession, each surrounded by massive stone walls, each marked by the curious, drum-like *malacatas*, the chimneys of its furnaces, and the square in which numbers of mules are working ore by the *patio* process. For this is the centre of one of the great silver districts of Mexico, and from these heights, of aspect so desolate and forbidding, a kingdom's ransom in the precious metal has been drawn.

"This is really very interesting," said the general, for, as the train winds around the mountain-side, it would be possible to drop a stone into many of the reduction works which line the gorges, where men and mules look Lilliputian from the high altitude of the track. Broad, smooth roads lead by easy gradients around the hillsides toward these mines, and along them pass constantly strings of laden *burros*, men in wide, white trou

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sers and gaily-striped blankets, horsemen with picturesque and fantastic accoutrements shining in the sunlight. There is a stir of life and activity everywhere, all things indicate the centre of a great industry and the neighborhood of a populous city, while in the crystalline clearness of the rarefied atmosphere, with the dazzling sunshine, intensely blue sky, and massive red-brown heights, the whole picture is vivid and impressive in the extreme, full of color and absolutely foreign in every feature to the eyes that gaze with fascinated interest upon it.

"And is it possible that all those are mines?" asked Dorothea somewhat incredulously—"those fortress-like masses of buildings, and those curious enclosures where strings of mules are walking about in black mud?"

"That black mud," said Russell, "is the precious silver ore, reduced to a pulp and united with quicksilver—an amalgamating process invented in Mexico soon after the Conquest. But see! —there is the first glimpse of Zacatécas!"

They all looked eagerly. Higher and higher the engine had been climbing, panting like some over-burdened monster the while, until suddenly there was a swiftly-passing picture of a city that seemed transported from the Orient, with its mass of flat-roofed houses, its shining domes and slender towers, set in a deep, narrow valley and forming an indescribable mass of soft color, framed by the brown, rugged heights. Then the hills closed again, the beautiful picture was lost, and, with a final curve, the train stopped at the station of Zacatécas, although the city itself remained hidden from sight.

"How charming!" cried Dorothea as she sprang to her feet. "The whole thing has a savor of magic. Great bare, savage heights, studded with fortresses for mines, and suddenly a glimpse of—Bagdad, is it? or Damascus? or Granada?—lying in the deep brown valley, glistening with a thousand tints, and disappearing like a phantom of the imagination."

The first thing of which the party were conscious, when they stepped out upon the platform of the station, was the presence of a very chill and penetrating air, which made it necessary to button cloaks and overcoats closely. Miss Gresham glanced reproachfully at Russell. "I thought," she observed, "that we should find warm weather in Mexico."

"In Mexico, as elsewhere, it is likely to be cold on a mountain," Russell replied; "and you must remember that we are at the very respectable elevation of about a mile and a half above the sea."

"The temperature strikes me as quite pleasant," said the general. "Chilly, it is true, but bracing."

"Whenever a temperature is cold enough to be disagreeable, it is supposed to be bracing," said Dorothea. "For my part, I object exceedingly to being braced. The very term implies unpleasantness."

"What a picturesque throng of people!" said Mrs. Langdon. "We have come into a new world indeed."

Whether new or old—and surely most old in its aspects and suggestions, alike of Europe and the ancient East—a wonderful world certainly to eyes fresh from the commonplace life of modern America! The dark, graceful people, with their gentle manners and sweet-toned speech, their costumes varied for every class and every occupation, seem separated by the distance of half the globe, rather than by a few hours of travel, from the world left behind. No wonder that the party paused and gazed, forgetful of all else for a moment, at the scene before them. It was such a scene as may be witnessed on the arrival of the train at the station of any important Mexican town, one which a moderate sojourn in the country renders very familiar, but which is full of striking novelty and interest to the new-comer. Women with softly-tinted faces and melting dark eyes, draped in the long blue scarfs or *rebozos* of the lower orders; men of the same class, with their slender, sinewy figures dressed in white cotton cloth with bright-colored *zarapes* tossed over their shoulders; *cargadores*, or porters, wearing the broad leather band by which they carry hundreds of pounds weight upon their backs; venders of fruits and *dulces* offering their commodities with insinuating grace; gentlemen in closely-fitting trousers of cloth or buckskin ornamented down the sides with rows of silver buttons, short, richly-embroidered jacket and sombrero, also lavishly trimmed with silver; ladies with the black *mantilla* over their heads, or the abundant coils of their dark hair left uncovered while the drapery slips to their shoulders—all form an assemblage so full of the color and grace in which modern life is for the most part conspicuously lacking, that no after impression can deepen or efface the first strong sense of absolute strangeness, and a picturesque quality altogether charming.

But the general was meanwhile looking around for Zacatécas. "Where has the city hidden itself?" he asked. "And how are we to reach it?"

"By tramway apparently," said Travers. "Carriages appear to be an unknown luxury here."

"They would prove rather an useless luxury, as you will soon perceive," said Russell.

And indeed, as they were borne down the steep slope of the hill on which the station stands, by a tramcar that sped along as fast as its small and lively mules could gallop, they perceived that there was scant room for wheeled vehicles in the narrow, precipitous streets they entered.

The valley in which the city lies is a ravine between steeply ascending heights, up the sides of which the buildings have climbed in successive terraces, with a result very delightful to the eye, though probably not so admirable from a sanitary point of view. But notwithstanding the difficulties of the situation, the place has all the air of cleanliness that distinguishes Mexican cities. The prevailing tone of color is a soft terra-cotta, derived from the reddish-brown stone of which it is chiefly built, that harmonizes well with the deeper brown of the enclosing hills, the dazzling sapphire of the over-arching sky, the richness of abounding sculpture, the jewel-like flash of highly-glazed tiles, and the brilliant touches of color in the garb of the people who fill the streets that run up and down between houses built with Old World solidity, on that ancient model brought by the Moors into the Iberian peninsula so long ago, and thence borne across the western seas to the land of New Spain.

The tramway carried the strangers rapidly into the heart of this quaint and charming city. After a brief visit to a hotel, where rooms were engaged, and where the cloistral arches surrounding its court seemed full of the memory of the banished nuns whose home was here for long years of peace and usefulness, they set forth to wander at will through the streets and market-places, where every new vista opened a new combination of novel forms and glowing tints. All the sights and sounds they encountered were familiar to Russell, but it seemed to intensify his pleasure in returning to the land that had long before fascinated him, to witness the pleasure of these friends of his in its abounding picturesqueness. The whole effect was to them novel, brilliant, semi-Oriental in the extreme—the thick-walled, flat-roofed houses, with their grated windows, their portals giving glimpses now and then of sunny courts within, gay with flowers and green with trees; the narrow streets, where on raised pavements, before small, dark shops, cobblers and tailors sat at work and gossiped the while with their neighbors and friends, who lounged around in attitudes of unstudied grace, suggestive of unlimited leisure; the richly-carved façades of great churches,

standing on platforms cut from the mountain-side, with noble towers rising against the sky, and sunlight shining on the tiled surface of their domes. Amid all these scenes, recalling a hundred memories of other lands, yet possessing a distinct and peculiar character of their own, the party passed with fresh delight at every step. Everywhere was the stately architecture in which the grace of the Orient mingles with the massive strength of the Gothic, as if the Crusader had clasped hands with the Arabian; everywhere the bright, delicate frescoes which Mexican painters produce with their pure, indestructible pigments, and



THE FOUNTAIN, WITH THE CHAPEL OF THE BUFA IN THE DISTANCE.

everywhere the graceful forms and gentle faces of the people, filling streets, shops, and markets.

It was in the central plaza, from whence radiates and to which converges all the life of a Spanish city, that the most striking aspects of this life met and mingled. Throngs of people were here passing to and fro, the dashes of scarlet, dusky purples, and soft blues, that formed parts of their attire brightened by the flash of silver as some gentleman in full Mexican costume strode by, or cavaliers on small fiery horses, their bridles and saddles lavishly decorated with the precious metal, rode through the crowd. Ladies shrouded in black, with prayer-books and pearly rosaries in their hands, passed on their way to or from church; while around a fountain with a low encircling wall numbers of women were filling great red earthen water-jars, coming and going in frieze-like procession, their rebozos draped

in perfect folds about their heads and shoulders, while one bare, uplifted arm held the urn-like vessel in its place with the poise of a Greek statue. Strings of patient donkeys went by laden with sacks of ore or charcoal, displaying a nonchalant disregard for everything and everybody in their way, and venders of fruit sat on squares of matting upon the sidewalk, surrounded by all the products of the tropics.

The whole scene formed a picture full of animated movement and human interest, with rich architectural vistas opening on every side, massive buildings with great stone pillars and cool arcades, a glimpse of the spacious, brightly frescoed court of the governor's palace, and the superb mass of the cathedral towers thrust against a heaven that burned with the blue intensity of a jewel.

"You are right, Mr. Russell," said Dorothea. "It does seem incredible that we are on the same side of the ocean as our pasteboard houses, our cities with so little trace or monument of the past, our country where everything looks as if it had come yesterday, would be gone to-morrow. Compare those scenes with these buildings formed to endure for centuries, this wealth of sculpture, this artistic grace of form and color! Why has nobody ever told us that while we were crossing sea and land and compassing the earth in search of the picturesque, it lay here in such perfection at our doors!"

"A few persons have told us so, I think," remarked Travers, "and it is our own fault, no doubt, if we have paid no attention to them."

"The immense predominance of the native type surprises me," said the general. "From the books that I have read on Mexico I have been led to believe that although the natives of the country certainly remained, it was entirely in a subject position—as peons or virtual serfs—but I see little difference between the laboring and ruling classes, as far as type goes. They evidently belong to the same race."

"They do, with comparatively few exceptions," said Russell. "The proportion of pure Spanish blood in Mexico is very small. Spain civilized and ruled the countries she discovered—she did not repopulate them. Hence, when the rulers withdrew, the natives remained in possession. There would not be one of these dark faces to be seen had the conquerors of Mexico belonged to the same race as the settlers of North America. Yet the descendants of those who robbed utterly and exterminated entirely *our* native races hold up their hands in pious horror at

the conduct of the Spaniards, who have left Mexico possessed by Mexicans."

"I find," said the general, "that I had very little idea of the work which Spain did here. If she filled her treasury with the riches of Mexico, she certainly spent a vast amount of those riches in the country. And her work is so well done—so splendid and so enduring—that it shames the work of other civilizers and settlers."

"The material side of the work is indeed magnificent," said Russell. "The public buildings, churches, aqueducts, roads, and bridges—all of these, as you remark, shame our work of the present day; but that is trifling compared to the greater work of civilizing and Christianizing this people. Think of it for a moment! Here is one part of North America possessed by a native race lifted to a higher plane of civilization than was ever before attained by any race of men in the same length of time. Putting aside the romantic fictions of Aztec civilization, we know that in reality Spain found these people savages, practising the very worst and most cruel idolatry; and she has left them civilized, intelligent, and Christian to the core, let their calumniators and detractors say what they will to the contrary."

Here Miss Gresham yawned in a manner expressive of a mental weariness calculated to touch the hardest heart. Standing a tall, graceful figure in her perfectly-fitting tailor-made gown, she had beguiled the interval of the above conversation in observing with a critical eye the black-clad, mantilla-draped ladies passing by, and she now communicated the result of her observations to Dorothea. "One thing at least is certain," she said; "style has not yet penetrated into Mexico."

Russell, hearing the remark, laughed. "Suspend judgment on that point, Miss Gresham, until we reach the City of Mexico," he said. "You will fancy yourself among the modes of Paris then."

"Let us thank Heaven," said Dorothea impatiently, "that there are a few corners of the world left where the modes of Paris and the cult of Redfern have not penetrated. My dear Violet, I know that I am blaspheming all your gods—but really, to talk of style in the face of such scenes as these is too much!"

Miss Gresham, looking slightly offended, replied that she had not been aware that style was a subject which could be out of place in *any* scene. "I shall get one or two of these mantillas of Spanish lace before I leave the country," she added medi-

tatively. "They will come in well for drapery, or for fancy balls."

"You have not yet seen the west front of the cathedral," said Russell, addressing the party a little hastily—for he feared that the smile on Travers' lip would irritate Dorothea into retort; and for the same reason, probably, he went on talking as they turned away in the direction indicated. "These great Mexican churches," he said, "all belong architecturally to the order of the Spanish Renaissance, which, with its noble harmony of outline and florid magnificence of detail, has always seemed to me specially appropriate to this wonderful land of New Spain in the days of its fabulous wealth."

"That is certainly a magnificent façade!" said the general as they paused before the vast front of the cathedral with its rich mass of elaborate sculpture, its statues set in niches between columns, the ornate yet harmonious splendor of the whole broken by cornices into three stately stories, and the exquisite group of towers, one slender, graceful, airy as a dream, one square, massive, richly ornamented, and the low, round, tile-encrusted Byzantine dome.

"Tell us something of the history of this church," said Dorothea. "It is too old and too splendid not to have a history."

"Every church in Mexico has a history," said Russell, "so interwoven with all the past of the country, so rich in poetry and picturesqueness, that it is like an idyl rather than a history."

"And this church?" she persisted, looking up into his face with her eyes shining.

He smiled down at her. "Let your fancy, then, go back to a day close upon three hundred and fifty years ago, when into this valley came the noble Spaniard Juan de Tolosa, bringing with him certain Franciscan fathers bent upon their work of converting the natives to Christianity. Juan de Tolosa encamped, we are told, at the foot of the Bufa—that great hill yonder which closes and dominates the valley—and the holy fathers, planting their cross, gathered the natives around them and began the preaching which never failed of success. The Indians, who must have been as gentle and friendly as they are to-day, showed Tolosa the silver lodes from whence resulted the foundation of the city; and on the consecrated spot where the cross had been first set up, the parish church was built. This being presently rebuilt with great splendor, became the cathedral when Zacatécas was erected into a see. That is all I can tell you of it—the bare outline of its history. All that it has witnessed, all



THE MARKET-PLACE AND CATHEDRAL OF ZACATÉCAS.

the life of which it has been the centre for these three centuries, you must imagine for yourself."

"It is not difficult to imagine," said the girl musingly. "And it has had its vicissitudes, has it not? It has suffered from spoliation?"

"Few Mexican churches have suffered more. Before the confiscation of church property its interior adornments were as rich as wealth and pious generosity could make them. When men were drawing millions from the silver lodes beneath our feet, it seemed to them a proper and natural thing to bestow a small proportion of these riches on the sanctuary of God. But other men with other ideas have since arisen, who have not hesitated to despoil the church of these gifts in order to pay the cost of revolutions—and fill the coffers of their leaders. History repeats itself, as we know; and the cupidity which covets such riches, as well as the might which takes with a strong hand what it covets, is an old story in the world. Now shall we go in?"

As they passed from the dazzling sunshine of the outer world into the soft gloom of the church, they were met by a fragrance of incense which, lingering still in the peaceful interior, indicated that a High Mass had lately been concluded. The spacious open nave spread before them in fine perspective, its floor inlaid in Moorish pattern with the beautiful hard woods of Mexico, and polished by the knees of many generations of worshippers, the richly decorated roof sprang upward in splendid arch, and the frescoed dome soared above the high altar throned on its steps of rare, colored marble. Altars rich with gold lined the walls on each side; through the high windows rays of misty sunlight fell on statues in robes stiff with ancient embroidery, on dim old paintings, and candlesticks which looked as if they might have been brought from the temple of Jerusalem, as they stood holding tapers of wax as thick as a man's arm. It was all, in its faded sumptuousness, its noble space and solemn calm, like a poem full of pathos, yet of triumph too. For, though despoiled of so much of its magnificence, with the princely gifts that once adorned it taken away by the robbers in high places with whom Mexico has been so abundantly cursed, the charm of the old sanctuary still remains, and must ever remain, as long as its sculptured façade uplifts the symbol of redemption over the spot where the holy Franciscans planted it three hundred and fifty years ago.

Perhaps only in Spain can any other churches be found so

absolutely delightful to the artistic sense as those of Mexico. Constructed with the massive solidity, the enduring strength of ages when men built not pretentious shams to last for a day, but temples in which generations might worship God for centuries, they are in every detail marvels of picturesqueness. Great gates of ancient metal-work guard chapels where the glance can scarcely pierce the twilight obscurity to distinguish the details of time-touched splendors within; pictures with the rich tones of the old Spanish painters look down from dusky corners; delicate arabesque carving delights the eye; wrought silver and carved onyx abound. And the people—ah, the people! Through the great open doorways they come and go, as little children to their mother's side to offer a caress or whisper a petition. At no hour can one enter the humblest chapel or the stateliest cathedral without witnessing a piety so unobtrusive, so unconscious, and so sincere that it cannot fail to touch and edify any one capable of receiving edification. Female figures, with their drapery drawn in graceful folds over their heads and around their shoulders, kneel before the different shrines absorbed in silent prayer; or a group may be seen together, reciting the rosary or a litany in audible tones; children clasp their slender brown hands in devotional entreaty, or sit on the floor beside their mothers and gaze with dark, solemn eyes at scenes familiar as those of their own home. Men of all ages and classes come in, kneel on the pavement, pray with fervor, sometimes with arms extended in the attitude of crucifixion, then cross themselves in the devout Spanish fashion and pass out again to the world of business or pleasure. From the stately hidalgo to the sandalled peasant, who puts his basket down beside him as he kneels, all show the same devotion, the same reverence for the sacred place and the sacred Presence it enshrines.

All of this the strangers found in the old cathedral of Zacatécas. Its Rembrandt-like shadows, its lofty domes and incense-laden atmosphere, seemed fit surroundings for the dark, gentle people who came and went, gliding noiselessly over the marquetry floor or kneeling motionless as statues around some carved confessional, within which sat a priest, tonsured head bent, and delicate ascetic face outlined, like a pictured saint of the Spanish or Italian school. They found a courteous sacristan who led them into the spacious sacristies, the chapter-room, and other parts of that mass of buildings, of vast vaulted chambers, long stone passages, courts and corridors, which are comprised within the walls of a Mexican cathedral. In the dusky spaces of the

great rooms were objects to set an antiquarian wild with covetous desire. Dark old chests revealed treasures of ecclesiastical embroidery, pictures of dead and gone prelates looked down from the walls, crucifixes gleamed with ivory whiteness out of dim recesses; in the baptistery they saw where the splendid font of silver valued at a hundred thousand dollars had once stood, and everywhere the picturesque delighted their eyes. It was like a dream when, emerging from these precincts, as full of the spell of the Middle Ages as if their massive walls, their cloisters and archways, had stood for ten instead of three centuries, they found themselves again in the midst of the vivid life of the plaza, its shifting colors and moving throngs.

But, beside its cathedral, Zacatécas, like every other Mexican city, is rich in churches, despite the spoliation of all and the confiscation of many in the days of so-called reform. The church of San José, a Jesuit foundation standing on its platform cut from the mountain-side, is rich in carvings and fine old paintings. The ancient church of San Francisco—well is the gentle saint of Assisi honored in Mexico—dating from 1567, is full of interest, as are also the beautiful churches of Santo Domingo and the Merced. A similarity of architecture is in all, but a similarity that never wearies, so admirably adapted is it to the splendid ritual it enshrines, so nobly Catholic in its great, open naves, free as God's air and sunshine to all the people without distinction of place for any, and so varied in its lesser features of adornment.

But presently it was necessary to pause and rest, even from rich old churches, quaint markets full of color, and the varied life of the picturesque foreign streets. Very foreign, too, was their first Mexican meal at the Hotel Zacetano. They were all pleased by the strange, savory dishes which were set before them in well-ordered succession, accompanied by some very good wine of the country, for which Russell called.

"I should have been very much disappointed if we had failed to find any savor of novelty in the food," Travers remarked toward the close of the meal, when each of its courses had received unqualified commendation. "The greatest pleasure in going away from home is to vary one's mode of living, to find a foreign flavor in everything, and certainly not least in the *cuisine*. But the whole world is growing so hideously commonplace and alike that this is not always easy to attain."

"Yes, I too like a foreign flavor in all things when I go abroad," said Mrs. Langdon, "and I am agreeably surprised by

Mexican cookery. I had an idea that it was barbarously full of red pepper."

"*Chili?*" said Russell smiling. "It is much used in their cookery—that excellent curried rice which you liked derived its chief flavor from it—but only the lower classes use it in excess. There is no more varied *cuisine*, rich in all manner of carefully prepared and generally highly spiced dishes, than the Mexican. People who fancy that they live on *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and *chili con carne* are only acquainted with the habits of the peasants."

"*Quiere los frijolitos, señor?*" inquired the musical voice of a dark-eyed waiter at his elbow at the moment.

"He wants to know if we will take the national dish of beans which in Mexico closes every repast?" Russell inquired of the company.

"Tell him to bring them, by all means," replied Dorothea. "We propose to be as thoroughly Mexican as possible while we are in the country."

After the *frijoles* had been tasted and pronounced "not bad," the dessert served, and strong, black coffee placed before them, a discussion how the afternoon should be spent was naturally in order. The general suggested a visit to the silver mines, which as the leading industry of Zacatécas should, he conceived, be deserving of the attention of intelligent travellers. But this idea was not encouraged by Russell.

"If you will allow me to advise," he said, "I think that it will be well to defer that particular line of sight-seeing until we reach Guanajuato. The mines there are more accessible and of greater interest than these."

"Oh, yes, papa!" said Dorothea. "Mr. Russell proposes something better than silver mines for this afternoon. He says there is a charming town near here called Guadalupe, to which one is conveyed by a tramway that slides down-hill by the force of gravity."

"The tramway?"

"The cars, of course—and are dragged back by mules. There seems a little novelty in that."

"There might be too much, perhaps. And what is to be seen in the place after we have reached it by means of this toboggan on wheels?"

"A beautiful old church, and—what else, Mr. Russell?"

"An exquisite chapel, a picturesque market full of native color, and an Orfanatorio—"

"Speak English, please," murmured Travers.

"Well, an orphan asylum, where the children are trained in letters and trades—an admirable institution calculated to interest philanthropic persons."

"I am not sure that we are philanthropic enough to care for the orphan asylum," said Dorothea a little doubtfully, "but I am certain that we are all artistic enough to care for the chapel. So I think we had better go to Guadalupe."

"Please except me," said Miss Gresham languidly. "I am neither philanthropic nor artistic, and I have seen churches enough for one day. Do you suppose"—appealing plaintively to the company in general—"that I can possibly *sleep* on the bed in my room? It is positively as hard as this," tapping the tiled floor with her foot.

"It will be a bad prospect if you cannot manage to do so," replied Russell, "since you will find few beds of any other kind in Mexico."

"What a country!" said the young lady, lifting her shoulders. "How can you all be so enthusiastic over it? Well," after an expressive pause, "if I *can* sleep on that bed, I shall go to sleep while you make your excursion this afternoon. I confess I am very tired."

"Perhaps you will be rested sufficiently to climb the Bufa with us when we return?" suggested Mrs. Langdon. "We are going there for the view at sunset."

"That terrible hill? I don't know. It will be a dreadful climb. But when you come back I will tell you whether or not I feel able to attempt it."

With this understanding the party separated; Miss Gresham betaking herself to her hard couch, to seek repose after the exhausting sight-seeing and still more exhausting enthusiasm of the morning, and the others sallying forth again to seek the tramway for Guadalupe.

It is at a rate of speed rather trying to weak nerves that the cars slide down hill, by the force of gravity alone, to the valley in which the pretty town lies beside its shining lake. But the lover of the picturesque is well repaid for any jars endured in the rapid transit by the beauty of the charming spot. As Oriental in aspect as the city left behind, its long, straight streets of flat-roofed houses radiate from the noble mass of buildings known as the sanctuary of Our Lady of Guadalupe, from which the town derives its name, and has its reason of being. The grand old church, with its chapel and cloisters, its quaint garden behind and park of roses in front, is in itself worthy to be the

objective point of a far longer journey, as it stands with its iridescent domes and graceful minarets outlined against the turquoise sky.

"What a picture!" said Margaret Langdon under her breath as she first caught sight of it. And then to Travers, who walked beside her, she added with a smile: "How like a parrot one feels in saying the same thing over so often! I fear we shall be totally bankrupt in expressions of admiration long before we reach the end of our travels."

"We shall soon grow more accustomed to the aspect of



SANCTUARY OF GUADALUPE, NEAR ZACATÉCAS.

things," responded her philosophical companion, "and they will cease to affect us so strongly. Russell should have let us down more gradually. To step from the most modern and most unpicturesque of countries into the midst of one where the features of the oldest and most picturesque are mingled—the architecture of Spain, with the mountains of Switzerland and the sky of Egypt—is likely to upset one slightly."

She laughed and confessed that it was, then bade him look at the sculptured front of the church as it rose before them. "There is not an inharmonious line or tint," she declared.

"It is all charming beyond expression," he replied. "And that is the reason I do not try to express what I feel, but absorb all impressions with the stoicism suggested by the Oriental character of our surroundings."

The next moment they passed through the great doors into the quiet dimness, the restful silence of the sanctuary. Nearly two centuries have passed since Fray Antonio Margil de Jesus founded this great church in honor of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, but the greater part of its original magnificence remains unimpaired by time or revolutions. Cruciform in shape, the interior is superb in size and proportion; the high altar, the fourteen minor altars, and the choir are rich in ornament, and the whole forms a splendid and impressive edifice. But loveliest of all details is the *capella*—a modern addition, the gift of a lady of great wealth and devotion. Nothing can be conceived more exquisite than this little gem of art. Full of the most delicate and beautiful arabesque carving, colored and gilded, the floor inlaid with hard polished woods, the magnificent altar rich with gold, the altar-rail of silver and onyx, it is, with its frescoes and silken hangings, an offering such as the generosity of an empress could hardly surpass, or the finest taste of an artist desire to improve.

It was here that the strangers saw for the first time an admirable copy of the famous, miraculous picture of Guadalupe, henceforth in all their wanderings to be encountered everywhere, until nothing could be more familiar than the graceful form, the gentle bending head, the splendid robe, and the star-gemmed mantle of this Lady of Mexico, with the Aztec tint upon her lovely face.

"In all religious tradition there is no more beautiful and poetic legend than that of the origin of this picture," said Russell as they paused before it.

"Tell it to us," whispered Dorothea.

But he smiled and shook his head. "Wait until you see the original on its own hill of Tepeyac. Come, you must now look at the cloisters and garden."

So they passed to the shadowy cloisters, lined with curious old paintings representing the martyrdoms of the saints, and thence into the golden sunshine that lay over the garden, where dark green cedars and feathery acacias lifted their tapering crests into the lucid amber of the upper air, and where beds of lilies and hedges of rose and geranium bloomed, while above this mass of verdure rose the glistening domes and ornate towers of the church.

"What a superb architectural mass it is!" said Dorothea, throwing her head back to catch the effect of the lovely Moorish minarets of the *capella* against the deep azure of the sky.

"My respect for the people who erected such buildings, while *our* ancestors were, generally speaking, living in log houses, increases hourly. There does not seem to have ever been any period of crude beginnings in Mexico. The *conquistadores*, and the missionaries who came with them, appear to have planted at once every element of the civilization they left behind."

"There is no doubt of it," said Russell. "These brilliant cities, with their magnificent churches and public buildings, existed as we see them to-day when New York and New Orleans were primitive villages. The wonder is, how long we have been in recognizing the unique charm and beauty of the country lying here at our door."

"What is it that somebody in one of the many books we have brought with us calls it?" said Margaret. "'A tropical Venice, a semi-barbarous Spain, a new Holy Land.' It is all of that."

"I should only take exception to the 'semi-barbarous,'" said Russell. "It is an epithet wholly undeserved."

"No, by Jove!" said the general with energy. "The people who did such work as we have been seeing to-day were as far removed from barbarism as the Greeks."

"Perhaps we are inclined to give them too much credit for their architecture," suggested Travers. "Remember they had never seen anything bad in structural art. Only think of it! Never to have seen a nineteenth century building! Wouldn't that be worth going back to the seventeenth century for?"

"A great many things would be worth going back to the seventeenth century for, if one could manage it," remarked Dorothea. "And in Mexico one may be able to manage it better than in most places. Here, for example, in this old monastic garden with that noble pile, which seems transported from Europe before our eyes, it is not difficult to go back two or three centuries. It would not surprise me in the least if Fray—what was his name, Mr. Russell?"

"Fray Antonio Margil de Jesus."

"Came walking down one of these paths in his Franciscan habit."

"Well I am so far material and of the nineteenth century," said Travers, "that I confess it would surprise me very much, and not altogether agreeably. When people are dead it is, as a general rule, in better taste for them to remain dead. I wonder, by the by, if he was the same Fray Antonio Margil who founded the missions around San Antonio?"

"I do not know," replied Russell, "but it seems probable. He was at least a sufficiently interesting person to make his appearance very desirable, and if there were any hope of his coming I should be in favor of remaining for any length of time, in order to catch one glimpse of his face—the fine Spanish face, so full of mental and moral force, which one sees in all the portraits of that era. But since we are two centuries too late to hope for such a meeting, I must reluctantly state that it is time for our return to Zacatécas, if you wish to see the sunset from the Bufa."

And indeed when they reached the plaza, with its primitive booths full of gay, bright color from fluttering rebozos and zarapes, its piles of fruit, vegetables, and pottery which make every such scene in Mexico a study for a painter, they found the tram-car on the point of departure, with six mules, harnessed three abreast, to drag it up the steep, winding way down which it had rolled so gaily. The driver, his lithe, slender form clad in the white garments of his class and girded with a crimson sash, his clear-cut face showing like an antique bronze under his wide sombrero, mounted the platform and sounded his horn in signal of departure. The spirited little mules started forward, and up the broad, well-graded road, past the silver mines and the fortress-like reduction works, the party were borne back to Zacatécas while the sunshine was still lying like a mantle of gold on the giant hills.

Miss Gresham was found, equipped for walking and an evident victim of *ennui*, on the corridor overlooking the court of the hotel.

"What a time you have been!" she said, addressing the group in a tone of injury as they approached. "The churches and the orphan asylum must have proved very interesting. I have been waiting for *hours!* And now you are all probably too tired to go out again."

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Dorothea. "We are going at once to the Bufa, and have only stopped for you. Come, we must start quickly, or we shall miss the sunset. And it looks very formidable, that hill."

It is certainly very formidable, this great hill known as the Bufa (Buffalo), from its peculiar form, which so impressively rises above Zacatécas. Its height from the plaza is said to be not more than five or six hundred feet; but it is so massive and abrupt that its altitude appears much greater to the eye—and also to the tired limbs of ascending pedestrians, although there

is a well-built road leading upward by wide and easy gradients. The view of the town from the different curves of this road is well worth the labor of ascent. Over its narrow streets and emerald plazas, over the Oriental roofs of its houses with their courts full of verdure and bloom, over the sculptured towers and pearly domes of its churches, the glance wanders enchanted with the mass of soft and varied color, the picturesque effect of the city pent in its mountain ravine. With these views, varying at every turn, to repay them, and animated by the exhortations of



THE CHAPEL OF THE BUFA.

Dorothea, the party slowly toiled upward and were at last rewarded by finding themselves on the summit, where the little chapel of Los Remedios stands.

A famous place of pilgrimage, this church has heard innumerable prayers, and witnessed many strange and terrible scenes of war, bloodshed, and pillage, since it was placed upon this towering height close upon two hundred years ago. It is not without architectural grace, but the group who paused upon the platform where it stands had for many minutes eyes only for the prospect spread before them. The city lay directly at their feet, clasped in the close embrace of its massive brown hills, but from the crest of the Bufa the gaze swept over these hills to take

in a view so wide and glorious that for a time silence was the only tribute possible to pay to it. They stood in the centre of a vast uplifted region, covered with the ridges and crests of mountain ranges, heights like Titanic storm-tossed billows, deep cañons and gorges, high valleys full of golden light, or lying in the purple shadow of the peaks surrounding them. Near at hand these giant ranges and deep, lonely ravines seemed indeed "like a solemn and tempestuous ocean, suddenly petrified with awe at the whisper of God," but as they receded into distance they wrapped themselves in veils of the most enchanting color, while beyond Guadalupe there spread, far as the eye could reach, a wide, beautiful plain, shaded with every varied tint of brown and green, set with lakes shining like sapphires and melting afar off into mountains of divinely blue and tender purple hues. No more perfect pastoral picture could be conceived than this vast, lovely expanse, with its careful cultivation, presenting so many different yet softly-blended shades of color to the eye, its distance dotted with great haciendas and clustered towns, and with the towers of distant cities set against the amethystine beauty of the far heights.

"Oh, what a scene!" cried Dorothea, when she found speech at last. "What a memory to carry away with one! Never have I seen anything so beautiful—never!"

"Never have I seen anything so rich in contrasting effects," said Mrs. Langdon. "Look at these wild, rugged, almost terrible mountains in the midst of which we stand, then at the city like a dream of the Orient lying at out feet, and at that heavenly plain, spreading into measureless distance—one is almost tempted to doubt if such a scene can be reality!"

"It *is* something like a mirage of the imagination," said Travers. "But I suppose it is all solid—eh, Russell?"

"Do you want some facts to establish it?" asked Russell: "for example, that seven cities can be seen from the Bufa, besides villages, haciendas, mountains, lakes—"

"I wonder," interrupted Dorothea, "if it is this marvellous atmosphere that makes one feel how high, how very high, all this region is? I have a vision of the sea breaking far below us, while we stand here, in a true Land of the Sky."

"Of course it is the atmosphere," said her father. "I was very conscious of it as I climbed the hill. It is exceedingly light, and makes exertion difficult. But this is indeed a magnificent view. And I am surprised to see what a vast extent of agricultural country lies beyond these barren hills."

"You will believe now what you heard with incredulity as we approached the city," said Russell, "that the name Zacatécas is derived from a word in the Indian tongue signifying 'place where grows the grass.' In these great valleys, which we overlook, grass of a most succulent quality grows, sheep and cattle flourish, and cereals are cultivated on an immense scale, as you may judge from the fact that one great hacienda alone produces annually between three and four hundred thousand dollars from its varied crops."

"Don't give us such prosaic details, please!" said Dorothea, dismissing the agricultural question with a wave of her hand. "Tell us something picturesque and poetical, some bit of vivid history that we may always associate with this spot."

"My *dear* Dorothea!" remonstrated Miss Gresham in a feeling tone. "Have you not had enough history yet? It seems to me that Mr. Russell has done nothing but talk history since we left New Orleans."

"You are quite right, Miss Gresham," said Russell good-humoredly. "I have certainly talked a great deal, and no doubt proved an immense bore to you."

But Dorothea turned her back impatiently upon the fair Violet, and taking his arm, shook it gently. "Tell me!" she repeated. "No one need listen who does not wish to do so. Tell me the history of this place!"

"It is like almost every other spot in Mexico," he answered. "Within the last seventy years war and tumult have raged around it. Do not ask for details. It is best not to remember what terrible scenes it has witnessed."

"But earlier—in the days of Spanish conquest and rule?"

"Ah! of those days there are pictures enough and to spare for whoever has imagination enough to see them. You must know, then, that the first white man who entered the valley below us was Captain Pedro Almindez de Chirinos, one of the companions of Cortés. Can you not fancy him planting the standard of Spain, and entering into friendly negotiations with the Indians? But, being on his way northward to the country of the Chicemacs, he remained only three days and then passed on, escorted, however, by the natives as far as they dared venture toward the territory of the hostile tribe. Sixteen years later the gleaming armor of Juan de Tolosa comes down the valley, and the Franciscan fathers plant their cross where the cathedral towers rise yonder. What a picture the Bufa looked down upon

that day! Can you not fancy the group of mail-clad Spaniards and brown-robed friars, surrounded by the gentle and friendly natives? Like some great, couchant monster, guarding the treasure beneath it, this mighty hill had stood untouched for ages, but a time was now come when men were to tear the treasure out of its heart. The Indians showed the silver lodes to Tolosa, and he forthwith sent the news to three other noble Spaniards—Baltazar Tremiño de Banuelos, Cristóbal de Oñate, and Diego de Ibarra—who share with him the honor of being the founders of Zacatécas. They opened the mines, built the city, lent every aid in their power to Christianizing the natives, and their portraits, by royal order of Philip Second, are incorporated in the arms of the city."

"Thank you," said Dorothea graciously. "It is pleasant to have history epitomized for one on the spot where it has taken place. But I do not think that those noble gentlemen, in spite of their charming names, displayed much judgment in selecting a site for their city—unless, indeed, they wanted to delight the eyes of all future generations by its picturesqueness alone."

"What seems to me best worth remembering of those old Spaniards," said Margaret Langdon, "was their ardent faith. They not only saw God in all his works, but they consecrated those works to him. What a beautiful idea it was to place a church here—to dedicate this dominating height to the one influence that has power to lift men's minds and hearts above the pursuit of riches, the clash of war, the selfishness and the suffering of human life!"

As her soft voice ceased, one of those moments of silence which poetic nations call the passing of an angel, fell over the group. No one spoke—and then suddenly through the thin, clear air came the stroke of a deep bell, rising from the valley. It was the great bell of the cathedral sounding the Angelus. An instant's pause, and every bell in the city clashed out in jubilant peal until the whole air was filled with the resonant sound, softened and silvered as it rose to the height where, catching the last beams of the vanishing day, the shrine of Her whose great joy was thus told to earth and heaven answered back.

It was an exquisite moment. With serene majesty the sun had given his parting kiss to the mountain crests and gone to his golden couch where the peaks of the great Sierras lay cloud-like in the west. Color faded out of the wide landscape, a ten-

der, purple softness fell over valleys and hills, but the sky suddenly brightened into a glow so radiant that the little group upon the summit of the Bufa looked upward with astonished eyes. Airy, plume-like clouds of deepest rose seemed tossed upon the deep-blue heaven, and the far, faint mountains lay in dream-like masses against a sea of luminous gold. But these dazzling splendors were brief, the color faded as quickly as it had come, the rose clouds turned to filmy vapors of palest gray, the golden glory lessened, until Venus flashed out of its midst like a great diamond, while higher in the violet heaven hung the moon that a little later would shed over the scene a radiance as silvery and fairy-like as herself.

The air freshened perceptibly. The general buttoned his coat and said, "It is time to go." So, with a lingering glance around the wide horizon, they turned their steps downward, where, wrapped in the shadow of its deep gorge, the terra-cotta city began to gleam with lights.

CHRISTIAN REID.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

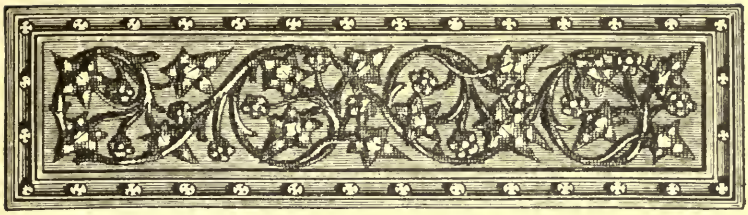


JESU! REDEMPTOR! Holy Dove,
Come on the wings of Peace and Love
To ev'ry home wherein to-day
The Infant Saviour finds His way.
Jesu! Redemptor! Peace and Love!

Jesu! Redemptor! Heav'nly Light
Drive from all hearts the shades of night,
And like the Magi's wondrous star
Lead them to Jesus from afar.
Jesu! Redemptor! Peace and Love!

Jesu! Redemptor! Fount of grace,
Whose living waters know not space,
Come to these world-parched souls of ours
With gentle dews and cooling showers.
Jesu! Redemptor! Peace and Love!

E'en as the prophet smote the rock
And streams gushed forth beneath the shock,
Make them with love to overflow
As through life's arid wastes we go.
Jesu! Redemptor! Peace and Love!



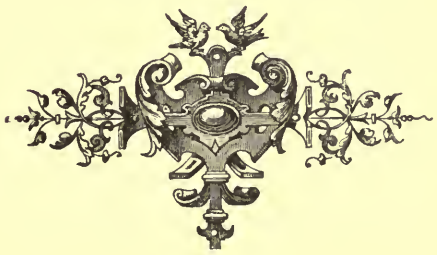
With *two-fold Love !*—that shall enfold
In one fair shining band of gold
God and our neighbor, and shall make
The Child dear for the Father's sake.
Jesu ! Redemptor ! Peace and Love !

Love meek and lowly, undefiled,
Gave adoration to the Child,
As kings with royal diadem
Bowed at the crib of Bethlehem.
Jesu ! Redemptor ! Peace and Love !

Christ's Peace and Love shall henceforth fall
In benediction over all :
Claiming his brethren with the plea,
"Jesus was born for you and me !"
Jesu ! Redemptor ! Peace and Love !

Jesu ! Redemptor ! then, oh come !
Spread over ev'ry love-crowned home
Thy snowy wings ; bid passion cease,
And fill us with thy holy peace.
Jesu ! Redemptor ! Peace and Love !

CHARLOTTE MCILVAIN MOORE.



JOHN N. NEUMANN, A SAINTLY BISHOP.

CONSIDERABLE interest has of late been awakened by the mention in the press of the name of an American Bishop, John N. Neumann, as candidate for canonization. Advances have, indeed, been made in that direction, the diocesan investigation, or Process of Information, as it is called, having taken place some years ago in Philadelphia. The acts of this process were duly forwarded to Rome, and, in compliance with an order from the authorities there, the Archbishop of Philadelphia lately requested that all writings of the servant of God be delivered to the archiepiscopal chancery.

It is indeed gratifying to all true lovers of our country that a member of the American hierarchy, a citizen of this our Republic, should be considered worthy of so exalted a distinction on the part of the Church of God. This very fact shows that America is not an ungenerous soil for the cultivation of true Christian virtue and for the production of heroes of sanctity. And truly the American hierarchy has within a century exhibited more than one example of such real greatness. The history of our deceased bishops records numerous instances which prove the truth of this assertion.

Now let us ask, What is the character of Bishop Neumann? In what does his greatness consist, that he should be considered deserving of so extraordinary a distinction? Any one that reads the life of this saintly prelate is impressed with his lively faith. Faith was the soul of all his actions, its principles guided his judgment, and were the maxims which directed him in his private and public life. This lively faith filled him with a divine confidence that strengthened him amid all his trials. Naturally timid and void of anything like self-sufficiency, he cast himself unreservedly into the arms of his heavenly Father, and shrank from no undertaking, however great and difficult. This lively faith made him forget himself, his comforts, his natural desires and predilections. From it sprang his disinterested charity, his zeal for God's glory and the welfare of his neighbor, his child-like obedience to the voice of his superiors, in whom he saw the representative of God himself. This lively faith made him in reality what he always appeared to be, a quiet, humble, unas-

suming person, one who seemed to be little impressed by those things which so easily move other mortals. Thus his appearance suggested the idea that he was a man of little or no superiority. Only the few that became more intimately acquainted with him were able to esteem him at his true value. It need not, therefore, astonish us if we see this saintly man little appreciated by the general public, or if we hear the opinion expressed that his appointment to the see of Philadelphia was a serious mistake. Such, however, was not the opinion of the prelate who was mainly instrumental in bringing about the appointment, the saintly Bishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, who knew Father Neumann thoroughly, and was also fully acquainted with the difficulties connected with that see.

To enable the reader to form his own opinion of a character so variously estimated, we will present in the following pages a few facts from the life of the saintly prelate in which that character reveals itself.

John Nepomucene Neumann was born at Prachatitz, in Bohemia, on Good Friday, March 28, 1811. His father was a German and his mother a Bohemian; both were true Christians in the fullest sense of the word. By his many virtues, both in public and in private life, the father of the future bishop won the love and esteem of all. His mother, too, was distinguished for that unaffected piety which is the soul of the Catholic home.

It was while pursuing his theological studies that Neumann first became interested in the American missions. He was accustomed to read the annals of the St. Leopold Society, a charitable association which did much for the cause of religion in this country. The letters of Rev. Father Baraga and other German missionaries in North America charmed him. A desire sprang up within his soul to devote himself to these same missions, where so much good could be effected, so many thousands of souls rescued from eternal ruin. This desire gradually ripened into the resolution to set out for America as soon after his ordination as he should have obtained some practical knowledge of his priestly duties.

It must be remembered what America was in 1833. The life of a missionary was then a kind of martyrdom—a life of every species of suffering and privation, and not unfrequently of persecution. Those early missionaries had to be ready at any time to sacrifice health, and even life, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Hence, we may justly consider the resolution of young Neumann a heroic sacrifice, especially if we bear in

mind that his great talents and excellent qualities of mind and heart would have opened to him the road to honor and distinction in Europe. Such, however, was not Neumann's ambition; for, absolutely forgetful of self, his only aim was to promote the glory of God and to obey his will. Characteristic of the man, therefore, was the answer which he gave to one of those importunate friends who sought by such reasons to dissuade him from his heroic design. "Why," he asked, "do merchants ship their goods to foreign markets?" "Because," replied the friend, "in foreign markets they command higher prices." "For the same reason I intend to go to America," rejoined Neumann.

At length the separation from relatives, country, and friends drew near. Divine Providence was pleased not to second the plan of young Neumann concerning his ordination before bidding adieu to his native land. He had to leave home before being raised to the holy priesthood. After countless disappointments and difficulties, he embarked for the field of his future labors and sufferings, April 20, 1836, on the *Europe*, a vessel sailing from Havre.

The voyage lasted forty long days, and it was only on the feast of Corpus Christi that he could set foot on the shores of the New World. He landed at New York on June 2, and repaired to the venerable Bishop Dubois, with whom arrangements for his reception had been made previous to his departure from Europe. The welcome was most fatherly, the more so as the good bishop was only too anxious to obtain some worthy priests capable of attending to the many German Catholics that lived scattered throughout the vast diocese, without the aids of religion and exposed to the imminent danger of losing their faith.

A SECULAR PRIEST.

The bishop told Neumann to prepare himself at once for ordination, and on the 19th of the same month he raised him to the subdeaconship. After receiving this holy order Neumann felt himself wonderfully strengthened by the reflection that now he no more belonged to the world.

On June 24 he was ordained deacon, and on the following day he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

Immediately after his ordination and the celebration of his first Mass, Father Neumann left New York for the scene of his labors, which had been assigned to him by the bishop before his arrival. He travelled by steamboat to Albany, where he said Mass, and thence went on to Rochester, where he was to tarry

a few days to administer the consolations of religion to the German Catholics. The zealous pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, welcomed Father Neumann most heartily and remained ever afterwards his sincere friend.

While here he made the acquaintance of Rev. Joseph Prost, a Redemptorist father, who some time before had collected the German Catholics of Rochester, and just then happened to return.

On the evening of the 12th of July Father Neumann arrived in Buffalo and found Rev. Alexander Pax, to whom the bishop had directed him. The next day this priest brought him to Williamsville, about ten miles distant, where Father Neumann was to take up his abode with a private family. Everything was poor and humble, entirely to the taste of the young priest, who expresses his happiness thus: "Father Pax is just the man for me. O God! my desires are now accomplished. I am in America; I am a priest, a missionary; and I have a flock! My Jesus, thou must have strengthened me by thy grace, since thou dost entrust to me so dangerous a post."

At length Father Neumann has reached the goal of his desires. He is a missionary laboring with apostolic ardor among the poor German Catholics in Western New York. At that time the Catholics were for the most part despised and even persecuted by the lawless and bigoted populace, and the Catholic priest was looked upon by the uneducated and prejudiced country-folk with disdain and sometimes with hatred.

One portion of his flock, the children, was particularly dear to him. Whenever he came to a place on his missionary journeys, he would not leave until he had given an instruction to his dear little ones. The children, as we have seen, were the first that experienced his apostolic zeal in America. Catechising these innocent souls was to him a refreshment after his more arduous labors. His method was such that these young souls felt themselves at once drawn to him, and listened with eager delight to his words as he expounded to them the great mysteries of our holy faith.

Knowing the necessity of a Christian education, it was one of his first efforts to establish a regular parochial school at Williamsville. Unable to provide it with a suitable teacher, he took this duty upon himself as long as that condition of things lasted.

We cannot dwell on all the good Father Neumann effected in his humble position of a country priest. His life was one continual exercise of self-denial and mortification, of zeal for

souls, and the sincerest and most disinterested love of God and his neighbor. Gradually, however, his constitution began to sink under the weight of those manifold privations, and though he endeavored to keep up, and to dispel the fears of others, by alleging his strength and endurance, being, as he used to say, "a Bohemian mountain boy," he was at last compelled to confess that he needed rest. Accordingly he invited his younger brother, Wenceslaus, to come to America. For some time they lived together and supported each other, Wenceslaus taking charge of the domestic affairs and school, whilst his brother attended to his missionary duties. But even with this help Father Neumann could not bear up against the tide, and at length his health broke down. At this juncture he remembered the words which Father Prost used to repeat to him: "*Væ soli*" (Woe to him that is alone). Father Neumann saw the results of the labors of this father at Rochester; he witnessed the fervor of the faithful, the flourishing confraternities and schools, and the great number of communicants. These and other reflections finally gave rise to the desire of embracing the religious life, and of joining the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

A REDEMPTORIST.

Having obtained the permission of the bishop, he repaired to Pittsburgh, where he arrived October 18, 1840. The very first act on entering his new home was one of obedience and mortification. Though tired and exhausted from a tedious journey of several days, he was ordered by the superior, Rev. Father Tschenhens, to sing High Mass, it being Sunday. On the feast of St. Andrew, the Apostle, Rev. Father Prost clothed him with the habit of the congregation. The novitiate of Father Neumann was quite an extraordinary one. As the number of Redemptorist fathers was very small, he had to take part in all the work of the sacred ministry. He was engaged on the missions, and was frequently obliged to change his abode from one house to another, as needs required; even to assist his old friend, Father Pax, for some time. Not only was he deprived of the spiritual direction of a regular novice-master, but occasionally, being alone, he had to perform the duties of superior. Still, the fervent young priest not merely conceived the idea of a true Redemptorist, but became a genuine son of St. Alphonsus. The spirit of self-denial and mortification, of child-like simplicity and humility, of prayer and recollection, of fraternal charity, was strengthened more and more in his soul the

longer he lived in the congregation. How firmly his heart was attached to the congregation was shown on one occasion when, as a novice, he was sent on a mission in Ohio. On the plea that the congregation in America was going to be dissolved, some prominent priests pressed him to re-enter the ranks of the secular clergy. No persuasion, no entreaties could move him. This steadfastness is the more remarkable as the congregation in America was then far from being securely established.

Finally, on January 16, 1842, Father Neumann made his religious profession into the hands of Father Alexander Czvitkovicz. This was the first profession of a Redemptorist in America. He was first stationed in Baltimore. There he endeared himself to all: at home, as a confrère ever ready for any work which the superiors might impose on him; among the people, by the zeal he displayed in the pulpit, in the confessional, at the sick-bed, and in the school. How highly his superiors appreciated the wisdom and practical experience of Father Neumann, is evident from the important offices with which he was soon entrusted. Two years after his profession he was appointed superior of the house at Pittsburgh. A difficult task was there awaiting him. A new church had been begun, and a heavy debt had been contracted. But Father Neumann was not discouraged. He placed all his trust in Divine Providence, without, however, neglecting at the same time to employ every lawful means to urge the faithful to contribute liberally towards the work. At all times his confidence was put to a severe test, but our Lord never failed to help him. After three years the beautiful church was ready for service. The next undertaking of Father Neumann was the erection of a convent for the community, and he succeeded in building one which was both commodious and entirely in conformity with the rule.

As superior Father Neumann displayed a truly paternal tenderness towards his subjects; he was their servant rather than their master, teaching more by example than by word. Under his direction the house of Pittsburgh soon became a veritable sanctuary of religious virtue.

Here as elsewhere the parochial school was the special object of his devoted zeal. As there existed in America at that time no catechism adapted to the needs of the German Catholic children, Father Neumann compiled not only two such works, a larger and a smaller one, but also a short Bible history. His nights were devoted to this labor. These books were highly valued, and were approved and recommended by the fathers of

the First Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1852. Moreover, he prepared various small manuals whereby the spirit of piety among the people was regulated and promoted.

The wisdom, firmness, prudence, and piety which Father Neumann displayed at Pittsburgh won for him the fullest confidence of his superiors. Although he had been only five years a member of the congregation, they considered him qualified to fill the position of vice-provincial of the American houses. This office, which he held for two years from February, 1847, was for him a source of unspeakable care and humiliation. At that time the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer had ten foundations in this country, all of which had to contend with innumerable difficulties both spiritual and temporal. One great object of the first superiors in America was to adapt the requirements of the rule, and its spirit, to the circumstances of the country and the necessities of the people. Although Father Neumann had never seen nor lived in a regular Redemptorist convent in Europe, he had, nevertheless, fully imbibed the spirit of the congregation and of its holy founder, and knew admirably well how to unite the spirit of a Carthusian with the multifarious occupations of the fathers in America. He had learned the secrets of the inner life even before he began his missionary career. The lively faith which animated him from his very infancy, and the many interior trials which he had had to undergo, gave his character that unshaken firmness and disinterested self-denial which every one who really knew him admired. Those virtues which other religious must learn in the novitiate, and during the first years of their religious life, Father Neumann had acquired and practised even before he thought of joining the congregation.

How well Father Neumann understood the spirit of the true Redemptorist was manifested by the zeal with which he labored in the parishes and country stations, and on the missions. That he entered into the apostolic spirit described in the rule of his order may be seen from an illustrative example which is related by his companion, the saintly Father Seelos. He writes: "Father Neumann and I were to give a mission at St. Vincent's, where stands at present the great Benedictine abbey. We arrived in the evening at Youngstown, a little village in the neighborhood. Unable to continue our journey as far as St. Vincent's, we were obliged to pass the night in a tavern, so-called. Our reception was ungracious enough, and not without difficulty did we succeed in procuring something to eat. After supper we

thought surely a bedroom would be assigned to us, but we were disappointed. We sat unnoticed on a bench which was eventually to serve the purpose of a bed. The door was locked, and no alternative left us but to make the best of our situation. 'We shall have to content ourselves with a bed like that of the fathers of the desert,' said Father Neumann good-humoredly; and spreading his cloak on the bench along with my own, he bade me lie down. I did so in obedience, whilst he sat up all night in prayer, to which fact may doubtless be ascribed the rich fruits of our mission." Father Seelos adds: "I could relate many other similar incidents."

As vice-provincial his aim was to promote the welfare of the congregation in every possible way. He had regular observance greatly at heart, and even scrupled to dispense the fathers from the recitation of the office in choir, although they were overburdened with work. He took the most lively interest in the development of the congregation by accepting new foundations, provided they promised a rich spiritual harvest. Houses at New Orleans, La., and at Cumberland, Md., were accepted under his administration. The latter place, which he himself had often visited, appeared to him very suited for establishing a house of studies.

Although Father Neumann was a true son of St. Alphonsus, he had nevertheless adversaries even among his own religious brethren. There were some that despised him, and looked upon him as a man ignorant of every tradition of the congregation, and without the least experience. For this and other reasons his authority was even questioned, and by some zealots he was denounced to the higher superiors in Europe. But his humility and meekness were imperturbable. He remained quiet and cheerful as a child. In this more than in any other way he proved himself worthy of the high esteem in which the superiors held him, and of their unbounded confidence, which he always enjoyed. An amusing anecdote will give us an idea of Father Neumann's humility. One morning, at an unusually early hour, he arrived in New York and sought admittance at the Redemptorist convent. The porter, a postulant lately come to the house, answered the bell. When he saw a little man in the garb of a priest, and rather shabby withal, standing at the door, his first thought was: "This must be the sacristan from Bloomingdale. He has come early to borrow our dalmatics." Then addressing the stranger, he said: "Well, what do you want?"

"I should like to see the superior, Father Rumpler. Is he at home?"

"Yes," answered the brother; "he is at home."

"What is your name, brother?" asked the stranger with a smile.

"I am Brother N——," answered the postulant, as he turned into the house to call the superior. Father Neumann made a move as if to follow him, when the brother stopped short, exclaiming: "Stay here, if you please. Take a seat on that bench whilst I go call the superior." And as he went he muttered to himself, quite loud enough for the stranger's ears: "This sacristan is inquisitive. He asks my name, and even wants to enter the cloister."

Father Neumann smiled and seated himself where he had been directed. After the lapse of a few minutes Brother N—— again appeared, this time with the inquiry: "Who are you? What is your name?"

"I am Father Neumann," was the gentle answer.

"Father Neumann!" repeated the astonished porter. "Oh! if you are one of the fathers, pray come in."

Father Neumann entered and followed Brother N—— to the superior's room, where, to his amazement, he beheld Father Rumpler fall on his knees before the stranger and ask a blessing. The poor brother was quite bewildered. Ashamed of the reception he had given the Father Provincial, and a little in dread of the result to himself, he avoided meeting him. But Father Neumann sent for him and spoke to him kindly, and set him at his ease by telling him that he had faithfully performed his duty as porter. "However," added he with a significant smile, "do not get into the habit of thinking aloud."

When relieved of the responsible charge of vice-provincial, he was made rector of St. Alphonsus' Church, Baltimore, and also one of the consultors of the first provincial, Rev. Father Bernard Hafkenscheid. At Baltimore he exhibited that same ardor and devotedness to duty that characterized him at Pittsburgh. The pulpit, the confessional, the schools, the sick, all were special objects of Father Neumann's zeal. Austere toward himself, condescending toward others, affable and obliging toward those with whom he came in contact, he won his way to the hearts of all. The most difficult and trying duties, and those attended by the least *éclat*, were his choice. It was a touching and edifying spectacle to see old and young flock to the instructions which he gave on Sunday afternoon. No one understood better than he how to speak to both mind and heart in a clear and practical way.

A Sister of Notre Dame, who taught school in Baltimore, bears witness to the great interest Father Neumann took in everything that concerned the school. She describes him as an accomplished catechist and a great lover of children. His gentleness, meekness, and perseverance in communicating religious instruction to the children often called forth her astonishment, and indeed the salutary impression he made even upon the most faulty and troublesome of these little ones was quite remarkable. He would also notice every fault in the teacher, and admonish her so gently that it was impossible to bear him the least ill-will.

At Baltimore he promoted another good work. The Sisters of Providence, a community of colored religious, had been established there for the benefit of colored orphans. Race-prejudice exposed these pious women to contempt, and, in consequence, they were in want, not only of spiritual but even of temporal assistance. In 1847 Father Neumann had taken charge of them, and it was owing to his zeal and charity that thenceforth this institution began to flourish.

As confessor of the Carmelite nuns at Baltimore Father Neumann also effected much good by contributing largely toward the perfection of those sisters, who by their prayers draw down the blessings of Heaven on the whole diocese. In appreciating the work of Mount Carmel Father Neumann proved himself in a special manner a truly spiritual man.

The Sisters of Notre Dame were particularly indebted to Father Neumann. It was he that endeavored to secure for them a foothold in America, and ever afterwards he was considered, and indeed was, their father and protector. The late Mother Mary Caroline, who for so many years held the office of commissary-general in the United States, knew many most interesting anecdotes of Father Neumann. Speaking of a journey which she made in his company, she says: "He was one of the most patient of men, contented with anything and with everything. I often saw him buy some biscuits for a few cents and make them serve as his meal. He would sit apart quietly eating them. I also noticed that, even during the greatest heat of the day, he never took a glass of water."

Though superior, and possessed of vast erudition and great experience, he was ever distrustful of his own judgment and opinions. Prayer and counsel of others guided him in his decisions whenever matters of importance were submitted to his consideration.

Sorely tried as his humility had been by the responsible positions which he had held in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, it received a much severer shock when Archbishop Kenrick, who had chosen him for his confessor, one day informed him of his impending elevation to the see of Philadelphia. How far his heart was from aspiring to anything like dignity and preferment, and how sincere his conviction was of the improbability of such an event, may be seen from an incident which happened about that time. In the fall of 1851 Brother Athanasius, a pious lay-brother living in the Redemptorist convent of Pittsburgh, asserted that he had a vision in which he saw Father Neumann habited in the episcopal robes and environed with splendor. Father Seelos, then rector at Pittsburgh, writing to Father Neumann about the same time, jokingly mentioned the matter in his letter. In his answer to Father Seelos, Father Neumann says: "Tell that good brother, if he is not already crazed, to pray that he may not become so."

Only a formal command of the Holy Father could overcome the reluctance of the servant of God to accept the proffered honor. In all obedience he bowed his head, saying: "Fiat voluntas Dei." After a week's retreat, he was consecrated in Baltimore, on March 28, 1852, and the very next day he tore himself away from his religious brethren and his beloved cell to repair to his new charge. Entirely in accordance with the sentiments of the new bishop, the entrance into his diocese was celebrated not by external, worldly pomp and splendor, but by the establishment of a new school.

BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.

As bishop, John N. Neumann remained what he had been as Redemptorist, and as a simple missionary priest in Western New York: an humble, self-sacrificing, disinterested steward in the vineyard of the Lord. The fulfilment of the holy will of God was the only object of his thoughts, desires, and aspirations. God had called him to be a bishop, and therefore he strove to be one according to the example of other saintly prelates. His models were a St. Charles Borromeo, a St. Francis de Sales, a St. Alphonsus. Let us see how he accomplished so sublime a purpose.

The diocese of Philadelphia was, at the time of the accession of Bishop Neumann, much larger than at present, the dioceses of Scranton, of Harrisburg, and a portion of the diocese of Wilmington forming parts of it. So vast a territory must necessarily engage the whole energy of a pastor so scrupu-

lously conscientious in the performance of his duties as Bishop Neumann. In order to proceed with regularity and according to a carefully prepared plan, he himself made a map of his diocese on which every parish was properly located. The larger places were to be visited, if possible, every year; the smaller ones every second year. His first pastoral visit might be called a continued mission; for in every parish he remained several days, inquiring into all particulars in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the wants of his people. On these visitations the daily exercises were strictly marked out. From morning till night he was accessible to all. He spent much time in the confessional. As he knew so many languages, numbers came to him who for years had been unable to find a priest that could hear them. After he became bishop he learned the Irish language, and was enabled to afford great consolation to many a poor soul. A good old Irishwoman had sought in vain for one to hear her confession in her own tongue. At length she came to Bishop Neumann, who with his usual kindness received her and heard her confession in Irish. "Glory be to God!" she cried when going home, "we now have an Irish bishop."

Whenever on these journeyings he found the faithful, and especially the children, wanting in knowledge of the fundamental truths of our holy religion, he was wont to give several instructions before administering the sacrament of confirmation. If he met with a scandal of any kind, he knew no rest until he remedied it. Although meek and humble, he did not shrink from using firmness when it became necessary. But his firmness was tempered with mildness and prudence, so that in most cases his efforts were successful. Thus he terminated a long-standing scandal existing in Trinity Church, where an unruly party for years had defied the ecclesiastical authorities.

One of the greatest achievements of Bishop Neumann was the establishment of parochial schools throughout his extensive diocese. His sentiments on this important subject are clearly expressed in his first pastoral letter: "Our Catholic youth can be saved only by Catholic schools." It was the bishop's greatest consolation to see the clergy and laity co-operate most heartily with his pious intention, and in the last months of his life he was able to say: "Almighty God has so wonderfully blessed the work of Catholic education that nearly every church of my diocese has now its school." The bishop visited the schools frequently, and thus stimulated the emulation of teachers and pupils.

Not only the parochial schools, but other educational institutions as well, were liberally patronized by Bishop Neumann and were objects of his tenderest care and solicitude. A great number of academies, colleges, industrial schools, orphanages, both for boys and for girls, were established during his administration.

Among the orphans and at the bedside of the sick in the hospitals the good bishop found his greatest delight. It was indeed a pleasing sight to behold him surrounded by the little orphans, who listened attentively whilst he spoke to them of the goodness of God, or related an interesting little story, or explained the different parts of a flower or some other wonder of nature, and all in a manner suited to their young minds. In the hospital he visited the sick, going from bed to bed, lingering a while at each to say soothing words of comfort and encouragement.

Another most important object of the bishop's care and anxiety was the welfare of his clergy. His first attention was directed to the seminary. By his earnest appeal he obtained some students from Austria who afterwards became zealous pastors. German priests were at that time much needed in the diocese of Philadelphia on account of the large German-speaking population.

Under Bishop Neumann's administration the seminary attained a reputation such as it never had before. It need scarcely be mentioned that the bishop took also the most lively interest in everything that concerned the seminarists. He himself frequently gave them discourses on pastoral theology, into which he knew how to weave excellent remarks on moral theology, canon law, and church history. He inculcated most earnestly on his clergy the necessity of devoting special attention to young lads who manifested a vocation for the priesthood, saying that they should watch over the conduct of such boys and train them to a pious life. The establishment of a preparatory seminary was, for this reason, also one of his most cherished plans. In a special pastoral letter he gives expression to the desire of his heart, exhorting the faithful to contribute liberally towards this holy object. In 1859 he had the pleasure of seeing his desire realized.

Every priest in the diocese found in Bishop Neumann a sincere friend and a tender father. His residence, and even his private apartments, were ever open to his priests. Nevertheless he watched most scrupulously over their conduct, and with the greatest firmness and zeal insisted on the observance of the canonical statutes concerning the conduct of the clergy.

The lively faith and the great piety of Bishop Neumann made him take to heart in a special manner the promotion of true Catholic piety among all classes of the faithful. To this end he introduced into his diocese the devotion of the Forty Hours. Although objections were raised by some, that the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament might be dishonored, his loving heart was slow to yield to such reasoning. He was encouraged by a kind of miracle in the execution of his long-cherished design. His biographer relates the event as follows: "Late one evening Bishop Neumann sat in his room busy in answering innumerable letters that lay before him. Midnight sounded and found him still at work. The candle that he used in sealing his letters had well-nigh burned out, and he vainly tried to steady the only remaining piece at hand in the candlestick. Not being able to succeed, and preoccupied with the thought that had so long pursued him, that of the Forty Hours, he rather carelessly stood the piece of lighted candle on the table, placing around it as a support some letters and writing-paper. Wearied by so many hours of close application, he fell into a light sleep, from which he suddenly awoke in alarm to find the candle consumed and the table covered with smouldering paper. He gazed in astonishment at the glowing sheets, many of them burnt and charred, though the writing they contained remained untouched and legible. Overcome by what he saw, and heedless of quenching the glowing sparks, the servant of God sank on his knees. As he knelt in silent gratitude for this apparently miraculous interposition of Divine Providence, it seemed to him that he heard an interior voice saying: 'As the flames here are burning without consuming or even injuring the writing, so shall I pour out my grace in the Blessed Sacrament without prejudice to my honor. Fear not profanation; therefore hesitate no longer to carry out your design for my glory.'"

The result proved the soundness of Bishop Neumann's view. For, not only did the introduction of the Forty Hours not lessen the honor due to our Divine Lord present in the Sacrament of the altar, but love and devotion of the faithful were thereby much increased. During those days of prayer many a one was brought back to God and Holy Church who had been led astray or had neglected his religious duties. The happy results of this devotion in the diocese of Philadelphia were, so to say, the signal that induced other prelates to follow the example of Bishop Neumann. Thus, at the present day, we find the devotion of the Forty Hours introduced into almost all the dio-

ceses of the United States. It need hardly be mentioned that Bishop Neumann endeavored personally to render this devotion as impressive as possible. He had a pamphlet published for this purpose and often opened the devotion by a Pontifical High Mass.

The same spirit of piety inspired the bishop to introduce various devotional exercises and religious confraternities.

Knowing the value of religious orders in which discipline and fervor are maintained, Bishop Neumann was eager to establish them in his diocese. We have already mentioned the interest which he took in the Sisters of Notre Dame before his elevation to the episcopate. For these sisters he afterwards continued to manifest the same interest and high esteem, especially on account of the great good they effected as teachers.

He was happy in introducing communities of the Sisters of the Holy Cross from France, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary from the diocese of Detroit, where they had originated, and especially of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis. The last-mentioned owed their existence in this country to the zeal of Bishop Neumann. When in Rome, in 1854, the Holy Father himself recommended to him the humble daughters of St. Francis. For this very reason the bishop took great pains in training, in person, the first sisters of this order in monastic discipline. The special blessing of God rested on the self-sacrificing life of these sisters; they not only effected much good, but increased rapidly in number.

Not less interest did Bishop Neumann show in the advancement and work of the male religious of his diocese. The Jesuits, the Christian Brothers, and his own brethren, the Redemptorists, were special objects of his love. It was at his advice that his Vicar-General, Rev. Father Edward Sourin, joined the Society of Jesus, where he died so holy a death.

The bishop, besides providing suitable instructors for his people, zealously promoted the erection of churches and schools. Everywhere he encouraged priests and people to prosecute this good work. The cathedral, begun under his predecessor, needed an energetic hand to bring it to completion. Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburgh, who knew Father Neumann and how he had succeeded under the most discouraging circumstances in building the beautiful church of St. Philomena in that city, said that he would be the best candidate for the see of Philadelphia, as he could build the cathedral. The event proved the truth of the assertion. The bishop organized a

regular system of contributions in all the parishes of the diocese whereby the work was continued without incurring debt. At the same time it was the bishop's express intention not to tax the faithful too heavily, as each parish had to support its own church and school besides. In the erection of the beautiful cathedral the bishop saw a lasting monument to the self-sacrificing piety of the faithful of the diocese. He had the consolation of seeing the exterior of the cathedral finished.

Thus it was that this humble, unassuming prelate in less than eight years effected lasting good in his large diocese. His private life remained the same as it had been when a simple priest. From four o'clock in the morning till midnight, and even later, every hour was spent in the fulfilment of his duties. The day was begun with prayer; meditation, Mass, and office were the first duties, which the saintly bishop never omitted. Then he partook of his frugal breakfast. The whole day after this was given up to the business of his diocese, and to visits from both clergy and laity. There was no relaxation, every moment of time was devoted to duty. It is needless to remark that, in the fulfilment of his manifold duties as bishop, he found numberless occasions for mortification and self-denial. Yet he bore everything with the same resignation with which he had bowed to the voice of Christ's Vicar when he was called to this exalted position.

Humility and condescending charity being the most striking features of Bishop Neumann, it is not amiss to insert one or the other anecdote which may illustrate this part of his character. After his elevation he changed nothing in his conduct or his dress, nor could he become accustomed to his new title. Toward the close of his life he remarked, jestingly, to one of his friends: "Whenever I hear myself addressed 'Right Reverend Sir' or 'Right Reverend Bishop,' I imagine behind me some distinguished prelate to whom the title belongs." His plain, even shabby, appearance often gave rise to amusing blunders. One day he was visiting his brethren at St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia. It was after dinner, when the community was gathered in the recreation-room. He was chatting pleasantly with the lay-brothers when a certain father that had recently arrived from Europe, who had not yet been presented to the bishop, entered. Seeing the shabby stranger freely mixing up with the brothers, he thought it strange that such individuals would be allowed to enter the cloister and communicate so familiarly with the community. But how surprised was he when presently he was introduced to his

Lordship the Bishop of Philadelphia, Bishop Neumann, of whom he had heard so much!

Another example of Bishop Neumann's condescension is the following: Three lads of St. Peter's school one day conceived the idea of paying their compliments to the bishop. After school, therefore, with the school-bags on their shoulders, they marched to the episcopal residence. On the way they cast lots who should ring the bell, who ask for the bishop, and who be the spokesman. The bishop was at home, and received his young visitors with the greatest kindness, and entertained them for two hours in the most fatherly manner. He showed them books with pictures and other things of interest to juvenile minds, especially wonders seen through the microscope, adding suitable explanations which were both amusing and instructive, without appearing in the least annoyed by the inopportune visit.

Such was Bishop Neumann in his private life: meek and humble of heart like his Divine Master, forgetful of self, seeking in everything only the perfect fulfilment of the will of God. In the meantime he felt the weight of his responsibilities more and more. His knowledge of the requirements of his office on the one hand, and the voice of his tender conscience on the other, gave him no rest, and accordingly he petitioned the Holy See to grant him a coadjutor. The Holy Father graciously acceded to his request. But the relief came too late; the good bishop's health seemed completely shattered. The final summons found him in the midst of his work. In the afternoon of January 5, 1860, although he had a very strange feeling for which he could not account, he went out to attend to some business, and whilst on the street was struck down by apoplexy. In a few moments Bishop Neumann had yielded his pure soul to his Creator.

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CYNTHIA'S ROSARY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was just dusk when Basil Minford came in out of the bleak December night. Outside were wind-swept streets, wet with sleet, cold, dark, deserted; but here in Cynthia's lovely home were warmth, beauty, color. A fire was burning in the wide, deep-set fire-place; its bright flames flashed on the tiled hearth, the dark, polished floor, and the silken-shaded lamps.

They had been engaged for three months, but he had been away all that time. While waiting for her he glanced around the room that so perfectly satisfied his artistic sense. The hangings were heavy and soft, of a beautiful dull olive; the thick, rich rugs were subdued in color; nothing attracted particular attention save where the lamplight fell upon his own photograph framed in scarlet and silver, the one bit of vivid color in the room. Books lay everywhere in generous profusion.

The flowers he had carried in, and still held in their tissue covering, were beginning to answer the heat and send out their subtle perfume on the warm air.

He threw himself into the low chair before the fire—a long, lithe figure, his quiet, dark face aglow with the smile that touched his lips and lit up his deep eyes. One hand rested on the polished arm of the chair, white and strong—an artist's hand; the other, still holding the flowers, hung limp beside him nearly on the floor.

A pleasant sense of drowsiness was stealing over him, when he heard the soft clink of the portière cord, a hurried step, and his betrothed took his head between her soft palms. He smilingly drew her around in front to look into the "dearest face in all the world."

A strong face, yet with all womanly curves and lines. The straight, dark brows shadowed lovely, earnest eyes, eyes that at times were powerful, passionate, strong, and sweet; but to-night were warmly loving.

"Cynthia!"

"My Basil! I thought you would never come; it has been the longest three months that ever were!"

"It has been long to me too."

"But you have been busy."

"Yes, and very successful."

"I am glad of that. Did you bring home many sketches?"

"Yes; and two finished studies. You will come down to the studio to-morrow?"

"Yes. Oh, look at these flowers!"

Then, as their fresh loveliness was revealed—"Why what is this?" And she pulled from its sweet hiding-place a glistening silver chain strung with amethyst beads beautifully cut. She held it up to the light and saw that on the end hung a crucifix, an exquisite piece of silver carving.

"Why, it is a rosary!"

"Yes."

"How odd! Mrs. Borro has a collection of them, and has them hung all about. She says they are so good for making conversation. You are always getting me unique presents, Basil, but this really exceeds all."

"You are displeased," said he.

"Displeased with this lovely thing? Oh, no! I will wear it." And she doubled it and slipped it over her hand.

He half resented this use of it; it jarred as much as the story of Mrs. Borro's "collection"; but he could not help admiring the gleam of purple on the white, velvety skin.

"My Christmas gifts have begun early."

"Do not call that a Christmas gift; it is just a little reminder that three months ago to-night you made me the happiest of men."

"Did I?"

She knelt beside him and laid her pretty head on his shoulder.

"I too am very happy. Little did dear father know how soon after his death I would meet my twin soul—for you are that, my Basil, my king; we are perfectly suited to each other, are we not?" looking directly into the dark eyes on a level with her own. "We agree most admirably."

"Save on one question, Cynthia."

"And what is that?" incredulously.

"The Christ."

He said it so tenderly, so solemnly, she straightened up and looked intently at him. He felt his own face change. All the smiling lines were smoothed out; his mouth was set, with the half-dogged look men assume on the verge of a serious conversation with a woman.

"No, Basil," she said, with a deprecating upward glance.

"Cynthia, you know that I love you—better than life itself; but"—and he laid his hand caressingly on hers—"I love my faith more."

She flung up her head.

"Does love of me preclude love of your faith?" she said.

He answered the note of aggressiveness in her voice by attempting to draw her toward him.

"No!" she said, getting up and taking a chair directly opposite him. "I could see by the tone of your letters lately that something was wrong. Oh, yes!" answering his movement, "love was there, but you were not. If it is this, out with it. I never really imagined for a moment that your religion was of vital importance to you."

The words in that cutting voice stung like a lash.

He sprang to his feet.

"Your words hurt all the more," he said, "because they contain a grain of truth."

He walked to the window, drew aside the curtain and looked out. The park lay in gloomy shadow before him; the electric light swung just below. It was still raining, and as he looked a Belt-line car passed crowded to the steps, the horses steaming in the cold, pushing westward with bent heads against the driving rain.

In his present mood he longed to be out fighting the storm. Instead, he was here contending for a question of honor with a woman. He came and leaned one shoulder against the mantel, and looked down on her gravely as he said: "Cynthia, when I became engaged to you, and went to Paris three months ago, I was what is called a lukewarm Catholic. You were right when you said that you did not know my faith was of vital importance to me. It was not. Would you care to—but no; you *must* hear." He shook himself slightly, glanced at her downcast face and sighed. She assumed a look of almost insolent indifference. With a sinking heart he went on, manlike accepting the outer seeming of the woman and allowing it to hurt him. "At the *pension* where I was stopping there was an old lady, somewhat obtrusive, but kind and cordial in the extreme. Her penchant for me, an apparently lonely American, went so far one day as to ask me to join her church—Episcopalian, I believe. I smilingly declined. At the table that night she alluded to the subject again with the pertinacity of a narrow, tactless old woman. I tried to ward it off, but she persisted. My answer silenced

her. I said: 'Madame, if I go to any church on Sunday, it will be to my own. I was born a Catholic.'

"Why I said it I do not know. I never had denied my religion—I never had proclaimed it before. A few seats further down a young lady was sitting, quiet, demure. At my profession of faith she raised her head and looked directly at me. After dinner, as I was going to my room, she said to me:

"'Monsieur, you are a Catholic, is it not so?'

"'I was born one, mademoiselle.'

"'And you have slipped back?'

"I laughed, rather uncomfortably, disliking the personal discussion.

"She smiled, and said: 'The grace of God, monsieur, can do much.'

"She came to me two days later, when I had forgotten the incident, and said: 'Monsieur Minford, you will do me a favor?'

"'If I can, mademoiselle.'

"'It is to take this note.'

"She handed it to me, and instantly I knew what she had done, when I saw to my—I had almost said horror—that it was directed to a Catholic priest. I could scarcely refuse, it was such a small civility. I took it.

"Cynthia, if you could—but no, you cannot. Well, I set out and found the church where Father Fidelis, a Passionist, was then giving a mission. I cannot describe my feelings.

"For twelve years I had not been inside a Catholic church. I hated myself for going now. I mentally protested every step I took. I dreaded, above all things, the questionings, the personal catechism, the uprooting of that life of ease I had been leading in my art-world. I think I may safely say that mine had not been an immoral life, in the world's acceptance of the term; but I had left Christ out. It has occurred to me since how very easy it would have been for me to run away that night; but then I did not think of it.

"I went in, handed my note to the porter, and waited. For the first time in my life I was nervous. I grew cold, then hot. I listened, straining every nerve, for the approaching footsteps. I think I could tell you every crack in that cold, bare little room. Presently the door opened and I braced myself.

"Father Fidelis entered. A tall man, with large frame, large head and features, eyes that were keen and kind, the whole aspect of the man expressing rugged strength.

"'You are mademoiselle's friend,' he said.

"Instead of shaking hands, he put his palms on my shoulders and looked me in the eyes—down into my very heart. A few straightforward questions, a sudden uplifting of the darkness that lay on my soul, and, Cynthia, before I knew it I was on my knees sobbing out my load of sin. He was a man, and he understood men. He cut to the very quick, but the knife was in the hand of a surgeon heaven-born.

"Three more such meetings, and I had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion on the Feast of the Holy Rosary. My Cynthia, I did not forget you on that day. My whole heart—"

"Thanks, very much"; with angry sarcasm, "where was mademoiselle all this time?"

The moment the question was out she regretted it. He fixed his quiet eyes upon her, and, to her inner agonized sense, weighed and found her wanting. She was dimly conscious of waiting for this judgment. She felt that he who, only three months before, had, on an equal plane, asked her to marry him, had now gone infinitely beyond her. In the agnostic atmosphere in which she lived and moved the "finding" of a religion did not necessarily imply an upward step, rather the reverse. From an intellectual point of view she condemned what he had done. But what she suffered! Never had she loved him as at that moment, when in conscious power he had commanded her attention. The story thrilled her, coming from his heart to hers; but she was determined to close her heart, and listen only to that sense that in every other crisis of her life had supported and sustained her—a sense of absolute security in herself and her intellectual power.

"My dear Basil, do you not think you are a little enthusiastic over this—well, this new phase of emotion? Take time; I really do not think— Oh well, if you are going to take it that way! Don't walk around like that, looking as if I had desecrated the Holy of Holies!"

"You have. You have seen to-night a human heart laid bare. Have you no conception of what that means? I have found the deeper, holier meaning of life—and you? Oh, do not let me go!" And he looked at her imploringly.

"I do not seem to have the option in the matter," she said coldly.

"I will have to go. Do you remember you said once that marriage was an absolute unity. If there is not unity there, can we in reason look for it in other less vital matters? I am a Catholic, while you—?"

She raised her head defiantly.

"I am what my father was. He was a good man; he lived and died without any religion; surely I can be a good woman and do the same."

He stood up, took her face between his hands, and looked long and silently into her eyes, that now were defiantly bright. One word of love and tenderness, and the flood-gates would have opened; but no word came, only that long, steady look.

"Good-by," he said, and went out. In the doorway he stood holding back the portière. His fine, serious face looked nearly black against the golden light behind his head. His mouth under the soft brown moustache was like iron, his eyes had an inexpressibly sad look. Those compelling eyes forced her to turn and meet them.

"Cynthia!"—a world of love, longing, entreaty was in that word.

"Good-night," she said coolly and quietly.

"Since you care to know," he said cuttingly, "mademoiselle left Paris before I did"; then he dropped the portière and went out.

In the wild storm the walls of the Valencia towered above him like the steep side of a precipice. He turned toward the west. On his right the trees inside the park were bending and swaying in the wind. At the corner he was whirled about by the fierce blast that swept up Seventh Avenue. At Fifty-eighth Street he stood irresolute. He went back, crossed the street, and stood opposite her window. As he looked the light went out.

Suddenly, like a cool hand on his fevered sense, came the thought of the rosary still on her wrist. A silent uplifting of his heart to our Lady of the Rosary, a fervent prayer that in the approaching Christmas-tide that Mother would bring his loved one to her Son, and Basil turned homeward, his brain on fire with the zealous desire to win her soul or lose her heart in the attempt.

As for Cynthia, she was bewildered. Never had she faced a problem like this before. She could not believe that it was to herself this dreadful thing had happened. For days she denied herself to callers, in the hope that he would come and find her unapproachable. But he did not come.

She went everywhere that she was likely to meet him; then left before there was a possibility of his coming. The streets,

the stores, every one she met were full of joyful anticipations of the approaching holidays. She alone had none.

She doubted if he ever had really loved her. She petulantly supposed "those priests" had complete charge of him now. "That French girl" assumed gigantic importance in her eyes.

Often she had unhappy dreams, and waked to find the reality more unhappy. It seemed to her that never was a case quite as sad as hers. She passed all her friends in mental review and could find no analogy to her own pitiful story, forgetting that she never really knew the inner heart of any of them.

The short, dark days dragged themselves along, until at length Christmas Eve came dull and cold.

All morning she had lain upon the broad, low divan in her room looking out over the park.

After luncheon she dressed for the street. In reaching for the silver arrow for her hair her eye caught the glint of amethyst. She had not seen the rosary since that night when she had flung it into a cabinet near. She picked it up now and put it on, quite as she would any other beautiful adornment.

She went out, not caring where. She looked toward the park, but a group of noisy nurse-maids passing in with their cold, unwilling little charges deterred her.

The day and she were in accord. A pall of cloud hung over the earth, unbroken save at its western edge, where it appeared to be fleece-lined and rolled upward to show the greenish yellow light beyond. The smoke from the elevated trains was flying in great, plumy masses of feathery whiteness, gleaming ghost-like against the gloom of the sky.

She walked rapidly westward, thinking, thinking, always her thoughts in the same unhappy groove, fighting against herself. Her love was on one side, her training on the other.

She longed exceedingly to know, yet did not know what she wanted to discover. She unconsciously stood on the cross-roads where faith and reason meet. Her soul, ploughed by trouble, was ready for the seed, and unknowingly God's hand was leading her toward himself. She woke out of her reverie to find herself under the Ninth Avenue Elevated. Before her loomed a great stone church, stern and forbidding-looking in the chill air. Many people were passing in and out, and she followed. She found herself one of a crowd, mostly women. As she stepped inside the door, an odd-looking, as she thought, piece of furniture stood near, with three curtained entrances. She sat

down and looked curiously around. She saw that the same little—well, "alcoves" was the best name she could find for them, were on either side of the long aisles. She had never imagined a church of that size before. It first appalled, then soothed her. The silence wrapped her round. The first moment of peace she had known in three long weeks came to her there.

A woman knelt beside her smelling unpleasantly of soap-suds. Her hard, rough hands were clasped, her lips were moving rapidly, her eyes fixed on the radiant central window above the sanctuary, which represented the Blessed Virgin, Queen of the Angels. It seemed to have caught and held the low brightness of the western sky. A hard-featured man knelt just beyond, horribly unkempt and dreadfully in earnest over his devotions. A sad-faced woman sat in front, praying unceasingly; but the sadness never left her face. A girl, apparently her own age, drew aside the curtain and stepped out; she stumbled as she entered the pew, blinded by her tears. She knelt down just in front, and sobbed uncontrollably.

Cynthia was becoming conscious that there were other troubles beside her own.

Suddenly her glance fell upon the rosary half hidden by the sable at her wrist. She took it off and twisted it over her fingers. She glanced at the woman beside her, and watched the brown beads slip through the rough fingers. She looked at her own, and said, in half-conscious whispers, "I wish Basil would come back, I wish Basil would come back, I wish Basil would come back," on each bead. The futility of the act struck her. A sense of absolute loneliness overcame her, and she then raised her eyes to the queenly figure in that large central window, standing with outstretched, waiting hands in that blaze of flame-color, and said instinctively, "Mother!"

A gush of tears came with the word as she thought of her own young mother, whose life went out upon her coming. Never before in her happy, sheltered life had she felt absolute need of that mother until now. She too bowed her head upon her hands, and her overcharged heart found relief in tears.

At that moment the grace of God entered her soul. She saw the truth, and seeing believed. It was an instantaneous conversion. She did not stop to ask, to weigh, to reason. She *knew*. It was as if she had been seeking something all her aimless life, and now had found it. Her soul was luminous with the light. Through her earthly love and pain she had been led miracu-

lously to the feet of Him who is all love. A hundred controversies might fix her belief, but could not strengthen it. Her woman's instinct had outrun reason.

She never knew how long she knelt there. Time was annihilated. A priest passing by was attracted by her evident distress.

"There is no one in the confessional just now," he said, supposing she was awaiting an opportunity to make her confession. She started up alarmed, and saw him draw aside the middle curtain of that box-like structure near the door.

The dreadful word "confessional" forced itself upon her mind. She sprang to her feet and fairly ran out of the church.

She walked up Ninth Avenue unconscious of her surroundings. Around her all the Christmas signs and tokens, but she—she felt as though the very earth was slipping from her. All her old life unrolled itself before her; her sybarite enjoyment of her elegant surroundings, her ease and self-indulgence. She knew instinctively that this other life, this new, strange breath that had swept away her old self, held the direct opposite of this. She saw her dainty self one of that crowd, her companions those "great unwashed," the soapy, shiny woman, the sobbing girl, the dirty old man. But with it all came that delicious sense of newness, of tranquillity, of exalted peace that had filled her soul at the utterance of that word "Mother," and she deliberately turned her face toward the new, ignoring the old for ever.

She had gone but a little way when she remembered her rosary. She felt for it at her wrist. It was not there. She hurried back to the church, fearful of losing the tangible link between herself and Basil.

The church was dark now. One starlike lamp hung in the sanctuary. Here and there were quiet figures kneeling in the darkness. No Christmas noise and jollity had entered here—only the pungent odor of the fir wreathing the columns. She had to grope her way toward the pew where she had been sitting. Spiritually, too, she thought she was groping her way into that church.

A quiet little figure knelt in the pew, and Cynthia saw to her amazement that she was using the beautiful rosary. She sat behind her and waited, wondering what she would do with the beads. Some one came out and lit a few gas-jets in the aisles. Their beams did not reach across the wide space, and Cynthia

and the girl were still in shadow. At length, her devotions ended, the stranger rose, genuflected, and went out. As she passed the poor-box she laid the rosary upon it. Cynthia stepped up and took it off.

Their eyes met.

"They are mine," said Cynthia, half-expecting an apology for using them. The sweet, innocent face lit up with a smile.

"I found them in the pew," she said, "and I said them for the owner. They were blessed for you, and—"

"But I am not a Catholic."

"Ah, mademoiselle! the good Mother will take care of you. I will pray for you every day."

Cynthia's exclusiveness half resented this, but the other was so child-like, so evidently sincere, she could not take offence.

"I would like to know your name," she said, hesitatingly.

"To-day, mademoiselle, I am Clotilde Brussard. To-morrow, *grâce à Dieu*, I enter the novitiate of the Precious Blood. What name will fall to my lot, I know not; but I will always pray for you"—looking up with childish admiration at the grave, sweet face above her, now so sorely troubled. "Good-by," she said; "I wish you a happy Christmas."

Tears rushed to Cynthia's eyes. To make this a happy Christmas, she must write to Basil; but first she felt instinctively that she must see some one who would confirm this strange new feeling within her soul. She followed mademoiselle and asked if she could not see a priest. Mademoiselle Brussard went with her to the priest's house. She went slowly up the steps, Basil's story vividly before her. "Oh! if this is faith," she breathed, "then I am a Catholic like Basil." Clotilde left her a moment in the hall, and saw the priest alone. She told him of the meeting in the church, the incident of the rosary, and Cynthia's desire to see a priest. He went to meet her took her, into the parlor, and in the kindest, most fatherly way drew her story from her.

"My child," he said, "as far as I can see, you have been singularly distinguished by God in receiving the gift of faith in a wonderful way." He put a book into her hands—

"Read this book attentively, come back to me when you have finished it, and I will instruct you further. Good-night. God bless you."

Upon reaching home she wrote one word to Basil, "Credo." When he came, and the pleasure of their reunion had swept away all memory of the pain of parting, she told him everything:

her doubts, fears, hopes, and struggles; but above all, the joy that now filled her heart. Their talk lasted long, and at the end she told him of the girl who said her rosary for her.

"Cynthia!" he said, starting back from her, "it was Mademoiselle Brussard of whom I spoke." For one instant they looked into each other's eyes, moved and speechless.

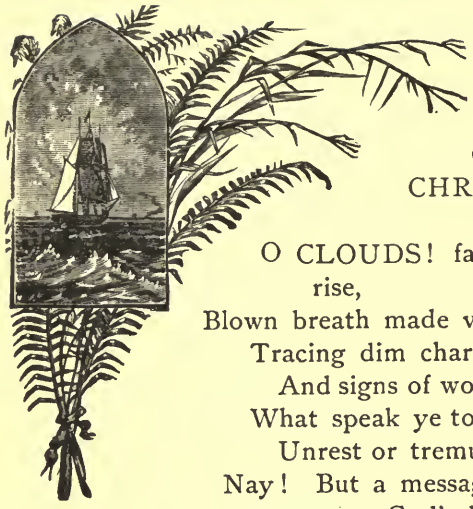
"There are such things as guardian angels," said Cynthia, solemnly. "Ah!" said Basil, "God's ways are mysterious. Reason takes the soul to a certain point; beyond it the human will unaided cannot go. Then, if we have not faith, we fall back into outer darkness. God's grace has come to you through your rosary. The blessing asked for by Clotilde's pure young heart has fallen upon you. Truly the Christ-Child has come to us indeed."

"Listen, the bells are ringing," said Cynthia; "it is Christmas day!" She went to the window, and looked out on the silent, snow-clad park.

"Good-by to the outer darkness," she said; "we are in the light and warmth of faith. O my beloved!" turning to him, "we are there *together*."

HELEN M. SWEENEY.

New York.



COLUMBUS THE CHRIST-BEARER SPEAKS.

O CLOUDS! far clouds like languages that rise,
Blown breath made visible from lips all-wise;
Tracing dim characters of mystic form,
And signs of wonder in the distant heaven;—
What speak ye to me? Not of rolling storm,
Unrest or tremulous calm, to this life given:
Nay! But a message from the farthest skies,
God's living air,
That strangely calls: "Arise,
Go forth, and bear!"

So spoke the heaven. And I, Columbus, heard;
Columbus the gray Admiral, known to you.
I, from the twilight hollows of the past
That then were thrilled with dawn, the Word recall.

Wind-buffeted and worn, and steeped in grief;
Salt spray and bitter tears upon my face;
So now you see me. But I, then, was young;
And there at Genoa on the quay I dreamed
And saw the future. Yea: "Arise, go forth,
And bear!" By day the moving shapes of cloud,
Solemn or bright, that message mutely spelled;
As though the speech of nations age-long dead
Were writ in shadowy lines upon the sky,
Bidding me do God's will! At night, in fire
That high command blazed out through all the stars,
Whence gleamed the gaze of wise men in the past,
But, over all, God's light that led me on.

A boy! Yet through the awful stress of years,
Of storm and conflagration, wreck and war,
Of men's wild strife and murder, I kept the faith,
A child's faith, pure.

Not mine the race to change,
Or make new men who better should disclose
God's likeness; but to take the men I found,
And mould them, rude, to servants of His word.
I, rude myself, a sailor, full of faults,
Yet bending still to Him my thoughts, my will,
My learning and my act,—what could I hope
More than to win them that they, too, should bear
The sacred burden, and help carry Christ
Unto the far new land o'er seas unknown?

High was that mission, to me unworthy given.
But hardship trained my hands. Firm hope made whole
My weakness; lending to my spirit wings
Across the deep to fly. When hope grew frail,
Sad poverty came, and with her slow calm smile
Gave me the kiss of peace, and made me strong.
So—dowered with patience, hope, faith, charity—
A beggar at the gates of that New World
I stood, whose key I held, and I alone.

O key of gold, unlocking wealth of dreams!
I dreamed of wealth; yet chiefly to unlock
The Holy Sepulchre from heathen hold.
More have I suffered from the lies of men,
Than all the gain to me my service brought;
Save gain in heaven. Oh! gladly I went forth,
Toil-worn and tried, yet joyous even then
To bear to realms unfound the name of Christ,
And set his cross there, sign of life in death.
So where the first mark of the New World shone,
A twinkling light upon a shore unseen,
We raised the cross—there on San Salvador.
And all along Cipango and Cathay
And fertile Ornofay we showed the cross;
Then later by that three-hilled isle that rose
From out the waves, type of the Trinity;
And on Paria, called the coast of pearls,
Where the sweet stream from Eden's Tree of Life
Flowed down and mingled with the bitter gulf.

What matter if ye now by other names
Have called these lands; or if my name be swept
Far from their verge, and drowned in rumor false?
The cross I planted there: the cross remains!

I, for my part, disdain at last received;
Sent home in chains, dishonored, outcast, poor.
Sweet poverty then, who first to this great work
Had consecrated me, gave me her crown
Of lowly blessing at the hour of death.
Yet, lost in grief, "O Heaven, pity me!"
I cried. "I, who have wept for others long,—
Weep, earth, for me! All ye who justice love
And truth—for me, Columbus, weep and pray!"

But on my sorrow sudden radiance burst.
The broken chain, hung on my death-room's wall,
Was token of earth's bondman now set free.
And lo! I saw that I who bore the Christ
Unto the New World's border—I, the same,—
God in his mercy granted me to bear
His Holy Cross of grief through all my life.

Ye who inherit the New World I found,
With riches yet untold to touch or sight,
Beware lest poverty of soul should blast
Your earthly splendor. This New World is yours;
Yet dream not it is all. Still speak the clouds,
Though dumbly, of the future and the past.
Still shine the stars, with unforgetting gleam;
And God remembers. Yours is this New World;
But the great world of faith all still must seek
With trustful sail borne by a dauntless mast
Like mine. Nor wreck nor shoal, nor hate nor fear,
Nor foul ingratitude shall stay your course;
Nor chains unjust. Sail bravely forth, and find
The New World here of Christ's truth realized!

So I, Columbus, the gray Admiral, speak
From out the furrows of unmeasured seas
That spread a seeming waste 'twixt you and God.
For still I voyage on, with perfect hope,
To that pure world of heaven, for ever new,
Where Time reigns not, but God for ever reigns.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

New London.

NOTE.—*Read at the Columbian Celebration in New York.*

HOW TO SOLVE A GREAT PROBLEM.

SCIENCE tells us that earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and similar convulsions are only so many vents for the pent-up forces of nature needed elsewhere. If this be true in the world of matter, is it not even more so in the higher realm of mental activity? Such, indeed, is the verdict of history.

The needs of every age give birth to a marked impetus in some special lines of progress. Ours is, indeed, one of these marked periods. At such times leaders, booted and spurred, ride rough-shod over difficulties inseparable from every new departure. Methods count for little where great interests are at stake; the end in view brooks neither parley nor delay. Education, temperance, capital and labor, each and all come in for a share of the world's attention. The first of these gives the keynote to the others, is the dominant factor in every scheme for a higher, better civilization.

As a matter bristling with suggestions, the theories and opinions vary as the ever-changing figures of the kaleidoscope.

Miss Katharine Tynan, in an admirable contribution to THE CATHOLIC WORLD for August, 1890, on the *Higher Education of Catholic Girls*, gives striking views of the lights and shades, the merits and defects, of the system as viewed through English spectacles.

Naturally less conservative than our British cousins, by shifting our eye-glasses to the western side of the Atlantic other scenes are presented. With Miss Tynan, most emphatically do we urge broader and more practical methods in our convent schools. Mental culture, the grandest work to which one's life can be consecrated, whether as giver or receiver, was there kept in too narrow and shallow channels.

Already much has been done to atone for these defects; enough yet remains undone to awaken all the active forces of our American sisterhood. The very atmosphere seems favorable to this new departure.

Our out-and-out American inhales not only liberty, but progress and improvement with every breath. Even nuns, as teachers, couldn't if they would, and wouldn't if they could, escape the infection. They are not, as many imagine, fossils dug

from a forced entombment—far from it—but, shaking the dust of centuries from their feet, they are on the alert, up and ready for the Master's work, which oftener finds them in the class-room, library, and laboratory than in the chapel; in fact, their chapel is wherever duty calls. And so in one and another of these monasteries, whose dawn may be traced to the remote past, a kindly welcome is given the good fairy so busy in this blessed work of improvement.

Religion, morals, and culture strike out new paths in the wilderness, making it bud and blossom anew.

Seeing what has been and will surely be accomplished in this great work, will it be too much to say that Archimedes has at last found a fulcrum for his lever and can move the world?

Strange that we should have lingered so long in the twilight of this fair and beautiful day. Like mariners of old, without Columbus and a compass, we feared drifting away from the landmarks of knowledge held sacred by our ancestors. Prejudice and a blind devotion to traditions of the past were the hills of difficulty that must first be leveled and tunneled. Thus has it been, thus must it be, was their dictum. But evermore riding other peoples' hobbies doesn't pay. To-day is not yesterday, nor was it ever meant to be.

However, let us in charity admit that institutions of by-gone years met the needs of the hour, adding a fervent *Deo gratias* that the great Master says: *Fiat lux;* and light there is.

With the objections urged against convent schools, it must be admitted that they still fill a place peculiarly their own. Aside from the course of study and the protecting care bestowed, so necessary to our free-hearted American girls, there is an indescribable, impalpable something which imparts a culture and womanly grace seldom found elsewhere. Is this influence in the atmosphere? Possibly. Is it in a secret, magic power? Positively, *No.* Yet still it is there. And as this unconscious tuition goes on what do we see?

A young maiden enters full of plots and plans that seem to her the very essence of life and happiness, perhaps to say that she's "been away to school," or to gain honors, medals, etc.

But soon the gentle nuns, in their motherly way, lead these gay butterflies to see something more desirable than flitting from flower to flower to sip its nectar. Their own nature, with its fair promise, is revealed in a new light, higher aims awakened lead to nobler, better work, and in after years these same maidens turn to their convent home as to a veritable Mecca, gladly

making a pilgrimage thither. One of them, shortly before her wedding-day, was asked by her betrothed where they should make the bridal tour.

"To St. Mary's," was the prompt reply.

"Nonsense, dear; I'm in earnest."

"In earnest? So am I."

"Why, you must be crazy; who ever heard of a bridal trip to a convent?"

"Never mind; let this be the first time then, for there I'm bound to go."

"But what will I do?"

"Come along, too."

"Worse and worse. Why the nuns would shut the door in my face."

"Nothing of the kind; just try them and see."

After some further exchange of shots the gentleman yielded, went, and was won, being kindly entertained in the guests' quarters. His wife says that he is now more ready even than she to renew the pleasant acquaintance at St. Mary's.

Do we advocate a higher education for our Catholic girls? Emphatically, *Yes.* Higher and still higher, reaching not only heaven's gate, but passing its blessed portals; only broaden and deepen the base proportionally. Liberal doses of the classics, with mathematics, the arts and sciences, aid materially, if the capacity and need are there, thus giving a mental discipline attained in no other way. But beware of cramming, cramming! the great mistake of our day. We want to do more than others to rise above senior wranglers. This "beating the record" in mental work never pays. How often the poor, overtaxed brain refuses to act. Not how much, but *how* and *for what purpose.* Solid, practical work is always in demand. Remember the great English actor, who thought his time well spent if after listening to the exhortations of Whitfield he could pronounce the letter *O* with the force and unction of the famous preacher.

Do you say "By a little crowding we finish the sooner"?—so limiting education to a certain programme, like that of a concert—so many numbers and then *finale!*

Ah! can the infinite thus be compassed? For what else is knowledge? No, this Gordian knot cannot be cut by one stroke of the sword. Each new truth gained or idea mastered is but the ancestor of myriads awaiting the patient student. Not satisfied with knowledge received second-hand, she herself unlocks

nature's cabinet and revels in its treasures ever new and wondrous strange.

"There is not a property in nature but a mind is born to seek and find it." Not the new material do we so much need as the ability to apply the old.

Ways and means are never wanting to solve life's constantly recurring problems, born of man's two-fold nature, matter and spirit, but the genius and power to turn these factors to their destined end. And just here is revealed the true purpose of education. From a higher source must our Catholic teachers—and all others as well—draw this needed wisdom. Faith gives confidence, and confidence readily makes others' stumbling-blocks our stepping-stones. Let such as these be leaders among leaders; rising above creed, party, and personal interest. See what the public welfare demands, and stand for it and by it.

If a man has that true grandeur of soul which makes him anything but a copying-machine, he will "take the dare" of his own party, if need be—yea, of the whole world—acting purely from his honest convictions of right, hisses and insults to the contrary notwithstanding. There are such men of capacity and integrity, eager for their country's service, ready for every sacrifice but *that of their honor;* which alone holds them back.

This is *principle*, true and unswerving, and anything involving a principle *worth being involved* will find its way clear and sure, spite of obstacles high as the heavens and deep as the lowest abyss. But never forget that the source of all true principles must be higher than their output.

They tell us "history repeats itself"; alas! for the repetition sometimes. Yet, need it be thus in the future? Is there not need enough and room enough for genius right here and now of a new and better sort than has marked the common run of events and the enterprises upon which they hinged? It is originality, individualism that we want; men and women head and shoulders above other men and women. Oh! what genius and its gifts are wasted at the gaming-table, the club, and the races, which if thrown into our country's grist-mill would have come out with the brand of virtue, patriotism, and their train of blessings, for the world.

These are the people most needed; purely American too, not copies of Europe even at its best estate. Our habitudes and environments cannot assimilate with theirs. Elasticity of thought and action, that absolute freedom which realizes its absolute responsibility, and fears not to face the consequences—*this we must*

have. How many such types can we show? Too often one side of our nature is sacrificed to the other—self-respect to human respect. Thus is our personality, which might well be called divine in view of its origin, merged in the common mould of whatever is the fad of the day.

Every true American must surcharge himself with principles based on eternal truth, on that religion, "pure and undefiled before God the Father, which is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Then may he defy the whole world to dislodge him. As Jefferson says: "Error is dangerless when truth is left free to combat it."

This genuine courage, supreme in its unselfishness, makes heroes—*immortals.* Failures become their spur. Was there ever one deserving the name who had not laughed in the face of a dozen or more defeats? For the child of pluck and daring obstacles only bring out that latent energy which would else have left many a Xenophon, Bruce, Washington, Watt, Stephenson, Edison, and hosts of kindred spirits buried from birth to death.

Nor from the dead past shall we seek them even as models. Heroes in their generation they were, and worthy of all honor, but for us to-day, with a forward glance, we mount still higher.

Cosmic power gives cosmic results. Ages yet to be shall trace their weal or woe to our action upon the vital questions of this nineteenth century, questions involving religion, education, and whatever bears upon civilization. This is "the bill of human duties" presented for our sanction or veto.

From nature we learn the great lesson of progress so typical of our age. Lower orders of animal and vegetable life prepare for the higher, and give place to them. The world's advancement has followed the same divine law. Rude and barbarous nations yield to the master-minds that wield their power of thought and culture. The two, as teachers and taught, constantly develop forces material and spiritual, thus aiding, feebly though it may be, in this God-given work.

Justly proud of our government, let us remember that while "liberty is the grandest of privileges, it is also the greatest of responsibilities." Nothing educates individuals more than a sense of this responsibility. This truth impressed upon children will be the make-up of half their education. Let them feel that at their work, study, play, or whatever forms the wondrous panorama of their lives, how largely success and happiness for them-

selves and others is in their hands, engrafting at the same time every noblest principle and aim.

Broad views, high motives, and a dominant love for what is best and purest will prevail over every unworthy aim. Nature and truth are but names for the divine Master himself, always and everywhere working for the welfare of humanity through justice and mercy, governed by those eternal laws that know not the shadow of change. Some call this destiny, chance, good-fortune, but we know too well it is God, and God alone, leading creation to its destined end.

This higher civilization, permeated through and through by a religion firm in faith and practice, will thus become the testament and heritage of every true American; that strange anomaly will then cease virtually forbidding religious instruction in our schools. The Constitution guaranteeing civil and religious rights to our citizens being no longer a dead-letter, will assert and maintain its integrity.

We use the term religion in its broadest sense, without reference to any special creed other than that of Christianity as embodied in the life and teachings of its holy Founder. Can anything but good result from inculcating such principles? We must fight the unworldly and the unworthy, but with the peaceful weapons of conciliation and good-will.

"To worship God, to repress what is evil, and to be of service to our neighbor, this is religion. And faith without works is dead." It is the religion urged as indispensable in educational work. Without it we will have but poltroons and knaves, puppets and dummies, to be led by a string, or wound up to pipe and dance the hours away. Strange as is the anomaly referred to, the practical common-sense of our countrymen asserting itself will bring good out of this apparent evil.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> That taken at its flood leads on to fortune."

Such a tide we face to-day, big with consequences beyond the ken of human wisdom. If rightly met, what a glorious future awaits us. Patience, constant, willing drudgery, and a determination that knows not the meaning of the word fail, must win the day at last.

That term drudgery seems a hard word to use, having somehow an unpleasant sound to many ears; yet it is the only thing that really tells in life; a persistent grinding at apparently trivial things that alone make perfection, which itself is no trifle. Goethe tells us: "Genius is nothing but the ability for hard

work." Bringing this drudgery, this painstaking work, to bear upon every duty will make success of almost inevitable failures, whether that duty be the guiding of awkward little fingers to round their first "O," the statesman's task sitting as the arbiter of nations, or that of the astronomer trying to prove the peopling of fiery, flaming Mars. Never was this persistent drudgery, this dogged determination more needed than now, with great men and women as well, to serve the needs of the hour.

Few spring into greatness at a bound; it rather springs from within, is that germ in one's life which can no more be repressed than can the budding plant in springtime withhold its marvel of beauty. The circumstances developing it are often as remote from the goal as the antipodes. For this much hard discipline, seasoning and scorching, are needed, that only the fire-proof and bullet-proof could pass through unscathed. Yet what grand, magnificent characters! worthy of the nation's eulogy, of Heaven's benedictions still more worthy. For characters such as these our world is not one of bubbles, fancies, and chimeras, but of plain, substantial facts. Butterflies do well enough for idle pastime on a summer's morning; but not for life real and earnest as theirs. They think, speak, and act with their own powers rather than their neighbor's. Principles form their coat-of-mail, proof against red-tape and wire-pulling, above double dealing; the wealth of the Indies, a thousand times told, could not touch their honor; they scorn everything that does not tally with the highest, purest aims. Such is the mould in which educators should cast all the little men and women of to-day, nay, in which *they must be cast, body, mind, and soul*—"Sans peur, sans reproche." Here, teachers, is your God-given mission. Scan it well, for it is indeed one passing in grandeur all others.

As a motive and means of success we should view existence as God himself views it in its completeness. "In our planning the true meaning of life should be understood. Life in its entirety must be reckoned with as including the eternal future not less than the possible three-score-years-and-ten of earth. No plan is worthy the dignity of a human soul which limits itself to this life."

Seeing then that no act is in itself a finality, but, by the great law and chain of association, reaching from eternity to eternity, becomes inevitably the cause and sequence for good or ill to countless others, we begin to catch a faint glimpse of life's real meaning. The end sought gives its significance to every important act.

The highest, broadest scholarship should not alone be the

goal of student life, but to get the most and best out of one's self, thereby *to render the more and better service to others.* "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Any life without a purpose, grand and full of inspiration carried into the least details, is no life at all. "There can be nothing small that honest purpose does to make home sweeter and purer, and society better, or the souls of men holy." With any motive less than this education misses its sacred vocation. But urged on by such aims a glorious future awaits our country. Will it then become a Utopia as pictured by Sir Thomas More? Far better than that, with one united effort, those in power will work for the common welfare. Sweat-shops, strikes, riots, the rule of Judge Lynch, and those terrible scenes at Homestead, Cœur d'Alene, and in Tennessee, will be wholly of the past; otherwise this tidal wave must have its ebb and flow, "darkening our country's banner with the crimson hue of shame." We may not be able at once to stem its mad fury and calm the troubled waters. Human strength is but weakness against almighty power and divine retribution, but turning the forces producing these calamities into broader, deeper channels, peace shall be once more within our borders.

Let us emphasize the fact that every bullet and bit of dynamite used by either party was the exponent of a principle of eternal justice which can find expression in no other way so effective.

It may be wrought out only through bruised and bleeding bodies, crushed hearts, and the sacrifice of many noble lives; yea, even though the end may not sanctify the means, or the means the end, yet none the less will that end become an accomplished fact. As it has been so will it be again and again until a higher civilization is attained through a broader Christian education.

That glaring defect of omitting religious instruction in our schools leaves out the very back-bone in the system, relegating it, like the invertebrates, to a lower order of creation. Is it not virtually saying to God, We can do without you? Beware, lest in turn he say, I can do better without you—*Depart!* Morality, or natural religion, is not to be contemned—by no means. But unless grounded on the supernatural, on that revealed by God through Jesus Christ, we shall have little more than educated animals. One-sided views give one-sided results. In the natural world these deformities are anything but pleasing. Will they be less so in the moral and spiritual? Half one's nature, and that the lesser half, developed at the expense of the other!

When through our country's flood-gates shall pour in the thousands and tens of thousands from earth's remotest bounds,

then and there will be our opportunity to show what devoted, consecrated labor can accomplish, and thus remove the stigma so long resting upon us. Our methods and their results will speak for themselves, and prove that, besides dealing with the mental and physical forces of existence, we have penetrated into the life and soul of our pupils, teaching them the end and sacred meaning of their creation. Thus when each one asks himself, as does every sentient creature, *What am I? Why am I?* he can give a reason defying the criticism of carpers and defamers. Then will he realize that without this stamina life becomes only a mad rush after power, place, and pleasure, or at best a sunny, fanciful dream, to end when life's drama is played out, and "the curtain rung down upon its mimic stage."

We often hear it said, "The world owes us a living." Do we not also in turn owe the world one, too, by creating a new and better life for others? The children, hungering and thirsting, ask for bread, and shall we give them a stone? Their very immortality cries out for something better than husks. Do you say the family and Sunday-school can supply the needed religious instruction? The former might if it could and would; but it can't and won't, as should be. As to the latter, even if all our children attended the services there—why, think of it! food for the soul once a week, while the body must have its three meals per diem. Consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!

We must be in dead earnest in this matter, for it is no child's play. Here is our opportunity. In the name of every true American we step forth upon the platform of our own religious principles, throw down the gauntlet to the agnostic, infidel, and free-thinker, daring them to prove the advantage of non-religious schools. The burden of the argument is in its proof. Facts reply, deeds tell. Is there more honesty and purity in domestic, commercial, and political life? Pardon the comparison, but is not this "thumbs up, thumbs down, wiggle, waggle," about all any sensible person can make out of our political manœuvring, at best a sad comment upon our boasted patriotism?

What the record of our court-rooms, jails, reformatories? What the character of our public officials? Are the scales of justice equally balanced? If the retrospect credits us with so few gains and so many losses, how will it be in another decade or two, when those without religious teaching become foremen and forewomen in the world's great workshop? If the leaders are not worthy, *most worthy*, what of the rank and file? These are individual, national questions, weighted with our country's destiny.

Let this Rubicon, so long a dividing line, become a connecting link. Let the church, college, and country run in parallel lines, each aiding the other freely and with a will; then will love for the one, sacred and pure, only intensify love for the others.

Remember well that the maxims given by the great Founder of Christianity form the basis of all law, national and international, by which the rights of mankind are protected, and of which the highest and best civilization is the outcome. Imbue our youth with these same maxims, then we need not make this nation our boast; it will become its own certificate and voucher.

Our legislators take their cue from the people. If they demand purity and straightforward dealing at the ballot-box and in the nation's councils, these factors must be there, simply because the people will take nothing less, nothing else.

Our familiar phrases, *level-headed*, *well-balanced*, *fully-equipped*, best express the brand with which the world's educators must be stamped. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are the essential ideas of all true civilization, developing a charity limited only by opportunity for its expression.

Mutual help, the law of reciprocity, so beneficent in family and social life, is not less so in the broader circles of trade, and intercourse with the world at large. In loosening our country's latch-strings to the nations of the earth, let the welcome be so free and hearty that our country shall become the world's benefactor "greater than history has yet recorded." Let not this commemoration prove so much a chance for material gain as for the promotion of that peace and good-will which shall bind together all nations as one family. Opportunity is ours such as will never be for us again; we must not fail to meet it.

Women are fast coming to the front in works of zeal and humanity, more than four thousand occupations being now open to them. Gifted with a peculiar tactile sense or faculty, they manifest a shrewdness and penetration in solving many of life's riddles that have puzzled bigger brains, perhaps, but not more practical wisdom. Destined to guide others as man never could, what a power is theirs for good or ill.

Watching the ebb and flow of life's tide, they may make humanity's pulse beat responsive to their own. By them, too, the great temperance question can perhaps be more wisely treated, since efforts thus far remain efforts still. Meetings are held, societies formed, pledges given and taken, while orators pour forth their eloquence in the good cause; the powers that be are invoked to carry out this scheme and that by prohibition, high license, etc. All these means are, indeed, most worthy, yet in-

temperance and its train of evils prevail, and will still prevail, because we deal with the effect rather than the cause. In only one way can this deadly curse be lifted out of our land, and that is by creating a better sentiment among the people, so elevating their natural instincts that they will find something more desirable than a frolic around the corner or a week's spree with kindred spirits whom they would never admit into the home-circle. Better even than treatment with bichloride of gold will be lessons of virtue and morality, developing the real manhood of man, his honor and integrity, making him a law unto himself. It is not by total abstinence under any and every circumstance that a man becomes temperate, but by *being so much his own master* that he can truly say, Thus far but no farther. And here it is that the grand power of an education thoroughly Christian asserts itself, teaching that self-control which is the only means under God's heaven for making ours a temperance country, not because no liquor is sold here, but that it will be only of necessity and with moderation; then would a drunkard be regarded as an anomaly, a monster. The same is equally true of our other vices, which, in fact, must of necessity diminish since their parent is beheaded. This elevated sentiment becoming a part of the nation's character, any excess or abuse will at once be cried down.

Public opinion is a mighty wedge, an irresistible torrent; *educate that, and the work is done.*

Our other defects, though less dangerous, must not be overlooked. Let us hold in check that over-confidence, vanity, and impulsiveness born of our marvellous growth and prosperity. We too eagerly anticipate events, cannot bide our time and wait the slow but surer outcome of nature's decrees, thus making us count more failures than victories. The patience of God, as we know, is one proof of his eternity. Our life will be eternal too, but overlooking that, we go on in a mad rush as if this earthly span were our only all.

Is the material for our civilization so quickly disappearing, like the ornamental woods of our forests, that we can afford only a thin veneering? No, no; let it be of solid oak and mahogany through and through.

Life with us becomes so material that too often we can hardly lift ourselves above the dead level of our grain-fields, railway ties, bank stock, and fashion plates. Still, thank God! there are heroes bravely fighting this materiality, grand and noble ideas, clothed in flesh and blood, that as God's instruments will work out his designs and lead humanity to its glorious destiny. For

this end we must seek not only to become one of many nations, but *the one* above them all, their guide and legislator through the humanity of our laws and the purity of our political code. The needs of the hour and its resources too, never greater than now, can make our nation the compass and barometer for all others. Having noted our tides and currents, shoals and quicksands, by these they will take their reckoning, rate their progress, and guide themselves accordingly. Year by year becoming more sturdy, strong, and self-reliant, what has been an experiment in self-government will become an established fact. Grandeur is the brand of our country's resources, hence of its possibilities, which in turn must typify its attainments, admitting nothing narrow, selfish, or unworthy. Until our laws are so made and executed as to prove that crime doesn't pay; that freedom for you and for me is only admissible when all other men are equally free; that the unprotected poor shall become objects of special care, then only will religion and common-sense as twin sisters work out the great plan of creation. Let each man and woman say in all sincerity, I am bound in conscience to aid in this work—here is my oath of knighthood! In return I receive the benefit of security, peace, and prosperity. Then the simple fact of being an American will give us a title of nobility higher even than that of Rome in her zenith, when "to be a Roman was greater than to be a king." Liberty, our boast and pride, cannot then be used for the success of one party at the expense of another's defeat, but as only a great means to a greater end. Let America set the example by at once crushing out a measure that seems destined to make of her public-school system, so justly the pride of the nation, a mere machine to be used chiefly for political profit and religious intolerance. If not nipped in the bud, this hot-headed fanaticism will be its own executioner. In this lies our hope.

Emerson sounds the note of warning; let us hear and heed: "If our mechanic arts are unsurpassed in usefulness, if we have taught the rivers to make our shoes and nails and carpets, and the bolt of heaven to write our letters like a Gillott pen, let these wonders work for honest humanity, for the poor, for justice, genius, and the public good.

"Let us realize that this country, the last found, is the great charity of God to the human race. If only men are employed in conspiring with the designs of the spirit who led us thither, and is leading us still, we shall quickly enough advance out of all hearing of others' censures, out of all regrets of our own, into a new and more excellent state than history has yet recorded."

F. M. Edselas.

THE SETTLEMENT OF MAINE.

THE history of a country is that of its people in successive periods of time; of their origin and migrations to the land which their children call "our country"; of their increase in numbers, intelligence, and material wealth; of the vicissitudes of their struggle to subdue the earth to the purposes of life, and to secure to themselves its peaceful enjoyment. In this view the nation is a family; and the love of country is one with the love of home and kindred. But, in this sense, we have perhaps no history. We have a country, but are not yet one people. Nor does such a unity seem a possibility of the future. It never has obtained in any country of the gentile world, and least of all is it possible in ours. The attempt to construct it is like building another Tower of Babel, only to reproduce its confusion of tongues. There is, for society, no unity apart from unity in God; and, on earth, his church alone is one—one in him.

Old England, which the Virginia and New England colonists were wont to call their *home*, was peopled by the aggregation and partial fusion of Celts, Saxons, and Normans with the Latin race, consequent on successive conquests of Celtic Britain by Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. In Maine small colonies of this English people contended with those of France, during the greater part of the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century, for possession of the country which, by force and fraud, both were wresting from the native tribes.

On this sea-coast of Maine we find not only monuments of early voyages, explorations, and settlements, but the scenes of savage warfare, of brutal outrage and persistent wrongs to the native Indians; of contests between rival plunderers of their lands; of minor incidents of what we call "The Revolution"; and of its sequel in what, sixty years ago, our people called "the *last war* with England." This whole sea-coast seems a panorama of American history from 1602 to the present day—a period of nearly three centuries.

Unless we accept the uncertain records of discovery by the Northmen, in the tenth century, we have no evidence of explorations on or along the New England coast prior to 1602. In that year Bartholomew Gosnold sailed from Falmouth, Eng-

land, "as nearly west as the winds would allow," instead of taking the usual route by the Canaries and the West Indies. "Leaving Falmouth March 26, 1602, he made land May 4, near the forty-third degree of north latitude." The land seen may have been Mount Desert, or Agamenticus, near York.* He sailed as far south as Cape Cod, and thence returned to England.

By letters-patent dated November 8, 1603, Henry IV. of France appointed the Sieur de Monts "lieutenant-general to represent our person in the country, territory, coasts, and con-



IN LAWRENCE BAY, ME.

fines of Acadia, from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degree of north latitude; and within this extent as far inland as may be practicable, to establish, extend, and make known our name, power, and authority, . . . and by virtue hereof, and by all other lawful means, to call, instruct, move, and stir them up to the knowledge of God and the light of the Christian faith and religion."

In this same year, 1603, Martin Pring visited the Fox Islands in Penobscot Bay. He explored the coast as far west as the mouth of the Saco River.

In 1605 the Sieur de Monts, after wintering on a small island at the mouth of the St. Croix, in Passamaquoddy Bay, where

* Or, perhaps, the high lands near Camden—Mts. Batty, Pleasant, Hosmer, and Megunticook.

he lost nearly one-half—*thirty-six* out of *eighty*—of his men by disease, sailed westerly along the coast. He entered Penobscot Bay and the mouth of the Kennebeck—"where he set up a cross on the shore and took formal possession of the country in the name of his sovereign."

In this year, also, the Earl of Southampton and others sent George Weymouth across the Atlantic "on a voyage of discovery." They hoped, or pretended to hope, that a northwest passage to India might be found. On the 11th of May, 1605, Weymouth came in sight of Cape Cod: "Thence sailing northwesterly fifty leagues, he anchored on the north side of a prominent island, in forty fathoms of water." He called the island "Saint George"; but it proved to be *Monhegan.*

The search for a northwest passage to India is supposed to have been a pretence to avoid the jealous suspicions of the French, while securing the advantages of prior possession and continual claim of the coast between Cape Cod and the Bay of Fundy. Weymouth visited the St. George, between the Penobscot and Sheepscot rivers; and on an island opposite its mouth "planted peas, barley, and garden seeds, which in sixteen days grew to the height of eight inches." These were the first-fruits of civilized agriculture on these coasts. Both the island and the river were named St. George; and the roadstead between them was called Pentecost Harbor. Weymouth's voyage and exploration of the coast of Maine was *two years* prior to the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, and *fifteen years* before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth.

The explorers and first colonists of Maine were not Puritans. They who set up crosses, "according to the custom of all Christian travellers," to mark the termini of their explorations, and named their first settlement St. George, were not in sympathy with the Puritan Governor Endicott at Mt. Wollaston, who mutilated the flag of his country by cutting out the cross of St. George, to "rid it of that sign of popery and idolatry."

The English frequently, the French more rarely, gave to their American settlements the names of towns in the counties from which they came, or with which they were in some way associated. Thus we have on the western part of our seaboard, York and Scarborough; Biddeford and Falmouth; Portland, Bath, and Bristol. Later, as towns sprang up in the interior of the country, they took the names of their proprietors. Thus Hallowell, whose Indian name was *Cushnock;* Gardiner, the Indian *Cobbassee,* and many others, were named. Vassalborough was named for

the Vassall family, who were co-proprietors of the territory extending some fifty miles along the Kennebeck, between Bath and Norridgewock, and fifteen miles from the river, east and west. This territory of nearly fifteen hundred square miles includes Augusta, the capital of the State; Waterville, the site of Colby University; Hallowell, Gardiner, and other considerable towns and villages.

One-twenty-fourth part of this immense domain—more than sixty square miles—was entailed on the children of Elizabeth



WATER-FALL NEAR CASTINE.

Vassall, wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, subject to a life interest in favor of their mother. But in 1797 Lady Webster was divorced from her husband, and was afterward married to the third Lord Holland, nephew of the celebrated Charles James Fox. Rather than join his mother in perfecting the claim, which was not questioned, and in the sale of their lands, her son, Sir Henry Vassall Webster, allowed the title to lapse, and thus be lost to his heirs. The names and titles of descendants of Elizabeth Vassall are enrolled in the British peerage; but the town of Vassalborough, midway between Augusta and Waterville, on the Kennebeck, is the only titular memorial of the family in Maine. The old Vassall mansion in Cambridge, one of the many "Washington's Headquarters" in the Revolution, was lately the home of Longfellow.

The larger rivers and bays, and some of the islands along the coast, have retained their Indian names. The *Saco*, *Kennebunk*, *Androscoggin*, *Kennebeck*, *Sheepscot* (Ojibscot), *Damariscotta*, and *Penobscot* rivers, and some of the fifteen hundred lakes of Maine, have escaped the vulgar nomenclature that has dotted our maps with the names of great capitals and ancient cities affixed to small towns and insignificant villages; *ports* far from the sea, and *fords* where there are no rivers. The island of *Monhegan*, so often noted by early navigators, is Monhegan still. The deep bay north of this island is yet known as *Muscongus;* and the peninsula where the "Great Barhaba" dwelt when Europeans first landed on our shores, is still called *Pemaquid.*

Twenty miles north of Pemaquid were the Sheepscot plantations*—now Newcastle and Nobleborough—where, in 1630, there were upward of fifty resident families. The date generally assigned to this settlement is 1623; but there were white residents in the district prior to 1620. In 1625 the lands of this region were conveyed to one John Brown by two Indian sagamores; and the deed was acknowledged, in the next year, before Abraham Shurte, agent of the Plymouth Company. In 1620 this agent had purchased the island of Monhegan, which, since that date, has been continuously occupied. But as early as 1609 there was a Catholic mission on Monhegan.

The first English colonial settlement in New England was made at the mouth of the Kennebeck—or Sagadahock—in August, 1607. This was the North Virginia or Sagadahock colony, of which George Popham was president. They built Fort St. George on the southeast shore of the Peninsula of Phippsburg. Having suffered much from the severity of winter, and wantonly provoked the hostility of the friendly natives, they abandoned their settlement when, in the following year, their president was recalled to England by the death of his brother, Lord Chief-Justice Popham. Seven years later, in 1614, the place was visited by the famous Captain John Smith, whose name is associated with the early history of the Jamestown—or South Virginia—colony, and the story of Pocahontas.

In 1619 Thomas Dermer attempted to revive the settlement at Fort St. George. Though this effort proved abortive, there were English settlers on the coast, and permanent settlements in and eastward of the Damariscotta and the Pemaquid districts, coeval with, and anterior to, the Puritan settlements in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

*In after years the home of the Kavanaghs, Cottrels, Madigans, and other distinguished Irish Catholic families.

In 1622 "as many as thirty ships, from the west of England, visited the Damariscove islands to take fish in those northern waters; and *emigrants came to dwell in the country.*"

"In 1623 Richard Vines, who, with John Oldham and others, had undertaken to advance the general plantation of the country, and secure the strength and safety thereof *against the natives and other invaders,*" was living at Saco. The New Plymouth patent of 1629 mentioned that "John Oldham, a New England gentleman planter, and his servants, have, for six years



CASTINE BEACH.

past, lived in New England, and he has at his own expense transported divers persons there."

In 1670 the French were in possession of all the territories east of the Penobscot; and they claimed as far west as the Kennebeck. The English held Sagadahock—between the rivers Kennebeck and St. George—including the early settlements of Fort St. George, Pemaquid, the Sheepscot plantations, and Monhegan, as well as the coast from the Kennebeck to the Piscataqua, whose chief towns were York, Saco, Biddeford, and Falmouth—now Portland.

There are countries whose historic interest is due to international relations. Some, like Belgium, have been the battle-fields where greater powers have contended for pre-eminence. Others are border-lands between rival peoples, each jealous of the other's

claims. Their histories, of little intrinsic importance to the world at large, sometimes serve as chronological records of the vicissitudes of greater states.

Such is Maine in American history. The French of Acadia and the English colonists were rival claimants of her territory. And the relations of both to the Indian tribes complicated their territorial claims, and gave to subsequent hostilities the entanglements of tripartite wars.

To early navigators between Europe and America the islands and headlands of her coast were but landmarks, and her deep bays were only harbors of refuge. Her cold climate and rugged shores were not inviting to adventurers who relied on the products of the soil for subsistence. In after years, when commerce with neighboring States and distant countries was developed, her pine forests and granite hills became sources of wealth. The abundance of oak and larch fringing her deep bays and rivers near the sea afforded convenient material for building large ships for foreign commerce, and fleets of the smaller vessels employed in fisheries along the coast, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the banks of Newfoundland.

Her early history, like that of all the States on our Atlantic coast, is the history of voyages of adventure and discovery, of occupation and exploration; of grants from sovereigns who, of right, had nothing to bestow; of disputed boundaries which became subjects of wrangling and litigation where successive concessions were found to overlap; of wars with savage tribes whose rights, always denied *in foro conscientiæ*, were sometimes fraudulently purchased from motives of economy, but oftener repudiated or denied.

The North Virginia, or Sagadahock, colony of 1607 was given a friendly welcome by the "Great Barhaba," who dwelt at or near Pemaquid, and who held a *quasi*-sovereignty over all the native tribes between the Penobscot and Massachusetts bays. But in a single year the colonists changed this friendly disposition to implacable hostility. Thenceforward for a hundred and fifty years, here as elsewhere in America, the war of races was almost incessant. Treaties of peace were only truces, dependent on the convenience of civilization. American history is replete with tales of Indian treachery and cruelty, generally with little or no reference to the frauds and other wrongs by which they were provoked. Despite the treaties which presume sovereign rights in the contracting parties, neither our laws nor our people have ever regarded the Indians as owners of Indian

lands; or as having any title to the soil which government or people were morally bound to respect.

They have been accorded the privilege—not the right—of occupancy during the good pleasure of *our* government, but irrespective of their own. And to resist encroachments upon *stipulated* privileges, by opposing savage force to the unlicensed approach of *civilization*, has always been called an "Indian outrage." The doctrine of our Supreme Court is that "*the Indians have only a right of occupancy, and the United States possesses the*



VIEW OF BELFAST FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

legal title, subject to that occupancy, and with an absolute and exclusive right to extinguish the Indian title of occupancy either by conquest or purchase" (*vide* Kent's *Commentaries*, "Right of domain as to Indian lands"). This legal dictum clearly expresses the recognized relations between Indians and the people whom they welcomed to their shores; whom they rescued when, without their aid, the invaders must have perished of starvation. It embraces all *causes*, whatever may have been the occasion of our Indian wars.

No one acquainted with the history of Maine can look at the map of her sea-coast and rivers without recalling the more notable events of her first settlements; the friendliness of the Indians, and the frauds and cruelties of English colonists. Why need our histories be untruthful in treating of the Indian tribes? We do not palliate *our* crimes by accusing *them*. Their de-

structive vices have been, in great measure, learned from us, and our accusations recoil upon ourselves. We made them drunkards. We taught them that our promises were only measures of expediency, to be modified or abrogated to suit our own convenience or to gratify our cupidity. Our "Indian treaties" have always been fraudulent. As accepted by the Indians, "reservations" were never to be infringed. As intended by us, the Indian's right of occupation was to be respected until he should be again *removed.*

The United States alone can extinguish the Indian title of occupancy, either by conquest or purchase! If by purchase, a part of the consideration paid for Indian lands has sometimes been an annuity to be paid *in kind.* The kind has generally been what profited the white man and defrauded the Indian; notoriously a cheat. If by conquest, war was invariably initiated by the frauds and encroachments of white men. The Indians resisted; blood was shed, and the Indians were "on the war-path." Then the powers of government were evoked to protect the "pioneers of civilization" from "Indian outrage."

As the Indians in the eastern parts of New England were generally friends of the French, whose missionary priests for many years were devoted to their instruction—living in their villages and sharing the hardships of their savage life without ever seeking reward at their hands—it is not surprising that they were suspicious of advances made by the English colonists, in whom they saw the jealous rivals of their friends and the enemies of their religion.

In 1717, long after Massachusetts had obtained control of the "District of Maine," Governor Shute, with several members of his council, met "a great number of Indians, with the chiefs of their tribes, and conferred with them at *Arrowsick.* The governor offered them an English and Indian Bible, and told them that it contained the true religion, and that Mr. Baxter"—a Protestant minister in his suite—"would explain its principles to them." One of the chiefs said in reply: "All people love their own ministers (*sic*). Your Bibles we do not care to keep. God has given us teaching; and if we should go from that we should offend God" (Williamson's *History of Maine*).

The successors of Mr. Baxter in New England have given many contradictory explanations, and not a few contradictions of the Bible, since the meeting at Arrowsick. But the Indians have persisted in that teaching which "God has given." When,

a hundred years later, they were visited by a missionary priest from Boston, many faults were found to require correction; but they were firm in the "teaching" which God gave to their fathers more than a century before. They had not been visited by a priest for years. But they had made annual pilgrimages to some of the churches in Lower Canada, where the seniors performed their Easter duties, the baptisms of children were administered or certified, and marriages blessed by the priest.

But it was not through the influence of religion alone that the Indians preferred their French friends to the English colonists. Captain John Smith says, in his history of New England, "the French bartered their commodities on better terms." And the Indians did not consider a treaty of peace with the English as a promise to desert their older friends, or to sacrifice their own interests in trade. The Puritan historian, however, gives a different gloss to these tripartite relations. "The Jesuits," he says, "had strongly infected their (Indian) superstitions and prejudices with Papal fanaticism." . . . "Dupes of the French, they lost all regard for the sanctity (*sic*) of treaty obligations; and Indian faith became as proverbially bad, among the English, as Punic faith among the ancient Romans."

Were it not that we have his book before us, it would be almost incredible that a historian who describes the treacherous cruelties of English colonists at Dover (Cocheco), Pemaquid, and Norridgewock, and their approval by the government and people of Massachusetts Bay, could venture to accuse the Indians of treachery. The accusation of the Jesuits, however baseless and uncharitable, excites no surprise; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But of the treacherous Indians. We read: "In September, 1670, about four hundred Indians came to Cocheco"—Dover, New Hampshire. "As this assembly was, *probably*, not invited, it was unexpected. Major Waldron, who had authority to seize all *Indian murderers and traitors*, was in a dilemma." . . . "He, therefore, suggested to the other officers an expedient which, though of uncommon character, was adopted. He proposed a sham-fight, in which the Indians were to manœuvre on one side and the English on the other. The amusement was continued a short time, when Waldron induced them to fire a grand round; and the moment their guns were discharged his troops surrounded the unwary Indians, seized and disarmed them without the loss of a man on either side. To divide them into classes according to their guilt or in-

nocence was a far more difficult part of the undertaking. *Wonnolancet* and his tribe, all adherents to the English and all neutrals in the war, were discharged. The 'strange Indians' from the westward, and every one who had been guilty of bloodshed or outrage since the treaty, about two hundred in all, were confined and conveyed to Boston. The governor and assistants constituted, at that time, the supreme court of the colony; and all the prisoners who were convicted of having taken life (being seven or eight) suffered death; and *others, receiving sentence of banishment, were transported, and sold in foreign parts for slaves.*"

The Indians sometimes sold their English captives; but not to slavery. Their purchase was rescue from death or prolonged captivity. There are to-day Canadian families, that "speak no English," whose New England surnames recall the story of their origin; and others whose French names hide their descent from New England mothers rescued from the Indians two centuries ago.

E. PARKER-SCAMMON.

New York.



Legislative Library Ontario

MY CONVERSION.

THE myself of nearly twenty-five years ago has become a being so distinct from my present self that I think that I can write of it without feeling that I am dissecting a living heart in public.

That myself was a girl very near her twenties who had, not long since, finished a course of study at —— Academy—a place ever venerable in my memory as one where I learned anew that self-sacrifice and earnestness in a righteous cause are the only elements which constitute true life; and where, too, I realized, as I had never done before, that consecration to the living Christ was my very first and most essential duty. I might also gratefully dwell upon the boon conferred by our excellent teachers in insisting upon so high a standard of recitation in our classes that our whole energies had to be concentrated upon our daily work. Moreover, nearly every one of the many young men and women assembled there had in view some special avocation or profession, so they were like knights tempering their own swords for a campaign near at hand.

My body, it was said, was over-worked by my brain, among these ambitious students, and consequently you find me first in an invalid's chamber, with little hope of ever using the knowledge I had acquired.

The taste for study, however, had not diminished with my physical strength, and I delighted as much as ever in revolving great questions in my own mind and debating them with my most intelligent visitors, the physician and the pastor of the Congregationalist church of which I had been for some years a member.

Like a multitude of others, even as a child I had been forced to enter the arena of conflicting beliefs, unarmed with any definite creed. In those days, happily, few questioned that the Bible is the Word of God, but in almost every household there were heated contests as to what it really teaches. The first opinion that I espoused, through the influence of my father and the religious teachers to whom he confided me, was that no one would be eternally lost. Finally, through my study of the Sacred Scriptures, I became convinced that they did not support my one

dear dogma, and also that there must be some radical change in the human heart before it could enter heaven. This change I believed came to me, when about eighteen, as the result of my accepting Christ as my personal Saviour. I was then baptized, not because I thought that any grace accompanied the pouring of the water and the use of the Christ-appointed words, but because baptism was an ordained sign of inward belief which I gladly received in obedience to him.

It was under these circumstances that I read for the first time a full statement of the distinctive tenets of the Catholic faith. What repelled me as most improbable of all was the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass. I said aloud to myself, as I laid the book down: "I could not believe these." The reply of some inner voice was almost as distinct as my own had been: "What right have you to reject them without knowing the grounds on which they are believed?" I have ever felt that this was the special moment of grace, and that, had I refused to enter upon the study of Catholicity then, I should never have done so.

But how could I study the Catholic faith in the midst of a small New Hampshire village without church or priest? The Protestant clergyman, already referred to, had no book which explained or even attempted to refute Catholic dogmas. I did not even think of asking whether or not any information could be procured through the few Catholics in my neighborhood, so I was obliged to ask light from a long distance.

I must now tell you that immediately after my graduation I went West, to be ready to commence my work as a teacher, with the chosen friend of my last years, in —— Academy. We secured the positions we coveted; she was principal of a newly founded school for young ladies in ——, Missouri, and I was her assistant. The wife of Hon. —— ——, member of Congress for many years, was the foundress. It was she who looked after all the material wants of the young ladies, who exhibited her New Hampshire teachers from time to time in her carriage, and who faithfully paid our salaries.

Her greatest service to me she rendered in perfect unconsciousness. We needed a music teacher. Neither my friend nor I felt that she could, in conscience, assume that office; so Mrs. —— ventured to ask Mrs. Judge G—— what she should do. I am sure that she must have been surprised when that lady volunteered to be herself our music teacher, saying: "The judge is so much away that I am often lonely." I learned subsequently that

she was much drawn to my attractive friend, the principal. Certainly Mrs. —— was most happy to accept the offer of the judge's wife, for she was a thoroughly trained musician, besides being a woman of culture and worth. On our part, we were much pleased with her as a daily companion.

I do not remember when or how we learned that she was a Catholic, but I know that we were both astounded by the fact. I ventured once to intimate that *she* could not believe in the Real Presence. Her reply came firm and strong: "I believe it as firmly as I believe in my own existence." This was the only time that I made any allusion to her religion.

I saw THE CATHOLIC WORLD—which since then has become so valuable to me—on her table, but think I did not read a line in it. I did read a page or two in Father Faber's *The Creator and the Creature*, and wonder now that his glowing style did not make me continue; but my prejudices were stronger than my appreciation of its beauty. Mrs. —— took us into town to church, and once we were invited to go to Mass with our Catholic friend; but we refused, I fear, somewhat abruptly.

I was really ill when I went West to teach with my friend, but it seemed to me that I had determination enough to execute my plan notwithstanding; but others saw that I ought not to go on with my duties, and wrote to my mother to meet me in St. Louis, for my father at the time was with his regiment in New Mexico. At last my mother succeeded in bringing me back to my New Hampshire home.

Now you understand that, very naturally, it was to Mrs. Judge G—— that I turned for answers to my questions about the Catholic faith.

I wrote my queries, and asked my friend, the principal, to request a reply. Dear A——! had she foreseen the result, she would have been most reluctant to do so. I do not recall now all that I asked Mrs. G——, but she answered that it would be impossible for her to respond in writing, but that she would send me a book which would give me all I sought. The book—do you know it?—was Dr. Challoner's *Catholic Christian Instructed.* It was as intensely interesting to me, to use a degrading comparison, as the report of the rise and fall of stocks to the speculator; and, too, it gave me matter for conversation with all who took pleasure in such subjects.

Since it was the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass which most repelled me when I first read it in Hayward's *Book of all Religions*, I was most impressed by the proofs that Dr. Challoner

brought that the Adorable Sacrifice in the Catholic Church fulfilled the types of the old law and the wonderful prophecy of Malachias: "For, from the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is a sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation" (Mal. i. 10–11).

I marvelled then, and I marvel still, that I had not myself learned the truth of the Real Presence from the last verses of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and from the description of the institution of the Blessed Eucharist by the different evangelists.

Indeed, I am quite sure that many would reach Catholic truth through the aid of the Bible alone, did they go to it without preconceived notions. One of the truth-seekers in a class of young ladies in a Congregationalist Sunday-school, of which I was a member, remarked at one of our lessons: "It seems to me that Christ, in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, asserts that water and the Holy Ghost come simultaneously in baptism." Our teacher, the pastor's wife, brushed the statement aside with, "Oh! it does not mean that"; and, I fear, the young lady submitted henceforth to what she imagined Mrs. C——'s superior wisdom. This is but one illustration of many.

To return to myself. I soon saw that the Protestant minister could make no satisfactory objection to Dr. Challoner's statements. I am also confident that he must have reported my danger to Rev. Mr. ——, some fourteen miles away, for whom I had particular respect; for he visited me, and sent me a work in which Archbishop Whately tried to "explain away" such texts as, "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth," etc.

At last my dear parents became alarmed; for though there was, as I have already said, an atmosphere of religious controversy in my home, all agreed that it would be a calamity to have a Catholic in the family.

I had frankly admitted from the outset the surprise that I felt that there was so much to show that Catholicity is not a web of superstition woven by the ignorance or the duplicity of ages, or by both combined; but I little dreamed, so slight were my own attainments, upon what a vast subject I had entered when I commenced the study of the Catholic Church; and valuable as I found Dr. Challoner's little manual, it soon ceased to be enough. Mrs. G—— was about to send me other works when she was forbidden by my mother to do so.

Then I bethought me of our *Encyclopædia Americana*. It

helped me considerably, in spite of the antagonistic stand-point from which many of its articles were written.

Weeks and months passed by, and I began myself to think how terrible it would be should my convictions actually force me to become a Catholic—terrible because of the pain and disappointment it would cause all who were dear to me, and terrible, too, because it would place me in complete mental isolation.

Strange to say, at this time I received an invitation to teach English and continue my French at the Swiss Mission near Grande Ligne, P. Q. It was now possible, because of returning strength, for me to accept the position. I was delighted, for I said in my own mind: "Now I shall find good reasons for not being a Catholic among those who are devoting their lives to their conversion."

I used my eyes and ears most diligently at "La Mission Suisse," but, although I sat opposite an apostate priest a school year at table, I heard nothing to banish my fear that, if true to my convictions, I must go back to the church my ancestors long since had abandoned.

In truth Monsieur N—— said very little by way of an attack upon Catholicity. I remember now but two remarks at table, and his sermons, for now he was a Baptist minister, were not controversial. Once, when some relics were brought to Montreal, whose I have never known, he said: "Peut-être qu'ils sont les restes d'un âne!" And again, when we heard that "Père" Chiniquy was lecturing in the vicinity against the church, he exclaimed: "Il en dit trop! il en dit trop!"

As for poor Monsieur R——, one of the founders of the mission, I doubt whether he really knew what the Catholic Church actually teaches. I am sure that he had been told from boyhood, in Switzerland, that she is the "mother of all iniquity," and he believed it as unquestioningly at fifty as at fifteen. Monsieur P——, my instructor, was solely occupied in teaching me French, and Madame N—— in making us all happy.

Then, I thought that I should not say much to them of my interest in Catholicity, lest I should make an unnecessary discord in the house, since I could not tell but what I might yet remain a Protestant. Madame N—— gave me *Father Clement* to read. It did not have the effect I desired, so that when, at the close of the school year, I went to Montreal I was as full of the desire to study Catholicity in the concrete as I had ever been in the abstract.

The friend whom I visited at Longueil, just across the St. Lawrence from the city, was the noblest and the dearest of the women who had taught me. I spoke to her at once of the quest in which I was engaged, and she, in her truth-loving zeal, became my companion in my researches. Those researches were, no doubt, less thorough than they would have been had we had a single Catholic friend or acquaintance to aid us.

We began by visiting the churches, which certainly are open treatises upon the beauty of the Catholic faith. We went to the parish priest of Longueil with some of our questions. Among other things, we asked him if Catholics are *obliged* to ask the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. The concise reply of the old priest was: "The journey to heaven is so great an undertaking that we need in it our small as well as our large coin."

We were very careful to note the presence or absence of devotion in Catholics as we saw them in the churches. One Sunday we were at High Mass in the Jesuits' Church. I listened most attentively to the sermon upon "Ite ad Joseph," and then, since I could not follow the ceremonies which were being carried out in the sanctuary, I took to observing two young ladies near me. The whole bearing of one showed me that she felt that she was in the presence of awful mysteries. The restlessness and the vacant countenance of the other proved that she realized nothing but what the eye revealed. I learned then that charity to our neighbor requires that we should carefully keep the appearance of reverence as well as nourish its soul.

Afterwards we visited the College of the Jesuits. There Father Merrick was sent to us, and he gave us good reason for ceasing to style the deutero-canonical books apocryphal. I remember that he remarked to us, "I see that you are cut adrift from your old moorings." Perhaps he recalled us afterwards at the altar, and that thus one was brought to a safe harbor. The other, far the worthier of the two, still drifts, and is known to her circle in Washington as the wife of a Protestant clergyman.

Finally, Catholicity in the concrete completed what Catholicity in the abstract had begun, and at the end of my visit I knew that there was no help for it—that unless I was a despicable traitor to my conscience I must become a Catholic, at whatever cost to others and myself.

How could I accomplish it? The only Catholic friend I had was beyond the Mississippi, and with her I had held no communication for more than a year. I must teach, and where could

I when my Catholic convictions became known? Should I continue to identify myself, until I took the final step, with Congregationalists and other sects as a Sunday-school teacher? I wrote asking the old priest at Longueil to decide for me. He answered: "You may do so during a certain time, provided that you reject with all your force what is contrary to the faith."

My first catechism was given me by a nun in Longueil to whom this kind priest had spoken of me. I had procured for myself the little *Imitation* which lies just at hand this moment, with its appended "Prière" and "Pratique." I had also heard of the *Devout Life* of St. Francis de Sales, and this I purchased also. I did not know, at the time, that I could not have secured two more helpful books had I been familiar with the whole range of the soul's literature.

May no one of those who read this sketch ever experience the misery of concealing his or her deepest convictions, even for a time! After all these years I look back with a shudder upon the hours I sat in the services of the Congregationalist church in ——, Massachusetts, where I taught in the Peter's High-School after my return from Canada; but yet I could not bear to withhold my influence for religion in some form.

I was yet thirsting for more Catholic books, and so I ordered Cardinal Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and also the whole series of excellent tracts which the Catholic Publication Society was then issuing.* The *Apologia* was invaluable to me, and, like thousands, I found in the great cardinal a guide that I followed with entire confidence, not so much on account of his masterly intellect as because of his perfect candor in calmly weighing all that his opponents could object.

I take up the *Apologia* now as I write, and turn to the "General Answer to Mr. Kingsley." Passage after passage is marked, and thus instructed, I do not wonder that the claim of the church to be infallible became to me at once her greatest attraction, and one of the strongest proofs that she was from God and that God abides with her, "a pre-eminent, prodigious power, sent upon the earth to encounter and master a giant evil," a provision "for retaining in the world a knowledge of himself so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human scepticism," and, I would add, the obvious corollary of his love.

I have now passed over a space of between three and four

* Some inquiries have been made lately concerning these tracts. We wish to say that they are now being published by the Columbus Press, No. 120 West 60th St., New York.—Ed. C. W.

years. In the summer of 1871 I wrote to my Catholic friend in Missouri of my determination to enter the Catholic Church as soon as I could find any way of doing so. Happily she had met M. M. G——, from Mt. St. Mary's Convent of Mercy, Manchester, N. H., and wrote to her of my desire. You who know the zeal and generosity of Reverend Mother Frances Xavier Warde, will not be surprised that in the middle of her August retreat she bade me come to the convent for my immediate preparations for baptism.

I was consigned at once to the guardianship of a religious who had embraced the faith with none of my delays and reluctance, and who has ever since been heat to my ice and light to my darkness.

On the 3d of September, in the sanctuary of the dearest of chapels, the late venerable Father William Macdonald gave me conditional baptism. Besides personal kindnesses, he did me the great service of placing me under the guidance of one of the clearest and purest of minds which it has been my delight and benediction to know. The study of the Very Rev. —— became my Catholic university during seven years. Subsequent benefactors, in books and out of them, have increased my knowledge of and thankfulness for the Catholic faith, and I shall soon, with fresh gratitude, keep the twenty-first anniversary of my coming home to the soul's one true mother—the Roman Apostolic Church.

It would have been too wearisome had I recounted to you the whole course of reasoning which led me to the spot where Divine Faith took my hand. Suffice it to say that I took the circuitous path of finding out the grounds of each distinctive article of our Creed, instead of satisfying myself first that the Church is the Living Messenger of the Incarnate God whom he left to "teach, govern, sanctify, and save" his world.

LEGENDS OF THE CID.

IV.

THE DEATH OF THE CID.

THE latest of those watchful days had come:
The Knights still held discourse of ancient times
And wonders of the Cid. At last arose
A man silent till then though restless oft,
A silver-haired Castilian flushed of brow:
He spake like one that hides his grief no more.
"Sirs, ye converse of things long past as present,
For still ye laud the Cid who rests with God
And, angel-praised, regards not praise of man,
Yet near things see through mist. Sirs, look around!
Morocco's Soldan knocks against your gates;
His navies close your ports; his hosts this hour
Thrice number those our Great One chased whilome.
To business, sirs! A week, and of those present
Few will survive, I ween."
To him replied
That youngest knight who at their earliest watch
Had said: "Man's earthly life is but betrothal."
"Sirs, it had ill become us, warriors vowed,
Had we discoursed of danger ere our dirge
O'er greatness dead had reached an honest end.
That done, devise we how to save the city."
Then laughing cried, with hands together rubbed,
That mirthful knight, Don Leon de Toledo:
"Devise we counsel, sirs! but wot ye well
Counsel is bootless if the counsellors
Be men of rueful face. Such face, moreover,
Insults our Cid, to whom all wars were jest
And jest at times was sermon in disguise:
Glad man was he—our Cid!"
Don Sanchez then:
"Supreme of jests were this: to place our Cid,
Though dead, upon his horse with face to foe!
Santiago! but to hear his laugh in heaven!
The rogues would fly!"

To him Don Aguilar:
"Brother, your jest was to our Cid no jest,
But serious thought. In sickness twice he cried:
'For this alone is Death a thing unwelcome,
It stays us from the Moors! Should ill confront us
When dead I lie, set me upon my horse;
This arm shall smite them still!'" Don Ramon next:
"Know ye no more? Ximena told me all.
The Cid, Morocco's navy full in sight,
Confessed to her that peril till then unknown
Compassed the Christian cause. 'Bucar,' he said,
'Nursing five years his rage, stirs up this day
The total hosts of Barbary against us.
What if our pride of late, or sins beside,
Invoke God's chastening hand?' That fleet arrived,
He, sickness-stricken, cried aloud, 'Ah me,
That I should be unprofitable this day!
Raise up, great God, some nobler! Let him walk
Thy knight elect!'
Distressed he lay that night,
Tranquil at morn. He spake: 'Fear naught, Ximena!
There came to me last night trial unknown—
Pray God it come no more! A trance fell on me
That was not sleep. Before me sat a man
At sunset in an ancient castle's hall:
Low-bent his forehead rested on his hands:
At last he raised his head: it was my sire,
The man I ever loved the best on earth:
Sad image seemed he of that speechless woe
His when his race and house had suffered shame.
An age methought that dreadful trance endured.
Sudden, like breeze from Pyrenean snows,
Some Breath Divine transpierced my heart:—that Breath
Hath cheered me oft at danger's worst. I heard
"Be strong! When night is darkest day is nigh!"
Then all my palace filled with wondrous light
And from that splendor issued forth a man
Hoary but strong—two keys his girdle bore.
He spake: "Regard no more yon host, for God
In thirty days will call thee to His peace
Because thou serv'dst Him with true heart though frail,
And lov'dst beside my convent of Cardenna.
Thy God will not forsake thee! Like a mist

The Moor shall vanish; and thyself, though dead,
When Spain's high Patron fights that final fight,
Shalt share his victory for thy body's honor.
Likewise that day thou diest the Power accurst
Shall fall in Holy Land; the Faith be free:
The Cross of Christ shine forth from Salem's towers:
And Bullogne's Godfrey live God's knight elect,
Fulfilling thus thy prayer." '
Thus spake the Cid, and ceased. Ximena fixed
Her eyes upon him. Then the Cid resumed:
'The body's weakness is the spirit's strength.
I saw these things, and more: he came to me,
That boy all beautiful we lost in youth.
You too shall see him soon.'
Again he mused, and sudden ended thus:
'Would God that when that final battle joins,
The strength of men might place me on my horse
Facing the Moor; for God, methinks, that hour
Will work some great deliverance for mankind;
Also the greater then will be His praise
When all men cry, "Twas God, and not our Cid,
Conquered of old: now through the Dead He conquers."
But let these things be done as they deem best—
Hieronymo, that perfect one, and they
My cousin Alvar Fannez, and Bermudez.
Gill Diaz I ordain for charge of thee."
Then spake that slender knight and meek as maid:
"Sirs, rest assured that wish was not pride-born,
Since what could be more humble than his death?
He bade them bear him to St. Peter's Church;
There entering, spake: 'I suffer none to mourn;
Sirs, all that live must die; but know ye this:
Christian who goes reluctantly to God
Is like a soldier who hath ta'en a city,
Yet fears to enter it and see his lord
Therein enthroned and crowned.' Full reverently
Then at the Bishop's feet he knelt, and there
Humblest confession made, and was assoiled.
They that stood nigh in circle heard his words:—
Great scorn had still our Cid of all concealment:
They heard the words he spake."
Don Sanchez last:
"Sirs, in this matter God hath shewn His will

By manifest signs. Regard our Cid! He sits
Beside yon altar changeless. Sirs, attend!
What time Valencia fell, for months, for years
Far nations sent him gifts; Persia's arrived
The last, with camel train and long procession.
'Can Moslem love a Christian?' was our cry!
Sirs, of her gifts the chief, ye know, was this,
A golden Vial, and around it graved
Inscription strange which no man could decipher,
Knight, clerk, or stranger. Don Hieronymo
At last confession made: 'God sent that Gift,
Not man: and God its import will divulge
When most our need.' This likewise, sirs, ye know,
That when that Moor who sang Valencia's dirge,
The Alcalde Alforexi, Christian made,
Was shown that Vial sealed from Moslem eye,
He, sage in Persian lore, the inscription read:
"The body of the just man, ere his death
Washed in this balsam, shall not see corruption:'
Sirs, in that balsam was our Great One washed
Ere yet he died, and hath not seen corruption:
Therefore 'twas God, we know, who sent that Gift!
He sent it that our Cid, the Elect of God,
Should triumph in his death. The battle-field,
Sirs, shall attest my words!"
Then rose the cry,
"Place we our Cid upon his horse, Bavieca,
Full armed, and with his countenance to the Moor,
Leaving the rest to God."
That Perfect One,
Hieronymo, next day approved their word,
And Alvar and Bermudez; and, God-taught,
Devised how that high thought should stand fulfilled.
Throughout that day the Christians knelt in prayer—
Prayer great and strong. When pealed the midnight chime
The twelve side altars of St. Peter's Church
Glittered with lights; and, hour by hour, at each
In swift succession Mass on Mass was said
Low-toned by priests that came like shades, then passed
With chalice veiled adown the darkling aisles.
At earliest day-break Don Hieronymo,
Before the great high altar standing sole,
Offered the all-wondrous Sacrifice Eterne

With absolution given: and all the knights,
Four thousand men, kneeling received their Lord,
Then bent long time their foreheads on the ground:
At last they rose with sound as when sea-winds
Blow loud on piny hills, and by that gate
Named "of the Snake" forth from the city rode
Full slowly and in silence. At their head,
Upon his horse Bavieca, rode the Cid
With awful, open eyes, and in his hand
His sword, Tirzona, pointing to the skies,
Upon his right hand Don Hieronymo,
His left, Gill Diaz, holding each a rein.
Here follows in that sacred legend old
The greatest battle ever fought in Spain,
Though brief, "God's Battle" named. The Chronicler,
Writing for men who inwardly believed
God made the world, and rules it, fearless wrote,
And this his record. Morn by morn, twelve morns,
Morocco's host had stood before that gate
Shouting defiance and their prophet's name,
And, no man answering, mused, 'The Cid is dead';
But when that morn they saw the Cid advance
Slowly, his knights four thousand in the rear,
Fear fell upon them whispering each to each,
"He died not! Traitors lied to lure us hither,
Then slay us like one man!" Others averred,
"He died; but God hath raised him from the dead!"
Nearer he drew: distincter grew his face:
Panic divine fell on them. Mists of death
Cumbered their eyes: each heart was changed to ice:
The knights four thousand shouted "Santiago!"
They fled. King Bucar launched on them fresh hosts
In fratricidal war. The Cid and his
Meantime on-moving, reached that fountain cold,
Akbar by name, begirt by palm-trees seven—
An Arab saint, men said, had rested there—
Therein, his wont, Bavieca quenched his thirst:
That done, Gill Diaz turned him towards Valencia:
At last no farther would he move, but stood
With forward-planted feet, and head forth held,
Eyeing the battle plain.
Again he saith,
That Chronicler, the Moors, their panic spent,

Surceased from that their fratricidal war
While prophet bald, old seer, and fakir gray,
Nursed on mad visions 'mid Arabian peaks,
Rushed through the red ranks with uplifted hands
Exhorting and denouncing. Bucar, well pleased,
Watched from his height the lulling of that storm,
And hurrying up with all his great reserves
Missioned long since from every Afric coast,
Tremessian, Zianidian, or Tunisian,
Whate'er vexed Syrtes kens o'er raging waves
Or Atlas through gray cloud—with these begirt,
Their dazzling chivalry and standards green,
Himself in midst of those late-warring hosts,
With crown imperial and with sceptre gemmed,
Sudden appeared, nor stayed, but vanward passed
Assuming sole command. Back rushed the Moors,
Now formed anew, to where the Christian Knights
Waited unmoved, though destined as might seem
To certain death and swift; and waiting, raised
Once more Spain's shout of onset, "Santiago!"
'Twas heard in heaven! The eyes of either host
Were opened, and they saw the Hills of God
Round them thick-set with knights innumerable
On snow-white steeds and armed in mail snow-white;
Their Chief a wondrous One with helm cross-crowned
Who bore upon his breast a bleeding cross
And raised a sword all fire. The Moslems fled;
Their emperor first. Later they sware the earth,
Upheaved like waves, had hurled them t'ward the sea.
That flight was murderous more than battle's worst:
Whole squadrons perished, trampled under foot;
Not once they turned on those four thousand knights
Loud thundering in their rear. The harbor reached,
Thousands lay smothered 'mid the ships or waves
By their own armor cumbered to the death—
Among them kings eighteen. The rest made sail
With Bucar to Morocco. Never again
That emperor looked on Spain.

The rising sun
Shone fair next morning on Valencia's walls
As from them moved a solemn pilgrimage—
Spain's greatest son upon his horse world-famed,
Borne slowly t'ward San Pietro di Cardenna.

Upright he sat: upon his right hand walked
His Wife, and on his left Hieronymo,
Behind them priests intoning gladsome psalms.
Each evening as they neared their place of rest
Its bishop and his priests approached cross-led,
With anthem and with dirge. The second day
The Donna Sol, his daughter eldest-born,
Beside her Aragonian lord, drew near;
And knights a hundred mailed, with shields reversed
Hung from their saddle-bows. Wondering they gazed,
So awful looked that dead man, yet so sweet,
His household standard o'er him and his knights,
Not funeral-garbed but splendid as beseems
High tournament or coronation feast.
Not thus the Donna Sol. Her glittering tiar
She cast on the earth, and wailed. Ximena then:
"Daughter, you sin against your Father's charge;
Lamentings he forbade." Then Donna Sol
Kissed first her father's hand and next her mother's,
And answered low, "In ignorance I sinned."
Elvira, youngest daughter of the Cid,
Next morning joined them with Navarre, her husband:
Silent she wept, knowing her father's will.
Day after day great companies drew nigh
With kings among them regnant in far lands,
Blackening both vale and plain. At last the Cid
Faithful in death, reached that majestic pile
So loved by him, San Pietro di Cardenna:
The abbot, aged now a hundred years,
And all his monks before the portals ranged
Received him silent.

King Alphonso dwelt
That season at Toledo. Swiftly and sadly
He hastened to those obsequies of one
By him so long revered, so scantly loved
And yet to him so helpful at his need;
Long time he stood a-gazing on the dead:
At last he spake: "Spain ne'er had man like that man;
Saw never knight so loyal and so true,
So gladsome, simple, holy, and brave, and sage.
'Twas well for me he never knew his worth!
In heaven they'll rise to meet him!" Six whole days
He graced the Cid with vigils and with rites

Befitting Christians dead. He willed besides
To lay him in a golden coffin gemmed
Beyond the funeral pomps of Spanish kings.
Ximena would not. Once again the wife
Stood up as stately as the maid that stood
Before Ferrando, making then demand
"Let him who crushed my father's house restore it!"
As calm she answered now that monarch's son:
"It shall not be! There let him sit enthroned;
For many a throne throughout his stormy life
My husband spurned, thus answering, 'Of my sires
No man was king.' Look there! There sits, not lies,
The man, not king, who propp'd the thrones of kings—
There in that house which roofed his exiled babes:
There let him rest." Alphonso at her word
Sent to Toledo for that ivory chair
Raised on a dais where the Cortes met
Yearly, whereon till then had no man sat,
The kingly symbol of an absent king,
And reared it at the right of Peter's altar
And spread thereon a cloth of gold impearled,
And o'er it raised a wondrous tabernacle
Azure, gold-starred, and flushed with arms of kings
The blazonries of Leon and Castile,
Navarre and Aragon, and, with these, the Cid's:
And on Saint Peter's day the King Alphonso,
The Infantes of Navarre and Aragon,
And Don Hieronymo, in sacred state
Throned on that chair the Cid, and round him spread
That purple robe, the Persian Soldan's gift,
And reared within his grasp his sword Tirzona,
Whereof the meaning is the "Brand of Fire"—
Not bare but sheathed since now its work was done;
Upon its hilt was graved "Ave Maria":
Likewise before his feet that earlier sword
They laid, Colada, graved with "Yea" and "Nay"
At either side its blade; since plain of speech
The Cid had ever been.

Thenceforth till death
In that magnific pile Ximena dwelt,
Watched by her husband's latest friend, Gill Diaz,
His latest yet most honored, most beloved—
Serving the poor of God. Long nights she knelt

In prayer beside her lord, lest aught ill-done
Or left undone might bar him from God's Vision,
Though restful with those saints who wait God's time
In that high paradise of Purgatory
Sung by the Tuscan, where Ennoe flows
And Lethe; and Matilda gathers flowers:
Four years fulfilled, in peace and joy she died.
Three days before her death she spake these words
'Twixt sleep and waking to her maidens near:
"I go to be at last in heaven his bride
With whom I lived in troth not spousal here."
Gill Diaz yet remained. Daily he led
His master's charger—no man rode him now—
To where beside a cross a spring uprose
Fresher than Akbar's 'mid those palm-trees seven:
O'er it the old charger bent. Full many a time
There standing, though with thirst unsatisfied,
Troubled he lifted up his ears and listened,
And when he heard his master's voice no more,
Sighed and moved on deject. Two years he lived,
Then died. Before that monastery's gate
Gill Diaz buried him, above his grave
Planting two elms; and dying, gave command,
"Beside Bavieca's grave in turn be mine,
Because both knew to serve."

Here maketh end
That book world-famous, the "Cid's Chronicle,"
Writ by a king, Alphonso, named the Wise,
Sage in all science and a Troubadour.
Two centuries and a half the Cid was dead:
Then sent Alphonso faithful men and true
Through all the cities and the vales of Spain
To garner up all relics old that song,
History or tale had treasured of that man
Who was the manliest man that e'er shed tear,
The tenderest man who ever fought in war:
All these that king into a garland wove.
With England's Arthur and with Charlemagne
The Cid hath place; and since he left this earth
He rests and reigns among the Blest in heaven.

AUBREY DE VERE.

TAXATION OF ULSTER UNDER A HOME-RULE PARLIAMENT.

ONE of the objections to Home Rule brought forward by those who oppose it on the pretence of Irish as distinguished from imperial interests is, that it will injuriously affect the province of Ulster. They say that this province must be unduly taxed to support an Irish government; because the poverty of the other provinces is so great that they could not bear the burden of taxation in a manner commensurate with their extent and population; that practically, therefore, the whole load would fall upon Ulster, which in a short time would be reduced to the miserable condition of the other provinces.

This objection, which would carry little weight in Ireland, has been used with considerable effect in Great Britain during the election campaign. It is quite possible that there are many in this country who accept it. Yet it seems plain enough that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would not have embarked upon their present policy if its necessary result should be such monstrous injustice. To think otherwise would be to accuse them of unexampled wickedness and folly.

We hear of the stagnation or decay of the other provinces, and the improvidence and lawlessness of their inhabitants; we hear, on the other hand, of the prosperity and progress of Ulster, and the regard for law which prevails among its people. It is conveniently forgotten that the police and military are drawn from the other provinces in every year as July approaches and are massed in Ulster in overwhelming force to insure the observance of the law and the preservation of the public peace. It is just possible that the boasted prosperity of Ulster in comparison with the rest of Ireland is as purely ideal as the exceptional peacefulness of Ulstermen.

It is a remarkable thing that Irishmen from the South are as successful as those from Ulster in America, in England, Australia, Canada, India, South Africa—in a word, wherever the English language is spoken, and this despite prejudices against their race and religion to which the latter are not exposed. The strength of such prejudices is well known in this country; and what it must be in England and her colonies can, therefore, be

easily estimated. Yet the influence of Celtic and Catholic Irishmen in all the countries mentioned is recognized in every phase of social and political life. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that most of such influence, when enjoyed by Ulster Protestants, is derived from their accord, or their supposed accord, with the sentiments of the majority of their countrymen. If this be correct with regard to these two sections of the Irish people abroad, it remains to be seen how far, if at all, it can be said that there is such an essential difference between them at home in the qualities that conduce to the advancement of individuals and nations.

Is it the fact, then, that Ulster is really so much more prosperous than the other provinces? In the three southern provinces there are twenty-three counties; in Ulster there are nine. The valuation of the entire of Ireland for purposes of taxation is something over £13,000,000 a year. Of this, Ulster's part is over £4,000,000 a year—a sum that does not seem to be much above the due proportion when we consider the number of counties in the province. The proportion will be seen to be more strictly equal from a further examination applied to the counties in the northern province and those in the rest of Ireland respectively.

There is no county in Ulster within any degree of being so small in area as the following counties in Leinster: Louth, Dublin, Wicklow, Longford; there is no county in Leinster except Meath as large as the smallest county in Ulster. Dublin, the metropolitan county of the South, is valued at £741,506 a year. The valuation of Antrim, the metropolitan county of the North, is £634,353 a year; or, in other words, the valuation of the comparatively small county of Dublin is one-seventh above the county which is the seat of the linen manufacture, the model county of Ireland, the centre in which the imperial race has proved its superior qualities; and so on through all the forms of impudent braggadocio.

Belfast, the capital of Ulster and the Athens of Ireland, the new Tyre and Sidon, the Irish Liverpool and London, Glasgow and Manchester rolled up in one, figures at the respectable yearly valuation of £519,032; while the city of Dublin, with its popish corporation and reckless expenditure, its dead industries and shipless quays, presents for imperial assessment a property valued at £639,854 a year. The reader may wipe his glasses and stare, but these are the government statistics. Or to put it in another way: Antrim county, with its chief town, Belfast, gives an an-

nual valuation of £1,153,558 a year, as contrasted with Dublin county and city, estimated at £1,381,360 a year.*

It must be distinctly understood that this valuation, called indifferently the tenement or government valuation of Ireland, is the basis of all local and imperial assessment, and the only reliable test of the wealth of the country or any part of it. Income tax is no exception to the principle because it depends mainly on the valuation. It affords no objection to my argument because the gross income tax returns from Leinster are greatly in excess of the returns from Ulster, and those from Munster approach the Ulster returns so very closely as to make the difference not worth noticing.†

Again, if we exclude the counties of Antrim and Dublin, which may be supposed to owe their high valuation to the important cities mentioned above, we find the following results from a wider comparison of counties. There are four counties in Ulster valued above £300,000 a year each, and there are eleven of the twenty-two outside Ulster valued above that amount. If we take counties exceeding £500,000 a year, we find three, exclusive of Dublin, in the South, and one, exclusive of Antrim, in the North.

Of course it may be said that every county in Ulster exceeds £200,000 a year valuation, while there are three counties in the southern provinces below that figure. To this objection I think it is a sufficient answer to say that the two smallest counties of Ulster united would have a far wider area than these three counties taken together; while the poorest county outside of Ulster, Mayo, is over £300,000 a year valuation. In plainer terms it appears that the amount of the valuation depends to a very large extent upon the area; and that there is no appreciable difference between the wealth of Ulster so tested and that of the rest of the country. Certainly there is no greater difference in this respect between the North and South of Ireland than between parts of England or Scotland; and yet no one ever dreams of instituting invidious comparisons between the more or less wealthy districts of these countries.

* This arrangement of the figures provides against the factitious increase in the valuation of Belfast since 1885 due to its extension by the gerrymandering Boundary Commissioners to give it increased Parliamentary representation.

† The income tax per head of the population is in Ulster £5 14*s.* 3*d.* or $28.56. In Munster it is £6 0*s.* 7*d.* or $30.14. In Leinster it is £10 6*s.* 9*d.* or $51.34 per head of the population. As to local valuations—that is to say, the valuation of houses and lands for assessment—we find that Ulster is something less than Munster per head of the population, and about a third less than Leinster per head of the population. The exact figures would suppose every man, woman, and child in Ulster to have lands and tenements worth $12.36 for taxation. In Munster each man, woman, or child would have lands and tenements, on the same principle, worth $12.60; and in Leinster each would have $18.31. These figures have been given by Mr. Gladstone, and, of course, are unquestionable.

Nor would such comparisons be made with regard to parts of Ireland only that they are deemed to justify the application of those political doctrines by which the many might in any country be oppressed for the benefit of the few.

At the general election Ulster, by sending to Parliament a majority in favor of Home Rule, must have thought that the majority of the Irish people should rule and not the few, even though that majority was Catholic. She continued of that opinion until the division in the national party disturbed men's minds and caused what looks like a slight reaction. It is perfectly clear that no part of Ireland would gain so much from a resident legislature as the city and county of Dublin. Yet the late wretched quarrel cost the city and county a representative each. It is not wonderful then that the same evil influence should have produced some effect in Ulster. The wonder is that the Unionists did not sweep the province, instead of gaining only a few seats. It would be hard to find a stronger proof of the solidity of the national sentiment than this when we consider the circumstances of Ulster.

The Home-Rule and the Unionist parties are far more equally balanced there than anywhere else in Ireland. But there is a special danger to harmony in the national ranks of Ulster from the criminal or foolish importation of the religious phase of Irish politics. When Catholic candidates, like those men who are now the objects of the plaudits of the *Times*, tell Protestant Home-Rulers that they are fighting the battle of liberty and reason against the church and the priest-ridden masses that are the enemies of both, it is hard for them to refuse credence to statements so much in accordance with old prejudices and associations, and hard to deny the support that would verify such credence. They might be justified in thinking themselves far worse Protestants than such fearless and enlightened Catholics if they were to take any other course. It speaks well for the sense and the loyalty to principle of so many Ulster Protestants that they were not drawn away from the national party by the vicious rhetoric of those masquerading Catholics.

It has been said that the growth of the Home-Rule cause continued in Ulster until the Parnellite revolt—that is to say, that among the people of that province confidence in the rest of their countrymen was increasing. This is proved by the steady advance of the national electorate of Ulster, year by year, from the fall of Mr. Gladstone's ministry. It was calculated in 1889, by persons capable of gauging the forces of all kinds at work in Ulster politics, that five seats would be captured from the

Unionists. This seems to have been the opinion of Mr. Parnell himself at that time; for he reckoned upon obtaining ninety Home-Rulers from Ireland at the ensuing general election. But he could not have got the additional five from any part of Ireland except Ulster; and in those days his statements were weighty and guarded.

It is worth recollecting, in connection with this very matter, that the barristers to revise the register of electors are appointed annually by the government of the day. It was the custom to appoint men in equal numbers from the two great parties, so as to secure impartiality in the work of revision. This respectable rule was disregarded by Sir Peter O'Brien when he became attorney-general. He appointed only three Gladstonians out of the whole number of revising barristers, and not one of the three was sent to Ulster. Notwithstanding this the Home-Rule majority increased upon the register of the province—a very clear proof that the growth of opinion must have asserted itself under circumstances more or less unfavorable. Without at all impeaching the honor of the revising barristers appointed by the Tories from year to year since 1886, one may fairly call attention to the fact that they were not selected to injure the party that appointed them. Sir Peter O'Brien seems to have imposed a very considerable trial on the virtue of those gentlemen whom he put in temporary offices where they could serve their party and thereby earn greater rewards. When he disqualified Gladstonians for reappointment, he very plainly intimated what the government expected from the revising barristers. If it were a dishonor to be selected by him as a juror for the assizes at Maryborough, because such selection showed that he thought the juror's oath equal to his honor, one fails to see how the revising barristers appointed by him should be above suspicion. And their successful manipulation of the register, by which in doubtful constituencies an Unionist majority could be obtained, would be reckoned such good service that it would be impossible for the most place-creating government of the century to overlook it. Place-creating I call it: for positively it seems no exaggeration to say that the late government, on account of the multitude of offices it privileged and connived at, as well as distinctly created, has provided for future census enumerators a simple and ready classification of the inhabitants of Ireland into place-men and taxpayers.

However, what is important at present is, that despite the political antipathies of revising barristers, Ulster advanced on the road to Home-Rule, and only for Mr. Redmond and Mr. Har-

rington and the rest of that faction she would, at the general election, have been practically in line with the rest of Ireland, and we should have none of the stupid talk of a Papist majority elected by the paupers of three provinces, robbing and trampling on the prosperous Protestants of the fourth.

It is absurd, indeed. In Ulster five counties are almost Catholic. In the other four counties the Catholics are more numerous than any single Protestant sect. Consequently they must possess a considerable share of the wealth of that province. It is, therefore, impossible that taxation under a Home-Rule legislature should fall exclusively on Ulster. Even if the Dublin parliament should not possess ample security in the property and wealth of the South for such assessments as might be necessary, and that the North were as rich and prosperous as the most ardent of its admirers might desire; yet there would be no sense, no consistency, in loading it with exceptional burdens on the score of religion. The majority or nearly the majority of its people, as pointed out, are Catholics; and surely that would be a curious specimen of religious zeal which would grind them to the dust.

No doubt they might be exempted from taxation, as the Unionists say the Catholics of the South are certain to be. The possibility of this has not been suggested by the Unionists—they prefer to regard Ulster as exclusively Protestant; but suppose such an exemption, and that the whole weight of imposts would fall upon the Protestants of Ulster? Why the Protestants of Ulster would not be able to pay the one single tax called grand jury cess for all Ireland, much less to sustain the whole burden of Irish local, parliamentary, and imperial taxation. One feels while dealing with this subject as if he were breaking a fly upon the wheel, but it has become absolutely necessary to discuss it at some length, in consequence of the matchless effrontery of those who maintain the contrary position.

Moreover, the greater part of Episcopal Protestants live in the southern provinces; they are the wealthiest class of Protestants by a long degree, and yet there is no account taken of their interests in this controversy. Are they to be abandoned by Protestant Ulster to the fury and fanaticism of "Archbishop Walsh and his political associates," as Lord Salisbury would say with such exquisite taste? It is true that these southern Episcopalians express no fear of a Catholic majority. They have been born and brought up among them, and they may be supposed to know what should be expected at their hands. If they regard the advent of Home Rule with equanimity they must be Papists

in disguise, or else they must believe that their Catholic countrymen, whom they know, are utterly incapable of supporting any policy directed against their religion. It may be suggested that Ulster Protestants, inspired by such political lights as Mr. Chamberlain, the converted anarchist, the Tory socialist, the regal rebel; or by that peddling, shifty mountebank Lord Randolph Churchill, who would be regarded as a traitor by his party only that they know he can be trusted to betray their opponents if he should join them, or by Mr. Balfour, whose contempt for Irishmen, Catholic and Protestant alike, is his essential characteristic —it may be suggested that, taught by such lights of statesmanship, the Ulster Protestants look upon the Protestants of the South as rebels and assassins like the Catholics around them, and, like them, have been carrying on a system of outrage and murder in pursuance of a policy directed towards the dismemberment of the empire.

Of course it would not be politic to accuse the Episcopalians of the South in express terms with being murderers and traitors—such a course would be incompatible with the theory of a popish parliament waiting for the hour when it can attempt, with the aid of the forces of the crown, to turn Ulster into an Irish Cevennes, and celebrate its first fifteenth of August by a new St. Bartholomew in Belfast—but the whole policy pursued by the Protestants of Ulster in their opposition to Home Rule means that the wealthy Protestants of the South are traitors to Protestantism, because they are content to live on terms of brotherhood with their Catholic neighbors; it means this or it means nothing.

The figures representing the numbers of the different Protestant sects throughout Ireland are instructive in connection with what has just been said. There are three distinct classes of Protestants under the respective headings of Episcopalians or "Irish Church," Presbyterians, and Methodists. To these a fourth is added under the title "other denominations"; so that a Jew, a Mohammedan, a person of no religion, a Quaker, an Unitarian, or anything but a Catholic, becomes an Irish Protestant of the fourth class. The point here is that the Unionist argument runs somewhat as follows: All who are not Catholics are Protestants, and all Protestants should be opposed to Home Rule, because not only is it the duty of Catholics to oppress Protestants, but in the existing condition of Ireland they must rob them in order to raise the expenses for government. All the wealth of Ireland is confined to Ulster, and as the Protestants alone have wealth, the Protestants are confined to Ulster.

If any Protestants should be found in the other provinces they have no business there; they are deserters, and should receive the punishment of deserters. But at the same time we may honestly, for the purpose of beguiling the British voter, who on Irish questions is not a rational animal, transfer on paper the number of Protestants from the other provinces, and place them in this promised land where an open Bible, the Boyne water, yellow banners, drums, and annual holidays employed in the shooting of Papists have been the immemorial privileges of the inhabitants.

However, we are disposed to take a more commonplace view of the statistics of the different creeds. It is hard to say *a priori* to what political party the class entitled "other denominations" would unite itself, if it should be regarded as a solid, coherent body. But if the multitude of minute creeds contained under that heading be regarded as distinct atoms, there is no reason in the universe for not supposing that each atom will seek a billet for itself. As a matter of fact, we know that the Jews of Dublin always vote with the national party, and that the Quakers and Unitarians vibrate between that party and the Whigs. Therefore, even so far we find that the two camps of Catholic and non-Catholic cannot be relied upon as defining the political opinions of the Irish people.

It is admitted upon all hands that Ulster has been favored beyond, and frequently even at the expense of, the other provinces. Even when Ulster Nonconformists were fleeing from the country at the rate of four thousand a year, as they were from 1717 until 1787, they had, at least, the benefit of the Ulster Custom, which conferred upon every tenant a sort of joint ownership with his landlord. In the early part of the same century an effort to extend the linen manufacture to the other provinces was successfully opposed in the interest of the English woollen merchants. Such a policy favoring one part of the nation to keep all down produced the result that should follow upon injustice. In the war of American independence the Protestants of the North repeated the blow which the Catholics of the South had given England at Fontenoy, and many another European battle-field.

But how barren has all these favors been to Ulster! The decay which one sees in the other provinces is to be seen almost everywhere one goes through this province, the progress and prosperity of which has been shouted from a thousand platforms of Great Britain during the last election; and which are dwelt upon with as much confidence as ignorance by a certain

class of writers in this country. How can men be convinced when facts clear as sunlight and as irresistible as death will not satisfy them? One can only conclude that on this question such persons are insane.

But the fact is that Ulster is losing population with every decade at the same rate as the rest of the country. The only county in Ulster which is not at present losing ground is Antrim, and this may be matched by the county of Dublin for the South, which has also slightly increased during the last decade. But except in Antrim and Down the mills and factories are everywhere in ruin, the linen manufacture has disappeared from all the other counties, and even as to Down itself it has to be said that many mills are already idle, and the number is increasing. It can be no compensation to Ulster to point in retort to the silent flour and meal mills of the South. The cheapness and excellence of American flour can explain a good deal of this; but what can explain the rapidly dying linen trade of Ulster?

I present another instance to test this same boasted prosperity as contrasted with the condition of the people elsewhere. If Ulster is the most prosperous province of the four, fewer tenants from Ulster should have been able to obtain the benefit of the Arrears' Act of 1882 than from any one of the other provinces. If Ulster is alone prosperous, there should have been no tenants able to prove insolvency so as to obtain remission of arrears at the expense of the state. Yet Ulster had the greatest number of insolvent tenants—a greater number than Connaught even, always described as so impoverished.

It remains, then, to consider how the Protestants in the South will be circumstanced if the native legislature is certain to tax the Protestants of the North in order to raise the necessary income for administrative purposes.

Such special taxation of the Ulster Protestants must arise either from the bigotry of the Catholic majority, or from the circumstance that the Protestants of Ulster only could bear the burdens of the state. But the latter alternative has no foundation in fact, and the other alone remains. If the Ulster Protestants believe that excessive taxation shall be imposed upon them on account of their religion, what ground have they for supposing that the Protestants in the southern provinces will escape a similar injustice? A little consideration must show how idle, nay more, how dishonest, is the pretence put forward on behalf of the Protestants of Ulster.

The whole number of non-Catholics in Ulster amounts to

less than 737,000.* Of these about 430,000 are Presbyterians, 22,000 are Methodists, 56,000 of "other denominations," and about 219,000 are Episcopalians. At present the Episcopalians of Ulster seem to take the leadership of the anti-national crusade in that province. How long they shall enjoy it remains to be seen. But it may be suggested that the Presbyterians, who have long chafed under a sense of social as well as civil inferiority, will demand the place to which their numbers, and the ability, energy, and ambition of the educated among them, are entitled. To a large extent they led the Catholics of that province when both were attacking the entrenchments of the state religion, and to all intents and purposes monopolized all favor and patronage whenever the Whigs came into power. It was only when the Catholics began to insist upon a share of the spoils of office, and that there should be some recognition of their principles in education, that the Presbyterians discovered that the mark of the beast was upon them. It seemed, in the opinion of these worthy men, who had not the excuse for their insolence and presumption which members of the Established Church might offer, that the Catholics were quite good enough to follow them at elections, but not good enough to stand upon terms of equality when offices were to be divided after the victory. It is most probable that they will again join the Catholics when it suits their purpose, and again desert them for the Episcopalians, according as they find alliance with either calculated to advance their interests.

The question of the creeds may be broadly stated in these terms: No one honestly believes that injustice and oppression on the part of a Catholic majority will follow the establishment of Home Rule. There are about 420,000 non-Catholics in the southern provinces, and of these about 400,000 are Episcopalians. Man for man they are persons of better social position than the Presbyterians of Ulster. Exclusive of owners of over 10,000 acres, there are about 50,000 owners of property in the southern provinces ranging from 100 acres to 10,000.† Of these

*The figures are proximately accurate to the present time, but are rather above what the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists can justly claim.

† This classification is likely to mislead persons not acquainted with Ireland. There is so wide a difference between 100 acres and 10,000 a stranger would hardly suppose that the respective proprietors of two such estates could belong to the same social rank. The small proprietors and their sons, however, are provided for by county and government offices, and the feeling of caste is thereby kept up. Relationship, too, is a factor.

Another peculiarity to be noted is that the same lands are frequently included in the acreage of two proprietors, sometimes in that of three, and even of a greater number; I don't speak here of trustees but of beneficial owners, holding the same parcel of lands by different tenures. *E. g.*, A holds the same tract, as representing the original grantee, which B holds in fee farm under A; which C holds under a lease of lives renewable for ever (which can be converted into a fee

nearly 30,000 are Episcopalians. The Presbyterians in these provinces, if they are at all above the lowest class, are engaged in trade. On the assumption of five persons to a family, there would be 150,000 Episcopalians of the rank of the gentry. The remaining 250,000 would be the families of persons engaged in positions of trust about the large estates, of persons in long established places of business, and a proportion of small tenant-farmers, servants, and tradesmen.

Now surely these 400,000 Episcopalians are as well qualified to speak in the name of Protestantism as the Protestants of Ulster. There are about 219,000 Episcopalians in the latter province, and doubtless, for the most part, they consist of the same class as their co-religionists in the other provinces. Naturally enough the expectation of favors induced their Presbyterian tenants to unite with them in the present crisis. Nor have they been altogether disappointed; for three land-purchase acts—which may be called Ulster-purchase acts—obtained from the Tory government, attest the reality and the price of this alliance. But the Ulster Presbyterians have a canny knack of turning on allies or benefactors when their purpose is served, and seeking the aids to a new purpose elsewhere. So that he who supposes that under a Home-Rule Parliament Ireland will be divided into two hostile forces, consisting of the Catholics on one side and a solid and dangerous fusion of the different forms of Protestantism upon the other, fired by a settled purpose to make government by the former impossible, knows nothing of the present characteristics or the past history of Irish Protestant sects.

Differences there will be, no doubt; but southern Episcopalians are more likely to ally themselves with the higher ranks of the Catholics than with Presbyterians whose democratic tendencies have been the danger of their church and of their own political power. Catholics of the lower middle class, both in Ulster and outside it, will be probably drawn to the side of the enterprising Presbyterians whose republican religion seems incompatible with the existence of a social hierarchy. There will be other shiftings and variations of alliance among the elements of the population as new questions and interests rise to the sur-

farm grant) from B, and which D holds under a long term of years from C. It is quite possible, therefore, that the same one hundred acres would figure up as the estate of four different proprietors. It may happen that a grazier who pays £10,000 a year rent and takes his place among the considerable people of a county will not be "a proprietor"; while some *shoneen*—or half-mounted gentleman, as they say in Ireland—is "a proprietor" in right of a fee farm of one hundred acres which his great-grandfather or great-grandmother had received for some questionable service.

face; but we venture to predict with confidence that nothing like a Catholic majority *qua* Catholic, or a Protestant minority *qua* Protestant, shall ever be again seen in Ireland.

England by withdrawing her hand has killed the policy of division. It was not for the interest of Irish Protestants that she maintained them either in Ulster or elsewhere through the country; but for the subjection of Ireland. The North was planted with Presbyterians in order to confirm and perpetuate the subjection which followed the great war against the northern earls. The following century saw their descendants fleeing, as has been already said, at the rate of four thousand a year, and, it may be added, for several years at the rate of twelve thousand a year.* This was only a repetition of the old policy, to treat Irishmen, whether of English or ancient Irish descent, as the enemies of England's greatness. It was for this that the woollen trade was destroyed, and all possible development of agricultural industry prevented, if it were likely to compete with that of England. It was to safeguard English interests that laws were enacted in 1665 and 1680 absolutely prohibiting the importation into England of all cattle, sheep, and swine, of beef, pork, bacon, mutton, butter, and cheese.†

The very remarkable thing in connection with these enactments is that the persons most affected by them were Englishmen living in Ireland, or the sons of Englishmen born in that country. At that time the majority of Irish proprietors were the recently planted Cromwellian grantees; but already one part of the curse of Swift was upon them—"they were Irishmen"—that is to say that their interests were in Ireland, and of these in their hands England was as intolerant as if they had come in with the Milesians three thousand years before.

In 1663 the very same interests were struck at by the Navigation Act, and Ireland was deprived of the whole colonial trade. In the grant of Derry to the London companies—a grant conferring the most extensive powers with the object of creating a great commercial centre which would rival old London‡—the leading idea, after the establishment of an English colony in place of the dispossessed Irish, was that it should carry on an unrestricted trade with the American settlements. The act of 1663 was confirmed by the act of 1670, and further strengthened

* Writing about the year 1773, Arthur Young mentions that in that year four thousand emigrants sailed from Belfast alone.

† 18 Charles II., c. 2, 32; Charles II., c. 2.

‡ This was actually contemplated by James I., as the papers issued by his orders show.

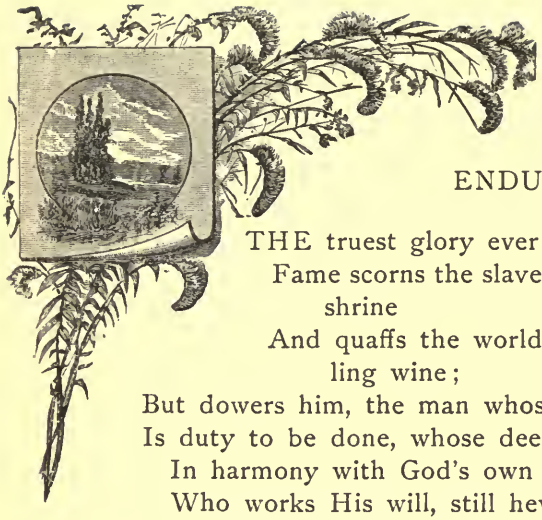
by the act of 1696, and so effectually that whatever shipping trade there had been was annihilated.

We are aware that the Orangemen of Ulster have a profound reverence for the memory of the great and good King William III., and we therefore have very great pleasure in giving them the exact title of the last mentioned statute—viz., the 7th and 8th of William III., c. 22. Very material in connection with the Navigation Acts is the address of the English House of Lords to the same sovereign with respect to the Irish woollen trade, which had begun to revive, notwithstanding the efforts of Strafford in 1636 and an act of Charles II. in 1660 to crush it. Even at the risk of being tiresome I cannot avoid quoting some of this precious address. "The growing manufactures of cloth in Ireland," it says, "both by the cheapness of all sorts of necessaries of life, and goodness of materials* for making all manner of cloth, doth invite your subjects of England, with their families and servants, to leave their habitations to settle there, to the increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland, which makes your loyal subjects in this kingdom very apprehensive that the further growth of it may greatly prejudice the said manufacture here." The English House of Commons urged his Majesty of Orange in the same terms, with the perfectly satisfactory result that never again was there danger to English woollen manufacturers from the trade in Ireland. The enactment finally destroying the Irish woollen trade was passed at a time when the only persons to be ruined by it were Irish Protestants, for the war which had only been concluded a few years before had sufficiently disposed of the Irish Catholics so far as industrial activity and enterprise were concerned.

It would seem, therefore, that English interests have never spared Irish Protestant interests when these were in competition with them; that the favors bestowed upon Irish Protestants were not because they were loved more, but because the Irish Catholics were loved less; and that the very favors themselves have been a disaster to the Irish Protestants in as great a degree as to their fellow-countrymen. We hope to hear no more of the wild and wicked pretence that Protestant Ulster shall have to pay for the incapacity and extravagance of Catholic Ireland under a Home-Rule legislature.

GEORGE MCDERMOT.

* The same objection is now offered to the new Irish tweeds; they last too long it is said, and therefore cheap Manchester is the proper wear.

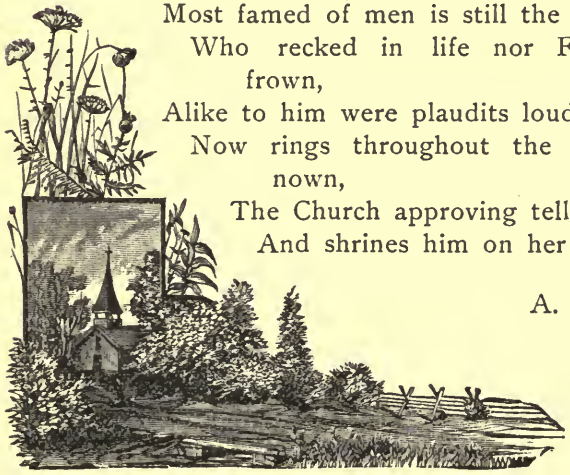


ENDURING FAME.

THE truest glory ever comes unsought:
Fame scorns the slave who bows him at her shrine
And quaffs the world's applause like sparkling wine;
But dowers him, the man whose single thought
Is duty to be done, whose deeds are wrought
In harmony with God's own plan divine,
Who works His will, still hewing to the line—
For others' praise or censure caring naught.

Most famed of men is still the humble saint
Who recked in life nor Fortune's smile or frown,
Alike to him were plaudits loud or faint:
Now rings throughout the world his fair renown,
The Church approving tells his praises o'er,
And shrines him on her altars evermore.

A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.



ADDENDA TO THE REMINISCENCES OF EDGAR P. WADHAMS, FIRST BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG.

A.

BIRTH, BOYHOOD, AND COLLEGE LIFE OF BISHOP WADHAMS.*

EDGAR P. WADHAMS was born May 21, 1817, in the town of Lewis, Essex County, New York. He was the sixth and youngest child of General Luman Wadhams, and his wife Lucy. His father, Luman, a native of Goshen, Connecticut, settled early in life at Charlotte, Vermont, and afterwards moved to Lewis, in Essex County, New York. He finally fixed his residence in the adjoining town of Westport, giving name to the village of Wadhams Mills, where he died April 19, 1832, in the fiftieth year of his age. He was an officer at the battle of Plattsburgh, and rose to the rank of general in the militia service. His wife, Lucy Prindle (*née* Bostwick), the mother of Edgar, was a woman of great piety as well as remarkable for sagacity, and a wondrous wisdom born of both these qualities. To her thoughtful care, pious moral training, and the example she gave by her conscientious discharge of every duty, is no doubt due in great part that life of manly principle and nobility of soul which always characterized the subject of these reminiscences. I knew her well, resided in the same house with her for several months, conversing with her daily, and have never lost the impression made upon me by a certain simple but marvelous tact she possessed which amounted to true wisdom. She survived her husband, General Wadhams, many years, living to see her son a priest, and died at the advanced age of eighty-four. Her body, as well as that of her husband, lies buried at Wadhams Mills.

We are not able to give much detail in regard to Edgar's childhood. There is, perhaps, no necessity for it. Let it suffice to say that there is testimony to the fact that from his earliest years Edgar was looked upon as a boy of great promise. He was sent to an academy at Shoreham, Vermont, where he prepared for college. He entered Middlebury College in 1834, enrolling himself in the freshman class of that year. Some account of his course at this college is important, not only to show what manner of man he was at that time, but because it was there

* A chapter which should have been introductory.

that, although reared a Presbyterian, he became attracted towards Anglicanism, which he mistook for something Catholic, and was led to unite himself to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

We are indebted to the Rev. J. Avery Shepherd, now an Episcopalian clergyman living in California, for nearly all we know of Wadhams' college career. There was a family connection between the two. Wadhams' sister, Mrs. Weeks, was the wife of Shepherd's uncle. It was at her house, six miles distant from Middlebury, that the two friends first met when about to enter that college. They were classmates, and roomed together during the ensuing four years. Shepherd was a Baptist, but up to this time Wadhams, although born of Presbyterian parents, had never enrolled himself as a professed member of any Christian denomination. It was at Middlebury that Wadhams, to use his friend's expression, "became serious." He was observed to take off his hat when passing the Episcopal Church. He soon obtained permission from the college authorities to attend service there. We are told also that on rising in the morning, which he did at four o'clock, he was accustomed to read aloud for one hour from Chapman's *Sermons on Episcopacy.* His friend when awaking would listen to this, although pretending to sleep. He had urged Wadhams to become a Baptist, but either Chapman's sermons or Wadhams himself proved more persuasive, and after about three months both were churchmen, and both active church members. In fact, these two students ran the whole thing at Middlebury. There being no settled minister, they officiated alternately, Wadhams playing the organ when the other read the service, and *vice versa.*

Wadhams graduated with honors from Middlebury College in 1838. From this same college he received the degree of LL.D. a short time previous to his death.

B.

MATTER SUPPLEMENTARY TO HIS LIFE AT ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, BALTIMORE.

Although separated from my friend Wadhams by the broad Atlantic for a period of five years, including the whole of his course at the Sulpician Seminary of St. Mary's, Baltimore, two sources of information have just been opened which supply me with some very definite and valuable information concerning his seminary career. Father Griffin, a venerable priest still living at St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md., was a companion and intimate friend of Bishop Wadhams while at the seminary. Though now advanced in years and unable to write, he remem-

bers very well the young convert from the Northern Woods, and the olden times when they were together in Baltimore. His reminiscences have been communicated to me, in answer to my written inquiries. I have also letters from the Rev. H. F. Parke. Although, to borrow his own description of himself, "well worn with forty years of mission labors of all sorts—from the Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina to the Mason and Dixon lines"—and now obliged in his old age to lay by as chaplain to the Visitation Convent in Wheeling, West Virginia, Father Parke remembers Wadhams well. He also was his companion at St. Mary's, and "warms up at his name and memory" to send me valuable contributions.

Father Griffin tells us that Wadhams entered the Baltimore Seminary impressed with a feeling that he had come to the source, the centre, the cradle of Catholicity in the United States. He put himself absolutely in the hands of the superior of the seminary, then the Very Rev. Louis Regis Deluol, S.S. I saw Father Deluol at Saint Sulpice, in Paris, early in the winter of 1850. Four Sisters of Charity from the United States dropped in upon us at the same time, and a very lively and delighted American party we made. The picture of the genial and superb old man is strongly impressed upon my memory. In Father Deluol the young neophyte found a pronounced admirer and warm friend. The seminary also numbered amongst its faculty Messrs. Verot, afterwards Bishop of Savannah, and still later transferred to the see of St. Augustine; Lhomme, who afterwards became president of the seminary; Fredet, then registrar of the seminary, and Dubreuil. Socially and spiritually, therefore, the ex-Anglican deacon could say, as I am told he often did say, *Funes ceciderunt mihi in præclaris.* "He was happy, thoroughly happy," writes Father Parke, "without a doubt or misgiving left to ruffle his peace of mind." The superior placed Wadhams under the instruction of the Rev. Father P. Fredet, D.D., or rather, as they used to say at the seminary, of *Mr. Fredet.* It was evident to him that Wadhams had been already well instructed in the faith before his arrival, and he was, therefore, soon received into the church, and baptized solemnly in St. Mary's Chapel. His kneeling for three years to so austere an ascetic as Fredet in confession—the same priest who reconciled him to the church—gives us an inkling, says Parke, of how bravely he was then travelling in the pathway of the Crucified.

St. Mary's Seminary in Wadhams' time could only accommodate nineteen students. Of these the average attendance in

the divinity classes was about twelve; the rest were collegians of the *petit seminaire*, or philosophers.

Among his companions were the late Father Bernard McManus, of St. John's, Baltimore, and the Reverend Francis Boyle, of Washington City. With these for many years Wadhams maintained a long and loving intimacy, frequently visiting and receiving visits from them. To them must be added, besides those already mentioned, John McNally, afterwards pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Washington City; John Henry Walters, of the Wheeling diocese; Francis Xavier Leray, afterwards Archbishop of New Orleans; Jacob Walter, of St. Patrick's Church, Washington City; John Larkin, of New York City; Henry Hennis, of Philadelphia, and William Lambert, of Pittsburgh, brother of Father Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y. Right Rev. Thomas P. Foley, of Chicago, was ordained in 1846, and must, therefore, have graduated just before Wadhams' arrival.

As, however, Mr. Foley continued for some years to reside at Baltimore, becoming vicar-general of the archdiocese, he must be numbered in the group of friends in which Wadhams now mingled, and which helped to develop a character so open to all good influences.

The period of our friend's introduction to this new and valuable circle of friends was a very lively one for the American church, as Father Parke reminds us. "It was the era of Brownson's submission to the church, and of hunger to get hold of his essays. Even the stolid Dr. Fredet enthused over them, and compared their writer to Suarez in breadth and depth of treating his subjects; McMasters from his tripod was making things lively and interesting; while such writers as Martin J. Spalding and Dr. Verot were handling, with gloves off, the *Southern Quarterly Review*, for its defective reviewing of D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation;* others were canvassing Dr. Jarvis's reply to Milner's *End of Controversy;* while the *United States Catholic Magazine*, edited by the Rev. Charles I. White and M. J. Spalding, later our Archbishop of Baltimore, was then at the height of its usefulness."

Wadhams now found himself in a new world of manly religious thought and sound theology. He had escaped from the sentimental baby-house in which so many Anglicans were amusing themselves. The Catholic thought which now attracted him, and with which his mind was fed, was no longer a diluted water-gruel. His teachers dared to say what they meant, and were not obliged to present the truth in some form of language which left open a safe door of retreat. He was at last free, and felt his emancipation.

I am anxious that Mr. Wadhams should be presented to the reader at this day in the same shape and light in which he appeared so long ago to his new friends at the Catholic Seminary. We will let Father Parke take the stand first. This is his testimony:

"His subdued, manly, dignified bearing, and frank manners, were in his favor from his entrance. Before being a month in the house, the impression made on the superiors and his fellow-students was deep, favorable, and lasting. All were of the belief that Wadhams would stick and prove an acquisition. His profound piety and scrupulous exactitude in observance of rule and addiction to the practices of the interior life, his light-heartedness and capacity to enjoy a joke, and take part in the recreations and sports, soon made him a general favorite."

Father Griffin's memory sees him in the same light. He speaks of him thus:

"Wadhams was a man in every way sincere, who knew no wish but what the world might hear. There was nothing stern about him, but he was always earnest in everything that he undertook. He was remarkable for his regularity in the observance of the rules and every duty. He was a marked man, but without any show of eccentricity. This, however, can be said, that the earnestness and common sense which characterized him were made emphatic by a simplicity of heart and manner that never forsook him.

"In Lent he was a strict observer of the fast, though the observance cost considerably to his nature. In the morning he, as everybody else, took a cup of coffee with a water-cracker the size of a silver dollar. Dinner was at 1:20 o'clock. One day," says Father Griffin, "meeting Wadhams after the teaching of his morning class (about 12:40 o'clock), I asked him: 'How are you, Mr. Wadhams?' With his usual earnest tone, 'Don't talk to me,' said he; 'I feel as if I could *eat brickbats*.'

"He lived in the seminary, but had to teach in the college. With the other seminarians he joined in all the games. He seemed to take much interest in the game of wooden balls. When he made a good play, he would lift his hands vigorously into the air, with an oft-repeated cry of—'Sam Hill! didn't I give a good hit?'

"From the beginning he gained the respect, the esteem, and the good will of the inmates. His name came to be held in benediction among all his friends in the seminary."

In regard to his theological studies, and to his abilities as a teacher in the college, the testimony of Father Griffin is that his success was fair. That his success in study was not rated

at more than fair, is not to be attributed to any want of superior intelligence. It came from a defective memory for names and words. This defect attended him through his whole life. It made recitation in class less easy. In particular it made him a poor scholar in languages. Although often obliged to speak in French, especially when travelling abroad or when making visitations in his diocese, he never could master that tongue, or indeed any other. This same defect often embarrassed him when meeting with familiar friends. He could not readily recall their proper names and addresses, and was not unfrequently obliged to ask for these, to his own confusion. Any one, however, who might be tempted to mistake the want of this particular gift for a lack of keen intelligence, was soon forced to change his mind on better acquaintance. The distinction which I have just endeavored to make is forcibly brought out by Saintine, in his story of *Picciola*. In speaking of a certain learned man who at the age of twenty-five years had a complete knowledge of seven languages, and was more notable for a love of discussion and quotation than any power of wise observation or reflection, the author remarks: "One can be a fool in several languages." Montalembert had in his mind a similar distinction when, standing in the tribune of the French assembly and seeing around him a voluble crowd of red republican orators, he made them furious by calling them "little rhetoricians" (*petits rhéteurs*).

One thing I deeply regret. I cannot give to the reader not personally and intimately acquainted with Wadhams any just conception of that interior piety which made his life a true walk with God, and which certainly characterized him at St. Mary's Seminary. True, I have quoted the language of witnesses who state this strongly, and I myself might enlarge upon their statements. Statements and enlargements, however, of this kind make little impression upon most readers. The language of eulogy is something so customary, and so freely and largely used, that they give little heed to it, and retain little of it in their memories, except when presented in facts which leave it pictured and framed into a distinct portrait of the man. The witnesses of Wadhams' life at St. Mary's are too few and they are too far away. Even if they were more numerous and nearer, still Wadhams was not a man to talk much about himself, and least of all to talk much of his own emotions or any of that secret intercourse which he held with his Maker. Familiar friends get to know something of this interior life of a good man, but only little by little, and this mostly by inferences

drawn from outward actions. Wadhams does not seem to have kept any diary or preserved copies of letters or papers of his own writing. The most sacred and best part of his life is, therefore, the least known to us. This is the great defect of the present "Reminiscences." I feel the defect deeply. It seems to me that I am presenting to the public a caricature of my friend rather than a real likeness. I am forced to dwell upon traits which, although really characteristic, yet belong only to the surface of the man, leaving the deeper and higher soul in shadow. I fear to have dwelt too much upon what is only peculiar, strange, striking, or amusing, rather than what is edifying. I have no excuse but this, that I do my best. To represent a holy soul like Wadhams' truly and adequately would require a spirit like his own. Here, then, I must close this account of his life at Baltimore. It is the best that I can furnish.

C.

I give the following incident to show certain traits in the character of Bishop Wadhams which, if not of the highest consequence, were very noticeable and will remain imprinted in the memory of those who knew him. It shows especially the warmth of his natural affections, with a self-forgetfulness and a simplicity of action which readily threw off the restraints of conventional and artificial life.

He was engaged one afternoon in giving confirmation to a class of children, with some adults, at a settlement in the Adirondacks once called Rogerville, and now Lyon Mountain. Just as he was about to begin the ceremony he saw, to his great surprise, sitting on one of the benches before him a sister of his whom he had not seen for many years. "Why," he said, "is that you?" Overjoyed at the sight, and quite forgetful of all other surroundings, he stepped forth from the sanctuary into the aisle all vested as he was, and with his mitre on, and throwing his arms about her, saluted her with a hearty kiss. It then broke upon his mind that he had done something unusual. "Don't be scandalized," he said to the congregation, "it's my sister! My own dear old sister! She has come all the way from California! I haven't seen her for years." And the congregation were not at all scandalized. Simple-hearted as they were and all unartificial, they were more edified by this sudden display of natural affection than they would have been if they had seen the good bishop giving the "Pax" to his assistant priest at the altar in the midst of a pontifical High Mass, and with all the solemn dignity intended by the rubric.

Bishop Wadhams was never a society man, and it was not at all in his nature to become very conventional in his ways and manner. He was, however, a thorough gentleman in all that such a term implies of true courtesy and consideration for others. I give one instance.

Near the close of his life, but before his last illness, old age and increasing infirmity made it difficult for him to dress without assistance. This office was commonly performed by a laboring man in his service named John, whose duty it also was to attend to the fires. One morning when this man came into his room the bishop felt it necessary to take John to task for *malfeasance* in office.

"You neglect the fires, John," he said. "The house is too cold; I feel it and the whole household suffers from it." John took the reproof humbly and quietly, only taking advantage of a short pause to say, "Did you have a good sleep last night, bishop?" Being determined to make an impression on the mind of his attendant, the bishop continued to enlarge upon the matter. When this was over John only replied, "Is there any other matter, sir, you'd like to mention?" "No," was the reply, "you may go now.—Yes, wait a moment!" Then, after a short pause, the bishop continued: "John, when you came into my room a little while ago you wished me good morning; I forgot to return the salute. Afterwards you asked me if I had had a good sleep; I forgot to answer that also. I found fault with you instead, and you never said a word or looked sullen. John, I can't afford to let you be more of a gentleman than I am. Good-morning to *you*, John. Did I have a good sleep? No, I had a very bad night of it. No fault of yours, though. And now you may go, John, and God bless you."

What the bishop was in his household such he was in his whole diocese and in all his intercourse with the world. He was as much of a gentleman with the least of his inferiors as he was with any of those who ranked above him.

APPENDIX.

THE WADHAMS FAMILY IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

[For the following details the author is indebted to the kindness and intelligent care of Mrs. Dr. Stevens, of New York City, daughter of William L. Wadhams.]

The word Wadham signifies "A home by the ford." Prince, in his history entitled *Worthies of Devon*, 1701, says:

"This ancient and renowned family of Wadham had its original seat in the county of Devon and derived its name from the

place of its habitation, Wadham, which is in the parish of Knowstone, near the incorporate town of South Molton. William de Wadham was a freeholder of this land in the days of King Edward I., 1272 to 1307, and both East and West Wadham descended in this name to Nicholas Wadham, founder of Wadham College, Oxford, 1609, who left them to his heirs general.

"This honorable family possessed the seat called Edge through about eight descents in a direct line, five of whom were knights, who matched with divers daughters and heirs and became allied to many great and noble houses, as Plantagenet, Worthesby, Bridges, Popham, Strangways, Tregarthian, etc., etc., as may appear from this pedigree thereof" (See *Prince's Worthies*, p. 588, folio edition, 1701).

About the year 1499 Merrifield, an estate in Somersetshire, came into possession of Sir John Wadham by marriage, and at that time the principal seat of the family was removed to the county of Somerset. The ancient, moated seat of Merrifield is in the parish of Ilton, about five miles from Ilminster to the north. St. Mary's, the parish church, was the burial place of the family for many years, and the north aisle of the church is called the Wadham aisle because of the monuments, both mural and otherwise, there erected to the family. Nicholas Wadham and Dorothy, his wife, co-founders of Wadham College, are buried in St. Mary's Church, Ilminster. (The seal of Wadham College bears, marshalled together, the arms of Nicholas Wadham and the coat of the Petre family, his wife Dorothy having been sister of John, Lord Petre. Wadhams, on becoming bishop, adopted from the college seal, for his own official use, the three roses divided by a chevron which constitutes the armorial bearing of the Wadham family, with additions which have already been mentioned in the "Reminiscences.")

The first of the name to come to America was one John Wadham, who came from Somersetshire, England, and settled in Wethersfield, Conn., in the year 1650. The line of succession from John, the first emigrant, to Bishop Wadhams is as follows:

1st. John (son of the emigrant), born at Wethersfield, July 8, 1655.
2d. Noah, of Wethersfield, born 1695.
3d. Jonathan, of " " 1730.
4th. Abraham, of Goshen, " 1757.
5th. Luman, " " " 1782.
6th. Edgar P., of Wadhams Mills, born 1817.

It is not known who of the American family added the letter "s" to the English name of Wadham. In the early records of Connecticut it is spelled without the "s."

Nicholas, the founder of Wadham College, left no children. His father was John Wadham, Esq., of Edge, Devonshire. He had estates in both Devon and Somerset, but lived mostly in Somerset.

It is not definitely known how near the relation was between Nicholas, the founder of the college, and the John who was the first of the Wadham family to come to America. There is great probability that they were nearly related, as the same Christian names are handed down in this country as were used by the family of Nicholas in England. They were both residents of the same county.

General Luman Wadhams, father of Bishop Wadhams, was born in Goshen, Conn. He was the sixth in direct descent from John of England. About the year 1800 he went to Charlotte, Vt., and there married the widow Lucy Prindle, born Bostwick. The first of her family to come to this country was Ebenezer Bostwick, who came from Cheshire, England, in the year 1668. About the year 1809 Luman Wadhams left Vermont and became one of the pioneer settlers of Essex County, New York, locating first in the town of Lewis, but subsequently erecting mills on the Bouquet River in the town of Westport, and laying the foundation for what has ever since been the thriving little business centre of Wadhams Mills. General Wadhams took a prominent and honorable part in the early development and the defence of Essex County. Holding the rank of general of the militia, he commanded the forces which repulsed the British when they ascended the Bouquet River in the summer of 1813, for the purpose of seizing or destroying supplies at Willsborough Falls. The fire of the militia killed or wounded nearly all that were in the rear galley on their retreat, and it floated into the lake a disabled wreck. He participated in the battle of Plattsburgh, where for three months he was on duty.

The children of General Luman Wadhams and Lucy, his wife, are as follows: Lucy Alvira, who married Dr. D. S. Wright, of Whitehall, N. Y.; Jane Ann, who married Mr. Benjamin Wells, of Upper Jay, N. Y.; William Luman, who married Emeline L. Cole, of Westport, and resided at Wadhams Mills; Abraham E., who married Sophia Southard, of Essex, N. Y., and resided at Wadhams Mills; and Edgar Prindle, the first Bishop of Ogdensburg.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

AT the recent Congress of the Established Church of England, held at Folkestone, one of the subjects discussed was the result of the neglect of religious education (1) at home; (2) in the colonies; and (3) in other countries. Papers were read by men of large experience who had arrived at their conclusions *more Anglico* from the practical outcome of the system. Many of the facts mentioned are too important not to be noticed. These facts form a striking justification of the attitude taken by the church throughout the world—an attitude which has elicited from many outsiders who have at heart the moral and religious welfare of their fellow-citizens the warmest tributes of admiration and respect. The writer of the paper which dealt with Great Britain quoted the testimony of Mr. Justice Mathew, who said at Leeds that the cases brought before him disclosed a lamentable want of moral and religious training. Notwithstanding the attendance at school the children in most cases are totally unconscious of any difference between right and wrong. A Sunday-school teacher of thirty-six years' experience in Birmingham, and a member of the School Board for fifteen years, wrote that the present generation seemed to be hopelessly ignorant of the fundamental truths of religion and the morals arising therefrom, and that the result of secular education is expressed in the one word "disaster." Moreover, workers in the great towns and in the East End of London declare that in the absence of definite religious instruction they can make no progress whatever towards civilization.

The state of things is much worse when we turn from England, with its long-standing religious traditions, to new countries like the colonies. In four out of the seven Australian colonies the system of education is purely secular; in two general religious teaching, as distinguished from dogmatic or polemical theology, may be given; in only one do voluntary schools receive public aid. In all the colonies the school buildings may be used out of school hours for the purpose of religious instruction; while in two ministers of various religious denominations

are allowed to give instruction to the children of their adherents during school hours, at a time set apart for that purpose. The result of thus relegating religious instruction to a place outside of the regular course has not proved satisfactory. The ministers who attempted to make use of this concession found that they could not even keep the children quiet, and that they had not the smallest influence over the general conduct of the school ; in fact, they were treated very much in the same way as the teacher of French is too often treated in our schools. The trial was too great for their zeal, and in most cases the effort to give religious instruction under these conditions has been abandoned. The children are growing up in an astonishing ignorance, even of the small amount of religious knowledge which is included in a Protestant course, nor do the Sunday-schools succeed in supplying the deficiency. In fact, one of the things brought home by the experience which has been had of the practical working of the secular system in the colonies is that a very large part of the good which results from Sunday-schools in England is due to the influence which religious day-schools exert.

Consequently unbelief and free thinking are so common and prevalent in the colonies as to astonish and even to dismay visitors from the old country. This, however, would scarcely be deplored by the supporters of purely secular education ; other results, however, which even these supporters would doubtless lament have ensued. The Bishop of Manchester, who was for many years a bishop in Victoria, applied to that colony a test the legitimacy of which even the most advanced advocate of secular education cannot dispute. In fact, it is their chief argument for a purely secular education, so far as the state is concerned, that it will be sufficient to make good citizens and that that is all the state need care for. Now, purely secular education has been adopted, and has been almost universal for twenty years, and therefore a fair judgment of it from its fruits may be formed. Here are some specimens of those fruits. While the population has increased in the last decade by less than one-third, the male criminals summarily convicted have increased by more than one-half, the number of persons convicted of murder and manslaughter by nearly two-thirds, and the persons convicted of robbery with violence are twice as many in 1890 as they were in 1880. The number of criminals has, therefore, increased out of all proportion to the increase of the population. Moreover, the most serious crimes are committed by the best educated criminals ; in fact, while in 1880 only 74 out of 100 of the

criminals were able to read and write, in 1890 89 out of 100 were able. And this notwithstanding the fact that the managers of the government schools have introduced, as a substitute for the Gospel, the *Morai Education Book* of Mr. Hackwood—a book which consists of a great number of undoubted moral truths, but which its author has not been able to present to the minds of the children with power and efficacy sufficient to influence and control their conduct. The bishop unites with the tribute paid by the Duke of Argyle to the action of the church in the colony. He says: "If we except a small number of schools which, with noble fidelity, the Roman Catholics have maintained, there are very few schools of a denominational character which have been established to counteract the influence of the secular system."

Let us now turn to France, where since 1882 secular education has been established, and where laicization of the schools was decreed in 1886, although this latter measure has scarcely come into complete operation yet. In all public schools religious instruction is prohibited, but instruction in moral and civic duties is enjoined. It is even unlawful to use the school buildings for the purpose of giving religious instruction, although the schools are closed one day in the week in order that parents may get their children instructed elsewhere. And what have been the practical results of this system? So bad that even the Protestant ministers of France, who at first were overjoyed at the passing of an act which involved so great an abatement of the priests' influence, are all now agreed that these results are deplorable. An official report addressed in 1888 to the Prefect of the Seine by inspectors of work-shops and factories in Paris, where the schools have been longest and most thoroughly secularized, and where they have reached the highest intellectual standard, contains the following observations: "We have noticed with pain the lack of moral instruction in these children (viz., the juvenile employees). Although they have attended *cours de morale* in the schools they have just left, they show little trace of it. It proves that this instruction is given in a most imperfect manner. It is an unpleasant duty to report, M. Prefect, that for want of moral education the children are losing all notions of respect and duty, and becoming addicted to bad language and obscene expressions. Their misconduct in the public street is often scandalous. Every one is complaining, and many employers will no longer engage apprentices on account of the trouble they cause. It is high time to put an end to these moral

disasters." There has been, residents in France testify, a rapid multiplication of juvenile crimes in France. The houses of correction are gorged with boys and girls. There is a proposal for pulling down the Paris jail for young criminals in order to erect a larger establishment in its place. One of the best-known French judges called public attention in 1889 to the fact that the increase of juvenile crime was beyond doubt coincident with the changes introduced into public instruction.

One result of the discussions upon this subject at the Church Congress has been to lead the London *Times* to condemn in unequivocal terms the system of education which exists in Great Britain—a system which is, however, far from being purely secular. In fact the *Times* claims that all sects agree in deploring the imperfections of the means now in use for equipping children with moral and religious knowledge. We wish we could see evidence for this statement. There may be serious Nonconformists who are opponents of the secularization of education ; their voice, however, is so feeble that it is drowned by the great mass of political Nonconformists who are the chief promoters of the bad system. The battle for religious education has been fought by the Catholic Church and by the Establishment, with a certain amount of support from the Methodists, a support, however, which has recently been withdrawn. The *Times*, however, maintains that a majority of British parents, whatever may be their sectarian prejudices, agree in desiring some more positive and effective moral and religious education for their children, and if this is true the majority ought to be able to find the way of making its wishes prevail. The hope that they may do so is strengthened by the fact that the system of education advocated at the present time by the mass of Nonconformists is totally opposed to the ideal system of one at least of the teachers whom they have most venerated in the past. The following is the outline of a child's education as given by the author of the *Serious Call:* "The youths which attended upon Socrates, Plato, and Epictetus were thus educated. Their every-day lessons and instructions were . . . upon the nature of man, his true end, and the right use of his faculties; upon the immortality of the soul, its relation to God, the beauty of virtue, and its agreeableness to the Divine Nature ; upon the dignity of reason, the necessity of temperance, fortitude, and generosity, and the shame and folly of indulging the passions. Now, as Christianity has, as it were, new created the moral and religious world, and set everything that is reasonable, wise, holy, and desirable in its true point of light, one

might naturally suppose that every Christian country abounded with schools for the forming, training, and practising youth in such outward course of life as the highest precepts, the strictest rules, and the sublimest doctrines of Christianity require." Instead of this all that the modern system does is to occupy the minds without forming the character, to give information without teaching how to use it.

It would, perhaps, be unfair to attribute the bad state of things in Italy exclusively to the adoption there of the same system of purely secular education, for other causes, such as the long existent foreign domination and the unsettlement involved in political agitation and revolution, have doubtless contributed to this result. However, it may be said with truth that secular education has not been able to avert the existing evils. Notwithstanding the numerous arrests which have recently been made—in one haul 160 persons connected with a society founded for the purposes of robbery and blackmailing having been caught—there still remain at large in Sicily the bulk of two large bands of brigands, while near Viterbo there have lived, safe and unmolested for many years, two notorious bandits who have been kept supplied with food and ammunition by the isolated farmers, who dare not refuse them or reveal their whereabouts to the police. In fact, things are so bad that the friends of the Italian revolution are beginning to despair. Throughout Italy varieties of crime flourish which are generally to be found in only primitive, rude, and unsettled communities. This is not the testimony of foreign critics merely. The vice-president of the Tribunal at Naples points out that in Italy homicidal crimes were five times as many for the population as in France, and nine times as many as in Belgium. "Those condemned for voluntary homicide are six times more than in Prussia, ten times more than in Ireland, eleven times more than in Holland, fourteen times more than in England, twenty times more than in Switzerland. . . . In 1882–6 21,649 persons were murdered beneath the beautiful sky of Italy." We do not wish to fall into the fallacy *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, but we cannot help noting that this state of things is associated with revolution and irreligion, and the spoliation of the Church.

The report of the chairman of the London School Board gives information as to the effect of the Free Education Act upon the average attendance at school. The act has now been in force about one year, and the whole of the Board Schools entirely abolished fees. The average attendance, however, has

not been sensibly improved, except at the infant schools, where instead of the 57,000 children between the ages of three and five, which were at those schools in March, 1891, there were 76,000 in March, 1892. More important, however, than the effect of the act upon attendance is its effect upon the Voluntary Schools. The chairman of the London School Board, although at the head of the rival system, is a warm friend of these Voluntary Schools, and when he says that, in his opinion, they are in a stationary if not a decaying condition, it is not the judgment of an adversary. He attributes this to the lack of organization and to the lack of money. The 500 non-Board Schools of London are almost wholly under separate and distinct management. They have no connection with each other, there is no cohesion among them, and each is apparently content to do the best it can for itself. The lack of money has prevented 294 non-Board Schools from giving completely free education, and here it is that there is danger of the act causing serious injury to them. Under this act every parent in London has become possessed of the right of demanding the supply of school accommodation for his children without the payment of a school fee. If the Voluntary School does not supply this demand it will be treated as non-existent, and a Board School will be erected giving perfectly free education. Even a school board friendly to the Voluntary Schools would in this case be forced to act; and where the school boards are unfriendly, as they so often are, they would be only too glad to step in.

Moderation and good sense, shown by a clear apprehension of what is practicable and attainable under present circumstances, characterized the proceedings of the Congress of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants which met recently in London. And by the way it is worthy of notice that, although there are some 400,000 railway men in Great Britain, this society, which is by far the largest and most important, although not the only organized body of railway workers, has no more than 29,820 members. The practical nature of the discussions was shown by the rejection by thirty-nine votes to twelve of a motion in favor of an eight-hours day, or a week of forty-eight hours for all kinds of railway labor. "It is no use," said a delegate, "for men to go in for what they know they cannot get." On the other hand, resolutions were passed urging the adoption—in view of the large number of fatal accidents, and of serious injuries sustained by railway servants—of improved couplings, automatic fog-signaling, automatic continuous brakes, a rigid observance of

the block system. With reference to the main cause of these accidents, which is without doubt the long hours which the men are compelled to work, the congress adopted the bill which is to be introduced into Parliament next session by Mr. Channing—an American, by the way, and a nephew of the celebrated Dr. Channing. This bill empowers the Board of Trade, on being satisfied that the hours of work of any class of servants are excessive, to call upon the company to reduce the hours; if the company fails to do so, the Railway Commissioners will have jurisdiction to consider the case, and to inflict penalties not exceeding twenty pounds per day while the default continues. Provision is also made for the compulsory adoption of proper coupling apparatus, and other measures for the safety of railway servants. It is thought to be certain that the bill will pass. It is to the unsuccessful strike on the Scotch railways in 1890 that this and other good results are due. The light was thrown by these occurrences upon the dark ways of railway managers, and the public, frightened for its own safety, has exerted a potent influence to bring about a change. For example, the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company used to keep certain of its engine-drivers at work for an average of sixteen and a half hours; now this average has been reduced to twelve.

If only the wrongs of the working-classes can be brought home to the mind of the public, as a whole, the wide-spread love of justice and fair-play which is a characteristic of our times will insure every possible redress; the difficulty is to convince the public of the reality of these grievances. It is all the more, therefore, to be lamented that of late the course adopted by workmen has tended to turn sympathies in a contrary direction. Round the whole globe the most violent means have been made use of to secure ends which in most cases were just. In France, in England, in Australia, in our own country, workmen have endeavored by assaults upon men of their own class to hinder them in the exercise of their liberty. Now, nothing but the manifest justice of the laborers' cause can or ought to make it prevail, and the first business of unionists should be to bring this home to the minds of their own class by reason, argument, persuasion, and any other moral means. If they cannot succeed in this, to take violent means is only to defer the day of their triumph indefinitely, for no country will submit to the rule of a mob, however just its objects.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the successful

accomplishment of many of the political reforms which have placed political power in the hands of the mass of the people has been largely due, not to the efforts of men of the classes most directly benefited, but to men who themselves have belonged to the hitherto privileged classes. Nor in the sphere of economical and social progress are there wanting similar examples. This fact is illustrated by the career of a man who has recently died, and to whom the co-operative movement, which is without doubt one of the most hopeful movements of our times, owes no small measure of its success. We refer to Mr. Edward Vansittart Neale, an aristocrat by birth and associations, and—we hope we will not thoroughly disgust our readers by adding—a Tory in politics. Years ago, when the men of to-day were unborn, he came to the conclusion that social salvation was to be found in the co-operative idea, and in order to realize it he sacrificed his fortune, and deliberately carved out for himself a career of drudgery, working from morning to night in dingy offices in Manchester, when he was not engaged in conferences, committee-meetings, and propagandist efforts elsewhere. He lived to see the present gigantic development of his ideas, and to be venerated by some five million of co-operators as their best benefactor. It may be that the labor problems of our day may find in some such disinterested worker the means of their solution, and therefore it is that everything which alienates and destroys sympathy should be avoided.

The general election which has just taken place in Italy, and which has resulted in the triumph of the present ministry, turned upon the question of the making of certain economies, by which it is hoped to keep the political machine from complete collapse. The year ended with a deficit as usual, notwithstanding the promises of a surplus which had been made; and notwithstanding the proved untrustworthiness of promises hitherto made, the present ministry pledges itself to the bringing about of financial equilibrium. The problem before Italy is how to secure the means of maintaining its position in the Triple Alliance, for which it is necessary to maintain a large army, and to be ready to mobilize that army within ten days; this has to be done in a country where with continual deficits no addition to taxation, by the admission of every one, is possible, and where the supreme object of the members of the legislature is to secure for themselves and their relatives and supporters lucrative offices, and for their constituencies state subsidies for local works; and where, so far from its being looked

upon as immoral to defraud the revenue, a government is considered to be unworthy of support which is strict in enforcing the payment of taxes. When we add to this the fact that Italian politicians have not yet risen to that modicum of virtue involved in even that party spirit which we look upon as forming one of the least attractive features of our own political life, and that no one has the least scruple in betraying his chief or incurs the least disgrace in acting merely and avowedly for his own advantage, something like a true idea may be formed of the difficulties which surround the so-called regeneration of Italy.

In Germany, at the time we write, the military bill awaits the decision of the Reichstag. Its fate depends upon the Catholic members of which the Centre is made up. Whether this party will accept the proposals of the government is very doubtful; for it is itself divided into Aristocratic Catholics and Democratic Catholics. It was the hard task of Herr Windthorst to bring about the harmonious working of these two sections, and in his success his great skill was shown. Now that he has gone it is very doubtful whether the Democratic Catholics can be brought to accept a bill which will impose still further burdens on the mass of the people. It is somewhat of a satire upon the boasted civilization of this century that its closing decade sees the reign of militarism throughout the greater part of the continent of Europe, the different nations having almost returned to the primitive state when the whole male population carried on the wars that were waged. In a short time the trained soldiers of France and Russia alone will number eight and a half millions.——In France the chief point of interest has been the Carmaux strike. This strike has formed the *point d'appui* for Socialists who wish to overturn the present order, and how to deal with it and at the same time maintain their own positions has very greatly puzzled the present office-holders. The adhesion to the Republic counselled by the Holy Father makes every day further progress. M. de Mackau, who was the president of the united Royalists and Bonapartists from 1885 to 1889, has followed M. de Breteuil in accepting the Republic, on the ground that the great majority of the country desires its maintenance.—— In Hungary the ministry has resigned on grounds which are somewhat obscure at present, but upon which time will throw further light.——Two of the small kingdoms in the south-east of Europe—Greece and Roumania—have quarrelled and severed diplomatic relations, one with the other, on a trivial matter—the will of a Greek who resided in Roumania and left his property to Greek institutions.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.



O book that we know of on its own or kindred topics is quite so good in many ways as Mr. Stedman's recent volume* on the nature and elements of poetry. Himself a poet, Mr. Stedman is also a critic of the first order; competent in knowledge, broadly sympathetic in appreciation, sane in philosophy, and both reverent and tolerant in temper and attitude of mind. Though it is possible to differ with him in particulars, it would be difficult to do so where essentials are concerned, or to quarrel with the general spirit, conception, and handling of his theme. His book, originally delivered in the form of lectures to students of the Johns Hopkins University, eminently deserves study, and that not merely by lovers of poetry and aspiring poets. His chapter on "Beauty" should be a most efficient corrective of that tendency, common among young students in every branch of art, to imitate the mannerisms of contemporary masters, which in them are apt to be genuine efforts to express nature from their own point of view, and to confound these mannerisms with the ends thus sought after. This chapter is notable, likewise, for its lucid statement of Mr. Stedman's belief in the reality of beauty, its actuality as a quality of substances independent of the impression produced by them on the eye of the beholder. He finds the law of beauty in the perfection of the universe, the sense of the fitness of things which all men share though in differing degrees; "so that there are some objects so perfect that we all, if of the same breed and condition, assent to their beauty." That beauty is allied to use, is plain from its creation by necessity. "The vessel that is most beautiful, that differs most from the lines of a junk or scow, is the one best fitted safely and swiftly to ride the waves." For an excellent brief summary of sound philosophy applied to art take the following extract from this chapter:

"For the perception of the beautiful there must be a soul in conjunction; that statement is irrefutable. Yet I think that the quality of beauty exists in substances, even if there be

* *The Nature and Elements of Poetry.* By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

no intelligence at hand to receive an impression of it; that if a cataract has been falling and thundering and prismatically sparkling in the heart of a green forest, from time immemorial, and with no human being to wonder at it, it has no less the attribute of beauty; it is waiting, as Kepler said of its Creator, "six thousand years for an interpreter." Suppose that an exquisite ode by Sappho or Catullus has been buried for twenty centuries in some urn or crypt; its beauty is there, and may come to light. Grant that our sense of material beauty is the impression caused by vibrations; then *the quality regulating those vibrations* is what I mean by the 'beauty' of the substance whence they emanate. Grant what we term the extension of that substance; the characteristics of that extension are what affect us. There is no escape, you see, unless, with Berkeley, you say there is no matter. . . .

"Much of this discussion belongs to metaphysical æsthetics, and some persons may think these notions antiquated. We know little of these things absolutely. We know not the esoteric truth in matters of art or nature—otherwise the schools at once would cease their controversies. As it happens, certain of the latest physicists claim that 'deduced facts'—that is, the objects inferred from our sensations—are the true substantialities; that only our perception of them is transient; that the world of subjective feelings is the chimera, not the objective matters which excite perception.

"One question you very properly may ask: 'Why not take all this for granted, and go on? Join either side, and the result is the same. Eclipses were calculated readily enough upon the Ptolemaic method.' Not so. The theory that beauty is a chimera leads to an arrogant contempt for it on the part of many artists and poets, who substitute that which is bizarre and audacious for that which has enduring charm. It begins with irreverence, and leads to discordant taste; to something far beneath the excellence of noble literatures and of great plastic and poetic eras."

Excellent, too, is Mr. Stedman's definition of poetry, as

"rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul."

We find interesting in many ways his discussions of the two great streams of poesy, its personal and its impersonal aspects, poetry as directly objective and creative, the result, as he says, of "unconditioned vision"—a phrase that admits of no absolute justification, by the way—and the subjective poetry which arises directly from the need of self-expression on the poet's part. Sophocles and Shakspere, he says, have taught us, by example, that greatness must be impersonal in the noblest of poetic structures. Yet the test of poetry is not its degree of objec-

tivity. As a matter of fact, where that can be ascertained, the greatest of objective poets have begun with a period of subjectivity—Shakspere in the sonnets, for example—as if, one might say, though Mr. Stedman does not say it, man's vision at its highest needs to be trained to grasp, appreciate, and reproduce his fellow by groping first in the recesses of his own soul, knowing its storm and stress, and beholding its tumults settle into at least comparative serenity and calm. He does note that, except in the drama and at distinctly imaginative periods, the poets of the Christian era have never been quite objective. But Mr. Stedman's book should be read as a whole. It is not a criticism of poets, but an examination of the elements that underlie poetry, and all other art as well, made by a thoroughly conscientious and competent observer, from a point of view not merely lofty but solidly sustained.

Miss Repplier's *Essays in Miniature** have all that dainty charm and perfection of finish, that dislike of stress, that fon ness for expression as an end in itself where the literature of delight is concerned, which have made her previous work so acceptable in many quarters. Some of the brief papers composing her present volume are quite exquisite in their way. In fact, with this qualification kept in view, one might describe them all by that adjective. Miss Repplier would, doubtless, be at a loss to express a single one of her impressions in other than a delightful fashion. Concerning her impressions themselves, perhaps one would hardly care to say as much. Certainly, few of us are so free from impedimenta of various sorts as to be able to trip along so far as she goes in fond pursuit of the *Chevalier of Pensieri Vani*, or to heartily share that predilection for Miss Austen which, nevertheless, one seems thoroughly to understand in her. What a library of fiction that would be which should hold only novels built upon Miss Austen's model! what a world that would be in which we heard only such conversations as Miss Austen chronicles! what a society that would be in which such social standards as were set up for Marianne Dashwood, say, were really the only tests of personal conduct! Miss Repplier avows her persuasion that if Lanoe Falconer

"would consent, for a few short years, to abandon social and spiritual problems, to concern herself as little with Nihilism as with eternal punishment, to be content, as Jane Austen was content, with telling a story, perhaps that story might be no unworthy successor of those matchless tales which are our re-

* *Essays in Miniature.* By Agnes Repplier. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

fuge and solace in these dark days of ethical and unorthodox fiction."

But is it so certain that if Miss Austen's lot had been cast anywhere but in the deadly dulness of her special place in life and history, even her predestinedly maiden soul might not have been stirred from its composure, might not have sympathized with the great thoughts and great struggles that convulse our epoch? She certainly made acquaintance with many of those fools among her compatriots whose number has been called infinite by one of them; she heard overmuch, and reproduced a great deal, of that colorless chatter by which commonplace English men and women, then as now, reveal the shallows of that commonplaceness, and, incidentally, enough of their lives to furnish all that is necessary for an observer with the story-telling faculty to construct tales like hers—matchless indeed, in their own way, and likely to remain so. The author of *Mademoiselle Ixe* and *Cecilia de Noel*, though she too knows how to draw lightly those English men and women, like Lady Atherley, who are so heavy in real life, has not merely what Miss Repplier calls "splendid possibilities" in that line, but other qualities which give far greater promise and have already shown admirable fruition. But each one to his taste. Miss Repplier's seems to lead her chiefly among her books; she doubtless finds the quiet of a library, and the gentle impulse of those friends whom one never wearies of, because one can always lay them aside and yet escape reproaches, most conducive to her employment of the very special and charming talent with which she has been entrusted.

The trouble with writers like Miss Williams, who send a whole volume-full,* so to say, of cards of invitation to accompany them abroad into field and marsh and woodland, to look with them at rain and mist, at sunlight and moonlight, to shiver at their side in frost, or melt with them under the rays of a noonday August sun, is not altogether that the feast they spread is too profuse, tempts to gluttony, and so ends in satiety. Yet that criticism on them may be made also. Nature is very fair, but he who should in reality find her altogether satisfactory would doubtless spend his days, not in a hermitage like Thoreau's on Walden Pond, beguiling his leisure by chronicling his impressions for the benefit of the public from whom he made a pretence of flight from which the veil is torn by the very existence of such

* *Field-Farings: A Vagrant Chronicle of Earth and Sky.* By Martha McCulloch Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers.

chronicles, but in a solitude resembling that of the early anchorites and hermits in everything but its motive.

Miss Williams, like Mr. John Burroughs, and like the late Walt Whitman, both of whom are irresistibly suggested by her pretty essays, would doubtless reject the heresy that nature is sufficient, would affirm that she demands the mirror of a neighborly soul to cast her reflection in at first or second hand, that she stimulates to artistic expression rather than affords true solace or complete enjoyment. This being evidently true, there is a further criticism to be made of her own efforts at expression. It is beyond all gainsaying that she knows the outdoor world and loves it. But she does not make her reader see what she saw. He is blinded by her adjectives, bewildered by her epithets, his memory gives him a jog that recalls not a landscape, not a bird note, not a blossoming hedgerow, but other books than that he holds. He looks, not at nature, but at Miss Williams. He sees, not through her eyes but her eyes themselves, and speculates upon all else they have looked upon within doors. Mr. Stedman's book, just noticed, should be useful reading to Miss Williams; if study of it should correct her tendency to mannerisms, to pretty forms of speech, to almost poetic prose, she—but perhaps she would then write no more picturesque essays. But should that catastrophe be averted, she would doubtless write better, simpler, and more suggestive ones.

Houghton & Mifflin have just brought out a new and most attractive edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book*,* illustrated with sixty colored designs by Walter Crane. Its appearance, its excellent type, thick paper, wide margins, and fine pictures, adapt it admirably to the holiday season, while its contents, being perennial in their charm, adapt it equally to all seasons.

From the same house comes a novel of New England life, called *Winterborough*,† to read which will demand less effort from the well-disposed than to remember it after it is read. There is some clever character sketching in it, too. The sad fate of that bright girl, Persis Hastings, condemned by her ruthless creator not only to marry that painful prig, Harold Strong, but to be glad to be thus offered up in a sort of Yankee suttee, antedating, not following, wedlock, as a sacrifice to certain antiquated

* *A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Winterborough.* By Eliza Orne Wright. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

notions of what is proper to masculinity and femininity, has a fine, old-fashioned flavor about it which is like a survival from the *Wide, Wide World* and *Say and Seal.* There is not a grain of harm in the book from end to end, and it is capable of beguiling several otherwise idle hours from omnivorous novel-readers.

The volume devoted to the *Duchess of Berry and the Court of Charles X.** is less interesting than some of its predecessors. There was too little incident to spread over so many pages, and padding, when done too often by lists of court names, and descriptions of court ceremonies, ends by palling curiosity. The book has a number of good chapters, though, and among them we note particularly the one devoted to that exemplary Christian, the Duke of Doudeauville, and the two called, respectively, "The Jubilee of 1826" and "The Duchess of Gontaut."

Mr. Meriwether's new book of travels† is entertaining on the whole, although to people with a less engrossing interest in prisons and prisoners it will seem to lack much that might naturally have increased its interest and variety. The author's absorption in this special subject is explained by the fact of his having been appointed by the Missouri House of Representatives to investigate the subject of convict labor while he was acting as Commissioner of Labor Statistics for that State. The interest aroused by these investigations led him, when opportunity offered, to examine the systems of prison labor in Europe. He draws some dismal pictures of the solitary system as practised in Portugal, where it reaches its climax of misery. Comparing the American treatment of convicts with that of any other nation, he finds ours the least expensive to the State and by far the most humane to the prisoner. Mr. Meriwether's travels led him all around the Mediterranean. He has enriched his description of them with engravings made from the kodak pictures which led him into so many adventures. They are interesting pictures for the most part, but perhaps their chief merit is not that of illustrating the text to which they are adjoined.

A little volume‡ of tales by Frank Pope Humphrey will be apt to please readers who have been attracted by the very similar work of Mary E. Wilkins. Mrs. Humphrey's stories have a

* *The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Charles X.* By Imbert de Saint-Amand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean.* By Lee Meriwether. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ *A New England Cactus.* By Frank Pope Humphrey. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

more sentimental turn, and lack that element of surprise by which Miss Wilkins usually contrives to give a sharp fillip to the reader's sense of mirth or unexpectedness as her stories near their close. Possibly that is why they stand a second reading only moderately well. In most other respects the half-dozen or so sketches embodied in the present volume are not inferior to them.

Green Tea: A Love Story,* is what the latest issue of Cassell's handy "Unknown" Library is called. How it deserves either half of its title, its present reader confesses inability to discover. Its scene is laid in California. Its heroine, Susy Carter, is a very good sort of girl, and drawn with considerable dash and vigor. Its hero—but we do not know its hero, not having settled in our own mind whether he is Bill Burton the "road-agent," Will O'Halloran the sheep-rancher, or a composite being, made up of both. Why "Green Tea," when the essential property of the tale certainly is not that of keeping the reader awake when bed-time has come, is one of the mysteries of nomenclature which it would be a waste of time to try to fathom.

Georges Ohnet has written a sporting novel which he calls *Nimrod and Co.*,† and which is full to the brim of direful slaughters wrought among partridges, ducks, and other small game. It contains, moreover, a murder; a sort of judicial duel in which the murderer escapes the law yet forfeits his life; a conversion from Judaism to Catholicity; a religious profession almost made but intercepted by the timely arrival of the "right man" the day before the final vows were to be taken, and divers other matters, some of them not of the most moral sort. Take him by and large, Ohnet's natural tendency seems to be toward decency, morality, and religion. But this natural tendency is too frequently diverted from its course by the exigencies of the novelist's trade when plied in France.

A really charming little story, admirably well-fitted for our parochial libraries, although issued from a secular publishing house and possibly not written by a Catholic, is Mrs. Evelyn Raymond's *Monica, the Mesa Maiden*.‡ The scene is laid in California, and the characters in whom the reader is expected to take most interest are young girls and boys who not only never pass into the sentimental stage, but never give a glimpse

* *Green Tea.* By V. Schallenberger. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *Nimrod and Co.* By Georges Ohnet. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‡ *Monica, the Mesa Maiden.* By Mrs. Evelyn Raymond. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

toward it. It is full of quite unusual incidents, nevertheless, and creates its own atmosphere of cleanliness, serenity, and peace. The portraiture of Monica is very spirited, and on unhackneyed lines. Her sisterly love, her courage, pluck, and daring, her pride of race and self-respect are natural virtues out of which her religion blossoms like a flower on a deep-rooted stem. Very good, too, is the presentment of Padre Geronimo, and the brief but suggestive sketch of the doctor who undertakes to cure Pedro's stutter and cultivate his moral nature simultaneously. The book is so bright and pleasant that no young reader will need coaxing to take it up, nor be likely to lay it down without having profited by its gently-insinuated lessons. It is very well illustrated by Winthrop Pierce.

An admirably suggestive treatise on the character and teaching of our Saviour, called *Jesus, the All-Beautiful*,* by the anonymous author of *The Voice of the Sacred Heart*, has just been brought out as the eighty-second issue of the English Jesuit "Quarterly Series." It is arranged in the form of meditations on the different virtues and characteristics of the Sacred Humanity, beginning with chapters on the ideal of Beauty as the object of the craving of the human heart, never realized in this life, and, until after the Incarnation, never perfectly conceived. Following these introductory chapters come special considerations on every theme suggested by a reverent and thorough study of the Gospels. The book is very long and closely printed, but its matter is clear and well-arranged, and will doubtless secure for it that popularity which has attended previous devotional works from the same pen.

The Rev. John T. Durward has written a very plain, practical, and satisfactory little Primer† for the use of those desirous of investigating the claims of the church upon human reason. It is both brief and comprehensive. Now and again it touches upon subjects which are, perhaps, above the comprehension of the ordinary reader, but its handling even of these is simple and perspicuous. Moreover, it is for the most part adapted to the needs and capacities of all who are inquiring in good faith, with a settled purpose to follow enlightened reason wherever it may lead them. There is great need of and plenty of room for such expositions, and we hope that this one, so compact and handy in form, may have the success that it deserves.

* *Jesus, the All-Beautiful: A Devotional Treatise on the Character and Actions of our Lord.* Edited by the Rev. J. G. Macleod, S.J. London: Burns & Oates.

† *A Primer for Converts.* By Rev. John T. Durward. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

1.—THE ORDO FOR 1893.*

This Ordo has the imprimatur of the Archbishops of New York and Philadelphia and of the Bishop of Brooklyn. The present issue maintains its now well-established reputation for excellence of printing and general get-up, and for a number of mechanical contrivances by which attention is called to the feasts and fasts of which notice should be given. A few inaccuracies which were found in the first year's edition have now been corrected, the present issue, so far as we have been able to discover, being free from error. No option is allowed as to the saying of the offices of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Immaculate Conception except in Lent and Advent, and this, in our opinion, is the true interpretation of the rubrics and decrees which bear upon this question. The Ordo is published in two forms, one with both the Ordinary and the Roman Ordo, and the other with only the Ordinary Ordo.

2.—THE LIFE OF GRIGNON DE MONTFORT, AND HIS DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.†

The subject of this biography, Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, is no doubt already known to our readers through his book on the *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin* translated by Father Faber. Those who have read that possess the key-note of his life, the spirit which guided him in all his ways. We might sum up this present biography by saying that it is simply a manifestation of how in all things he suffered and acted that God's kingdom on earth might be spread through devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

But in that manifestation what wonderful things do we not meet with—in the trials that were his portion from the beginning, in the attacks of enemies, in the coldness and misunderstandings of friends—in all these that came to him more than they ordinarily fall to the lot of God's chosen souls, there is much that is wonderful. But especially was his life wonderful in the way whereby he was enabled to bear all these things and to overcome. And that was in his devotion, his love, to the Blessed

* *Ordo Divini Officii Recitandi Missæque Celebrandi pro Anno Domini MDCCCVIIC.* New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

† *Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort* (Missionary Apostolic, Founder of the Company of Mary and the Daughters of Wisdom), *and His Devotion.* By a Secular Priest. 2 vols. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Bros.

Virgin. Nothing could shake him in that. When men were against him, when he was alone and apparently battling against hope, he turned to her and through her from her Divine Son he gained that wonderful fire of love that ever urged him on, and that sweetness of charity that made even his enemies respect him at times, though they would not understand him.

Few only of his time saw in him what he really was, but to us is it given to know that God raised him to spread devotion to the Blessed Virgin for a special purpose.

Surely in his work and spirit there is much that we need today. Setting aside some few things that suited the people of his day, but may sound strange to us, there still remains that wonderful spirit of devotion, that ardent love to the Blessed Virgin, to show us how in these days God would have souls won to his kingdom. No one can read the life without feeling in some measure the quickening fire of that love. The author has done his work in a spirit of love—love for his subject, love for the Blessed Virgin, that carries one on with sustained interest to the end. The introduction to the life is at times just a trifle involved in its sentences. But the body of the work runs in smooth, vigorous English, and this, coupled with the beauty, the activity, the intensity of the life itself, goes to make it a treasure for those into whose hands it will fall and a store-house from which great riches may be drawn.

3.—THE MARRIAGE PROCESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In this work, the only one of its kind in English, Dr. Smith explains the origin, nature, duties, and rights of marriage; its colossal importance in society, and its religious aspect; the jurisdiction of church and state in all matters pertaining to marriage; the power and competence of ordinaries; the origin, aim, and nature of the various diriment impediments or causes which annul a marriage; the personnel and organization of the marriage court; the rights and duties of the judge, of the parties and their advocates; the various kinds of proofs, such as admissions, witnesses, instruments, presumptions, notoriety, etc.; the various stages in the trial, namely, the petition for the annulment of the marriage; the citation of the parties, the proving or disproving of the invalidity of the marraige; the summing up; the sentence, appeals, costs, etc. It is a book of no ordinary interest to both clergy and laity.

* *The Marriage Process in the United States.* Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. New York: Benziger Bros.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS has been magnificently honored in the United States by splendid tributes from a free people. His fellow-Catholics have reason to rejoice that the best side of the American character was made conspicuous by the numerous Columbian parades, especially at Chicago and New York. In some few places, notably at Boston, the bigots endeavored to restrain popular enthusiasm for the Catholic discoverer of America. The Columbian oration of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was disfigured by a passage evidently dictated by a spirit of intense hatred for the church. Naturally the question is suggested: Where did Mr. Depew learn the history of the fifteenth century? We are inclined to think that he must have read the Chautauqua course in history, mapped out by the chancellor, better known as the Methodist Bishop Vincent. He assumes the responsible task of guiding the reading of the one hundred thousand students, who are taught to expect that no historical falsehoods can obtain endorsement from the leading mind at Chautauqua. That they are the victims of misplaced confidence may be easily shown by the following letter published in the Buffalo *Express:*

"Opposed by the church, ridiculed by jealous rivals, upheld by the secular and scientific spirit of his age, aided by individuals who had themselves received impulse from the new civilization, led by Divine Wisdom and grace which antagonized the prevailing religion of the age, Columbus represented more than human wisdom, which, through human energy, asserted itself. He was the unwitting instrument of the Divine foreknowledge. He was under a constant leading from on high. He saw a light, but did not know all it represented. He saw islands, beyond which lay a great continent. And while we exalt him exalt the Infinite Wisdom which guided and upheld him.

"JOHN H. VINCENT."

* * *

A communication has been sent to us from the headquarters of the board of women managers of the exhibit of the State of

New York at the World's Columbian Exposition. The members of this board are: President, Mrs. Erastus Corning; First Vice-President, Mrs. E. V. R. Waddington; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan; Secretary, Mrs. Leslie Pell-Clarke; Treasurer, Miss Frances Todd Patterson; Mrs. William J. Averell, Mrs. Frederick P. Bellamy, Miss Caroline E. Dennis, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Miss Anna Roosevelt, Mrs. Fred. R. Halsey, Miss Annie Hemstrought, Miss Imogene Howard, Miss Maria M. Love, Miss Elizabeth T. Minturn, Miss Frances Todd Patterson, Mrs. Dean Sage, Mrs. Oscar S. Straus, Mrs. Charles F. Wadsworth, Mrs. H. Walter Webb, Mrs. Andrew D. White, Mrs. Howard G. White. Executive Committee: Mrs. Dean Sage, Chairman; Mrs. Frederick P. Bellamy, Miss Anna Roosevelt, Miss Caroline E. Dennis, Mrs. Howard G. White, Mrs. H. Walter Webb.

We feel warranted in giving assurance that our readers will cheerfully assist in supplying the information requested in this letter:

"Will you kindly send me the names of any Catholic women writers of New York State, either of books or magazine articles, that you may know of? The Committee on Literature is making a list and a collection of the books of women writers of the State of New York, native or resident, and Mrs. Lillie was the only Catholic in the list sent out for suggestions. Even Mrs. E. G. Martin was omitted. I would like the maiden and married names, names of books and year of publication, names of magazine articles, and name and number of magazine which contains them. E. V. R. WADDINGTON.

"39 EAST NINTH ST., NEW YORK CITY, November 27, 1892."

* * *

The Pupils of the Holy See held a meeting November 12 which marks a red-letter day in the annals of their Reading Circle. This organization, though not a year in existence, is already in a flourishing condition, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five members on its roll-books, of whom at least one hundred are active workers. Consisting mainly, though not exclusively, of graduates of Mt. St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson, it claims its members from various States in the Union. The P. H. S. of New York City, including members from New York, Brooklyn, Yonkers, and Mount Vernon, is the parent stem from which have sprung several branches, notably Branch A, P. H. S. of Newburgh, nineteen members; Branch B, P. H. S. of Lancaster, Pa., twenty-five members; and Branch C, P. H. S. of Savannah, Ga., forty members; besides individual corresponding members in Easton, Pa.; Middletown, N. Y.; Newark, N. J., and Patchogue, L. I.

An esteemed friend informs us that at the November meeting hardly a member failed to respond by name to the roll-call; for it had been announced that the Rev. Thomas McMillan, in response to an invitation from the P. H. S., had agreed to speak before the Circle upon the "Progress of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." The guest of the occasion was accompanied by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Mooney, to whose kindness the P. H. S. owe their present spacious and commodious quarters in West Fifty-first Street; by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, the author of *Solitary Island*, *A Woman of Culture*, *His Honor the Mayor*, and also by the Rev. John Ryan, of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

A reception committee, consisting of the President, Miss Agnes Sadlier, and the Vice-President, Miss Browne, received the visitors. An address of welcome was read by Miss Fleming, after which Father McMillan briefly outlined the magnificent work accomplished by the church since the beginning of the century. The reverend lecturer intimated that the vastness of his subject would permit of many divisions, so that for the present he would be obliged to confine his remarks to a brief account of the history of the church in America, or even to narrow down to a discussion of the progress of that church in our own city of New York. He recalled name after name already high on the roll of fame to whose Catholic learning, piety, and zeal in her behalf our church owes the honored position she to-day maintains in the great metropolis of the New World. He spoke of the most practical methods of pursuing such study, and suggested, besides books, pamphlets, and newspaper reports, that the young ladies should consult their grandmothers, whose minds are filled with memories of the past, of the first churches built in New York, and of the heroic sacrifices of priests and people for the faith. Father McMillan concluded his remarks with suggestions on the organization and conduct of Reading Circles in general, and some most valuable hints to the P. H. S. in particular. He then introduced the Rev. John Talbot Smith, who for ten minutes kept his audience in a constant ripple of laughter. We have long known this author to wield a clever pen, but the drollery of his short speech was a delightful surprise. We think that a volume written in just this vein would make a unique reputation for its writer. Any attempt to reproduce the speech would be wasted, for not only did he say things sparkling with humor, but he also said them in a Talbot-Smith way impossible to imitate. We may add, however, that his remarks

were chiefly confined to the subject of Catholic authors, and his delight in his own recent discoveries among the catalogues—which might aptly have been termed catacombs, in as far as many of the authors were concerned. We believe he claims to have unearthed some two hundred Catholic writers of fiction. In closing the speaker paid his compliments to the publishers in a happy manner, at least the audience thought it happy; we cannot speak for the publishers.

The vicar-general then arose, and as host expressed his great pleasure in the present gathering. He spoke all too briefly of the numerous advantages accruing from organizations of the sort, and expressed his peculiar delight in welcoming the graduates of Mt. St. Vincent. In every way he desired to aid and encourage the young ladies who, true to the principles of their convent education, had loyally banded together to continue the work which they had but just begun on quitting school. Father Mooney dwelt with special force upon the responsibilities which unexceptionable educational advantages entailed upon the recipients, and with still greater earnestness upon the many opportunities of doing good opened up to the fortunate possessors of such advantages. Among other matters, why could they not interest themselves in the wants of the working-girls, that noble army of women who strive so valiantly to keep their faith amid all the temptations of the great world. Non-Catholics often taunt us with our want of zeal in this matter. What nobler or more beautiful thing than to see young women of education and culture associated with their less fortunate sisters in a spirit of love and desire for all that is highest in life? Before ending the speaker made a modest allusion to his own recently established club for self-supporting women, which we hear is already doing a vast amount of good.

The visitors then proceeded to the parlor, where a short and impromptu musical programme was rendered. Miss Mary Rose Rogers and Miss Martha Bolton contributed to this portion of the entertainment. Another feature of the occasion was a clever paper by Miss Hughes, prefaced by a pleasant surprise in the shape of an introductory sketch of the subject by the president. The meeting then adjourned, and an informal reception and presentation of members to the visitors took place. Among those present from out of town we may mention Miss E. W. White, of New London, Conn.; Miss Bannon, President of Newburgh P. H. S., and Miss Lant, President of Lancaster, Pa., P. H. S.

Among the Catholic authors in fiction mentioned by Rev.

John Talbot Smith in his talk to the P. H. S. was Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. She was born at St. John, N. B., in the year 1841, and was the only daughter of Mr. B. W. Early, of that city. Her education was completed at the Academy of the Sacred Heart in her native city. Whilst still attending school she began to write stories for the entertainment of her classmates. A Catholic clergyman was the first one to discover merit in her productions. On his recommendation one of her short stories was sent for publication in the Philadelphia *Saturday Night*. The editor accepted it, and sent her a twenty-dollar gold-piece with a request for more short stories. Many of her later productions were published in book-form by Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. After her marriage she made her home in Brooklyn, N. Y. At the time of her death, in 1880, she had nineteen published volumes. Her novels are remarkable for delineation of character, life-like conversations, flashes of wit, constantly varying scenes, and deeply interesting plots. The present publisher, Mr. G. W. Dillingham, successor to Carleton & Co., finds a constant demand for the books of Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.

* * *

The second meeting of the Rochester, N. Y., Catholic Reading Circle for this, the fourth season, was held recently. In recognition of the quadricentennial each member wore the Spanish colors, and, as an emblem of loyalty to religion and country, carried a tiny American flag, attached to which were ribbons of the church colors, white and gold. The room was simply and effectively draped with the stars and stripes and decorated with vases of tricolored flowers indigenous to America. Owing to the number of business details, the programme arranged was a brief though excellent one. Four papers, of ten minutes each, on the Summer-School were read by Misses Rigney, Redmond, O'Connor, and Flynn. The musical numbers were a charming solo by Mrs. Charles Cunningham, and a full chorus, America. This Circle, the first founded in Rochester, on March 10, 1889, beginning with a membership of sixty women, now reckons on its list the names of one hundred and ten. Most satisfactory results were accomplished. Among the interesting programmes of last season the Columbian one, with a delightful paper by Miss Purcell on the discoverer of America, deserves mention.

* * *

We again urge on the attention of parents and friends of children the duty of providing gifts at Christmas which will supply the intellectual as well as the bodily needs of the young. The graded and annotated list of five hundred books prepared

by Mr. George E. Hardy—published by Scribners, price 50 cts.—will be found an invaluable guide in making selections. It is the best collection of juvenile literature prepared in the United States. Selections are made without fear or favor from all the publishers having good books in the market. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop voices the unanimous verdict of competent judges in these words:

"It is not too much to say that Mr. Hardy's book is altogether charming. Professing to be merely a graded and annotated list, it yet opens with an introduction which is a surprise and a pleasure, because it is so full of humor, wisdom, and practical advice, and presents a masterpiece of simple and engaging literary style. Let no one make the mistake of fancying that Mr. Hardy's ideal library, because it has been arranged with a view to the various needs of different classes of children in schools, is in any manner dry or tediously instructive. It is, in fact, so rife with pleasantness and divers entertainments as to make one almost wish one were a child again, with liberty to revel in its wealth of interest and enjoy those fresh and vivid impressions from it that only children can receive in full measure."

* * *

A meeting of the General Council of the Catholic Summer-School was held November 19, at the Catholic Club, New York City. The president, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, and the secretary and treasurer were detained by a wreck on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The morning session lasted four hours, Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., in the chair. Among those present were Messrs. George Parsons Lathrop, John A. Mooney, W. R. Claxton, George E. Hardy, Brother Azarias, Revs. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Joseph H. McMahon, Thomas McMillan. Telegrams were received from Rev. John F. Mullaney and Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D. The report of the board of studies was discussed at considerable length. It was decided that the winter course of study will be definitely arranged to begin in January, 1893, if the requisite number of students can be secured. At the evening session of the Council, held in the house of the Paulist Fathers, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy presided; Dr. Conaty and Prof. John P. Brophy were also present. The financial report, presented by Mr. Warren E. Mosher, showed that all bills connected with the Summer-School, expenses of lectures, etc., had been paid without exhausting the funds. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop was appointed chairman of a committee to draft a plan of financial organization. No action was taken on the question of a place to hold the session of 1893. * * *

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE question of opening the World's Fair on Sunday is still in the region of disputed things. It was presumably settled by the act of Congress giving the World's Columbian Commission its life. But, as is always the case, an "act of Congress" may endow a thing with a legal existence, but unless such a thing finds its strength in the moral support of the people it will die of inanition. A vigorous effort is now being made to repeal the Sunday clause of the "act."

There is no manner of doubt but that there is an educational side to the Exposition apart from its industrial and materialistic side. It will be a noble school to the millions who will visit it, teaching them the higher truths in art, in science, in the advances of civilization, and in a secondary sense in morality and religion.

To rigorously shut every door on Sunday and put out every light, extinguish every fire, as the act of Congress implies, will be to deny the people possibly three-fourths of the good the Fair is destined to accomplish. We know it is necessary to contend strongly for the preservation of the Sunday as a day of rest as well as a religious institution. And in the former sense Congress can legislate concerning it, in spite of denials from some quarters.

But still in the latter sense a *partial opening* of the Exposition after the hours of religious observances in the churches, and then only the portion which does not entail necessary manual labor, and particularly the opening of halls and lecture-rooms where the educational features can have fullest liberty in the way of addresses, lectures, sacred concerts, a partial opening in this manner will be conducive to the cultivation of the spiritual sense and, to our thinking, highly commendable.

As the act of Congress prohibits this, just in so much we think it ought to be repealed.

An effort is being made to secure a betterment of the roads of the country. It is a move in the right direction. Good roads are good civilizers because they facilitate the intermingling of the people, and the consequent interchange of ideas.

Moreover, good roads are an aid to religious advancement, enabling people to attend religious services with greater facility.

Our roads are notoriously bad, and if there were some public officer to look after them, to suggest the best ways of scientific road-making, and to encourage improvements in localities, in a few years the standard of good roads would be sensibly improved throughout the country.

In this current number we present some exceedingly valuable articles.

The sketch of Bishop Neumann's life from the pen of a brother Redemptorist is an important contribution to the biographical knowledge of one the process of whose canonization has already been started. In this connection Father Hewit writes:

"I have known Bishop Neumann intimately for several years, and I have no doubt whatever of his eminent sanctity."

In the light of the many vexed and perplexing controversies over the "school question," the article "How to Solve a Great Problem" will be read with a great deal of interest. We commend it to the leading spirits among the sisterhoods of the country as well as to prominent educators.

Christian Reid's description of the beautiful city of Zacatécas is a marvel of word-painting. With the aid of the beautiful illustrations one seems to be transported into the midst of the quaint civilization of Mexico.

Our new departure in the way of illustrations is meriting flattering comments from many sources. Among the many to quote but one, from a wide-awake paper in the far West—the *Colorado Catholic*. It says editorially: "THE CATHOLIC WORLD for November shows a decided improvement in its mechanical features. What is more gratifying still, the management of the WORLD shows a determination to push it where it belongs, into the front rank of periodicals."

Another contemporary remarks that the articles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD on the political situation and the Home-Rule question in Ireland are the best that appear in any periodical. We present another one of these articles from the legal pen of George McDermot.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

Harry Dee; or, Making it Out. By Francis J. Finn, S.J.

Catholic Priesthood. By Rev. M. Müller, C.SS.R. A new edition.

The Secret of Sanctity, according to St. Francis de Sales and Father Crasset, S.J. From the French by Ella McMahon.

Spiritual Crumbs for Hungry Little Souls. By Mary E. Richardson.

Zeal in the Work of the Ministry By l'Abbé Dubois. Second edition.

Sermons from the Flemish. Fifth Series. Mission Sermons or Courses for Advent and Lent. Translated by a Catholic Priest. 2 vols.

Manna of the Soul. Meditations for every day in the year. By Father Paul Segneri. Second Edition. 2 vols.

They have in Press:

Literary, Scientific, and Political Views of Orestes A. Brownson. Selected from his works by Henry F. Brownson.

The Marriage Process in the United States. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D.

Words of Wisdom from the Scriptures. A concordance to the Sapiential Books. From the French. Edited by a Priest of the Diocese of Springfield, Mass.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati:

Ordo Divini Officii Recitandi Missæque Celebrandæ juxta Rubricas Emendatas Breviarii Missalisque Romani pro Anno Domini MDCCCVIIC.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York:

Christopher Columbus and His Monument Columbia: being a Concordance of Choice Tributes to the Great Genoese, his Grand Discovery, and his Greatness of Mind and Purpose. Compiled by J. M. Dickey.

Calmann Lévy, Paris:

Aux Montagnes D'Auvergne. Mes Conclusions Sociologiques. Par le Comte de Chambrun.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

Scenes from the Life of Christ, pictured in the Holy Word and Sacred Art. Edited by Jessica Cone.


Legislative Library
Ontario.



Louis Pasteur.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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LOUIS PASTEUR AND HIS LIFE-WORK.



MONG the men of science whom it has been my good fortune to meet, no one more nearly approaches my ideal of the true savant than the eminent chemist and biologist, Louis Pasteur. And among the various institutions that I have visited, which are specially devoted to the prosecution of science, or are the outgrowth of scientific research, no one has ever possessed for me a greater interest than the famous *Institut Pasteur*, in Paris. This noble foundation, a monument to the genius of Pasteur, and a witness to the liberality, and the intelligent and humane spirit of the French government, is the best illustration, if any were now needed, of the value of experimental science, and of the practical results that accrue from the quiet and patient investigations that are being carried on in so many of our modern laboratories.

For the past forty years the name of Pasteur has been a household word throughout the civilized world. For ages to come his memory will be held in benediction, and France will point to him with pride as one of the most illustrious of her sons.

To give even a *résumé* of Pasteur's life-work would fill a large volume. The record of his achievements is the history of a great and important branch of science. He has opened up new avenues of knowledge, and has given an explanation of many facts and phenomena that had before been involved in obscurity and mystery. He has enlarged the domain of chemistry and biology, and has raised medicine from an empirical art to a veritable science. Columbus-like, he has discovered a new world—

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"The world of the infinitely little," as Pouchet was wont to call it—and demonstrated that it is this world that is the chief agent of all the changes that we witness in organized matter, and that it is the prime, if not the sole, cause of all forms of disease.

Now that the eyes of the world are turned towards Pasteur as the one whose researches have promised a cure for that dread visitant of Asia, the cholera, I am sure the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be pleased to learn something of the one who has been officially designated "the glory of France, the benefactor of agriculture and of French industries"; of one, too, who is no less distinguished as a devoted Catholic than as an eminent scientist; of one who, while an ornament to science as well as an honor to religion, glories more in being known as a son of the Church of Rome than in being recognized as one of the immortals of the Institute of France.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Louis Pasteur was born December 27, 1822, and hence will soon have reached the allotted term of "three-score and ten years." He was an only child, and from his earliest years he exhibited the germs of those talents that in after-life were to render him so famous. His good and devoted parents, although of humble means, determined to give him a good education, and to attain this end they spared no efforts and considered no sacrifices too great. "We will," they proudly declared, "make him an educated man"; and how well the youth seconded their wishes is attested by his subsequent career.

At an early age he manifested a marked taste for chemistry and physics, the pursuit of which soon became his controlling passion. He loved to converse with those who could add to his information on these subjects, and never felt happier than when in the company of those who had already won distinction in some of the departments of chemical or physical science. Scientific experiments always had a special charm for him, and he eagerly embraced every opportunity by which he could extend his knowledge of Nature by laboratory work. While yet a young man he evinced a talent for the art of experimentation that commanded the admiration of all who saw him, and which eventually made him an adept without a peer.

Joined to his taste and talent for experimental work, and to his dexterity and skill in the manipulation and designing of instruments, he seemed to be imbued in an eminent degree with

the spirit of the inductive philosophy. No one, indeed, has ever employed the inductive method of research more generally or more successfully than he. And the facility with which he could make inductions, even in the most puzzling cases, was marvellous even to those who knew best the genius of the man. But with all this he never lost sight of the natural limitations of the method that served his purposes so well. Unlike many scientists of our day, he never permits himself to use the method of induction where deduction alone should be paramount. When dealing with questions of philosophy or religion he employs the principles of Catholic theology and metaphysics, and not those of a system that is available only for sciences which are based on observation and experiment. Like his distinguished countrymen, Mersenne and Ampère, he seems to possess an intuitive knowledge of the best methods of questioning Nature and of drawing from her those secrets which she discloses only to the favored few. Like Faraday and Koenig, he is endowed with a mind fertile in resources, and a genius that is quick to devise apparatus and methods for proving or disproving a theory. No one can interpret more readily than he the language of experiment, or recognize more surely the principles which underlie the phenomena observed, or discover more readily the laws to which experiment leads.

HIS THEORY OF FERMENTATION.

Pasteur's first honors were won in the domain of molecular physics. In this branch of science, which he pursued in the celebrated École Normale at Paris, he was fortunate enough to offer a solution of some questions that had long baffled the ablest chemists and physicists of Europe. But scarcely was he fairly started in this line of work, for which he had a special inclination, when an incident occurred which changed completely the nature of his investigations. This was his appointment, at the early age of thirty-two years, as Dean of the Faculty of Science at Lille. Here he soon found himself engaged in the study of the then obscure subject of fermentation. Some experiments which he had made while at the École Normale led him to suspect that fermentation was in some, if not in all cases, due to the action of certain microscopic organisms. He was not long in proving the truth of his assumption, and in opening up that new world of "the infinitely little" whose discovery has made Pasteur so famous and rendered him such a benefactor of his race. One experiment suggested another, and

a number of the most brilliant and far-reaching discoveries followed in rapid succession. According to the old theory, which the great German chemist, Justus von Liebig, revived, fermentation was only a form of oxidation, and could take place only in contact with air. The illustrious chemists, Berzelius and Mitscherlich, gave a different explanation of the phenomenon. According to their view, a ferment was endowed with a very mysterious force, to which they gave the name *catalytic*, which brought about the decomposition of fermentable matter by its mere presence, or by simple contact.

Pasteur was not slow in demolishing Liebig's theory, by demonstrating that fermentable matter never ferments when in contact with perfectly pure air or oxygen. More than this, he proved, in the most conclusive manner, that in many cases air and oxygen not only impede but are absolutely fatal to fermentation. He demonstrated the falsity of the theory of Berzelius and Mitscherlich by showing that fermentation, far from being the result of some mysterious catalytic force, was in reality only a phenomenon of nutrition. He showed that what had previously been regarded as a ferment, was only matter capable of being fermented; that the real ferment was, in every case, a minute microscopic organism that had hitherto eluded detection.

Observations made by Leuwenhoek, Cagniard-Latour, and Schwann on the nature and action of yeast seemed to point to a possible connection between the phenomena of fermentation and living organisms, but these observations, important as they were, remained barren of results until the subject was taken up anew by Pasteur. Touched by his magic wand, one ferment shed light on the nature and habits of another. Indeed the first successful experiment made by the eminent biologist regarding the cause of fermentation was to him an open sesame which disclosed a new order of life whose existence until then had not even been suspected.

He not only discovered that fermentation was due in all cases to microscopic organisms, but that different fermentable bodies are acted upon by different ferments. Thus, the ferment of milk is different from that of butter, while that of beer is different from that of wine. Milk curdles, butter becomes rancid, beer deteriorates, wine sours, not because of oxidation by the air, as Liebig and others imagined, and still less because of some mysterious catalytic force as others conjectured, but because they are acted upon by countless microscopic organisms,

which find in these various substances their proper aliment. What serves as good for one ferment will not afford nourishment to another. In this respect these lowest forms of life are as different from one another—probably more so—than are forms of life which are much higher in the scale of animated nature.

From the phenomena of fermentation to those of putrefaction and slow combustion was but a step. The clear vision of Pasteur saw at a glance that the difference between these various phenomena was nominal rather than real. The putrefaction of flesh and blood, the rotting of wood and leaves, the decay of all forms of animal and vegetable matter were only modifications of the same process that obtains in fermentation. Owing to the presence of sulphur and phosphorus in animal matter—elements that are not found in vegetable tissues—the fermentation of animal compounds is attended with the evolution of certain foul-smelling gases that are never found among the products of vegetable decomposition.

In all these cases the agents of change and destruction are microscopic animalculæ of various species and forms, sometimes little round cells, at others minute rods of varying length, in one case straight and in another curved or spiral-shaped. They attack dead matter internally and externally, and multiply at a rate that the imagination fails to grasp.

These little cells and rods vary in diameter from the one-twenty-fifth to the one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter. But if thus infinitesimal in size, they, under suitable conditions, soon become almost infinite in number. One of these microbes, it has been computed, will in a single day give rise to no less than twenty millions of similar organisms, each of which is capable of producing other microbes at a similar prodigious rate.

Early in the course of his investigations Pasteur discovered that the micro-organisms which are the causes of fermentation, putrefaction, and slow combustion might be divided into two distinct classes. Some required a supply of air or oxygen in order to live. These he called *aërobia.* Others, he found, could exist without oxygen. To some, even, air is fatal. These he named *anaërobia.* In some cases of fermentation only aërobic microbes occur, while in others anaërobic organisms alone are present. In still other cases both *aërobia* and *anaërobia* are at work, the former on the surface of the decaying body, the latter in the interior away from contact with the atmosphere. These investigations and discoveries threw a flood of light on a number of phenomena which many men of science had essayed to

explain, but in vain. Their first announcement in the French Academy, of which Pasteur at an early age had been elected a member, came as a revelation, and opened up a vista the extent of which even now, after so much has been accomplished, cannot be fully realized. To Pasteur himself each new discovery served as a powerful search-light that illumined the broad but unknown field before him—a field which he had determined to explore; with what success the whole world now knows.

HIS STUDIES IN MICROBIAN LIFE.

Forms of life that were unknown before Pasteur began his researches were now found to exist everywhere and in countless numbers. The atmosphere is so filled with them that only by special precautions can air be obtained that is absolutely free from them. Every object that meets our gaze swarms with them. Smaller even than the invisible motes in the sunbeam, they can be seen only under the higher powers of the microscope, and then frequently only as simple, structureless cells. And yet they are endowed with a vitality and a capacity of changing and destroying the higher forms of organic matter that excites our astonishment more in proportion as we study them more closely. They are the veritable masters of the world. They preside over the work of death, and return to the atmosphere all that which has been endowed with life, whether animal or vegetable.

After having demonstrated the ubiquitous character of these micro-organisms, and shown what powerful agents they are in the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, Pasteur found himself the possessor of the key to the solution of a number of problems of the highest practical importance. Among these were problems regarding the manufacture of vinegar, wine, and beer.

From time immemorial manufacturers of these staple articles of commerce had experienced numberless difficulties not only in their manufacture, but still more in their preservation. All sorts of theories were advanced to explain the difficulties encountered. Some thought that the real cause of the trouble was to be sought in the oxygen of the air. Others imagined that the various constituents of these liquids have a tendency to react on each other, and that the character of the product is determined by the nature of this molecular agitation. Pasteur, however, demonstrated, by a series of experiments that were as brilliant as they were decisive, that all these views were radically wrong. All the changes observed, he showed, were due to certain *living*

ferments which filled the air, and swarmed on the surfaces of the casks in which the liquids were contained, or existed in myriads in the liquids themselves. In this wise he explained the turbidity and impoverishment of vinegar, the acidity and bitterness of wine, and the sourness and putridity of beer.

Pasteur, however, was not content with directing attention to the causes of the change, but continued his researches until he was able to indicate how such deleterious alterations might be prevented. Naturally, the first thing to do was to destroy the active agents of fermentation, the little microscopic organisms that cause the deterioration of wine and beer. And this he did by a method that was as simple as it was scientific. He soon found that a temperature of about 140° F. was fatal to the life of the microbes that infested beer and wine. Nothing then was easier than to raise these fluids to this temperature and thus destroy all the organisms and germs of organisms that might exist therein. By this short and simple process both wine and beer are rendered proof against fermentation, and can be transported from place to place, and in any climate, without danger of deterioration. This process of preserving wine and beer is extensively employed in both Europe and America, and has already been the means of enabling the manufacturers of these articles to guard against the very heavy losses which they formerly sustained. As applied to beer, the process, in honor of its discoverer, is known as *Pasteurization*, and the beer itself is called *Pasteurized* beer.

HE REFUTES THE THEORY OF SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

While engaged in his investigations of the nature of fermentation Pasteur was suddenly confronted with a problem that had occupied the mind of philosophers since the time of Aristotle, viz., that of spontaneous generation. For centuries it had been taught that many, if not all, of the lower forms of life—especially animal parasites—come into the world spontaneously; that is, that they do not proceed from pre-existing germs, and have not parents like themselves. The distinguished Italian scientist and ecclesiastic, Abbate Spallanzani, the naturalist Redi, and Malpighi, physician to Pope Innocent XII., were the first to show that the alleged cases of spontaneous generation have no foundation in fact. It was, however, reserved for Pasteur to give the death-blow to a theory that had obtained for nearly three thousand years, and to demonstrate, by the most rigorous and precise experiments, that in the lowest and simplest of mi-

croscopic organisms, as well as in the higher forms of life, every living thing springs from some pre-existing germ and has, and must have, a parent like itself.

At the termination of his researches, which were characterized throughout by logical acumen and consummate skill, Pasteur announced in the Sorbonne, with all the positiveness of one who is certain of what he declares, that "there is not one circumstance known at the present day which justifies the assertion that microscopic organisms come into the world without germs, or parents like themselves. Those who maintain the contrary have been the dupes of illusions and of ill-conducted experiments, tainted with errors which they know not how either to perceive or avoid. Spontaneous generation is a chimera."

The controversy about spontaneous generation consequent on Pasteur's experiments excited the keenest interest throughout the scientific world. The atheistic school of science ranged themselves against Pasteur in a solid phalanx, because they foresaw in the disproof of spontaneous generation a scientific demonstration of the falsity of their theories regarding the nature and origin of life.

Atheists and materialists, like Haeckel, Vogt, and Büchner, had boldly denied the existence of a Creator on the ground that such a belief was unscientific. Starting with the assumption that matter and force are eternal, they proclaimed that all the phenomena of the universe could be explained by the interaction of known physical forces, and by the action of these forces on matter. Under the influence of magnetism or electricity, or both, brute matter, they contended, would give rise to the lower forms of animal and vegetable life. These primitive organisms once formed would, in virtue of inherent forces, and under the influence of a proper environment, in time develop into higher forms of life. The conclusion they drew from such reasoning was that God is unnecessary, and that, therefore, he does not exist. To such scientists Pasteur's demonstration that spontaneous generation is a chimera was an *argumentum ad hominem*, that, on their own principles, was simply unanswerable. So much is this the case that no scientist deserving the name ever speaks of spontaneous generation except as an exploded theory, a theory that was long lived, it is true, but which is now dead and beyond any possibility of resuscitation.

HE FINDS A REMEDY FOR THE SILK-WORM EPIDEMIC.

While engaged in his researches on fermentation and spontaneous generation, Pasteur was urged by his friend J. B. Dumas to examine into the nature and cause of the silk-worm epidemic that was then rife in the south of France, and which threatened soon to destroy one of the most important industries of southern Europe unless a means could speedily be found for staying the plague and preventing further ravages.

Until this time Pasteur had never handled a silk-worm. He could not, however, resist the appeal made to come to the relief of his suffering countrymen, and although the work he was called upon to do threatened to withdraw him indefinitely from the researches in which he had met with such signal success and which promised him still greater triumphs, he determined thoroughly to investigate the silk-worm disease and not relinquish the self-imposed task until he should bring it to a successful issue. His researches on fermentation and spontaneous generation had prepared him for the work, and he was better qualified for such an undertaking than any man living. From the outset he was led to believe that the real cause of the trouble would be found in certain micro-organisms similar to those which occasioned the maladies of vinegar, beer, and wine. Nor was he long in demonstrating the truth of his assumption. Pursuing the same methods that had led to such happy results on former occasions, he was soon able to show that the plague was due to certain corpuscles and microbes with which the silk-worms were infected.

Having discovered the cause of the evil, the next step was to provide a remedy. This also he was able to do, but only after countless experiments and the most arduous and protracted labor. So incessant, indeed, was the toil, and so numerous were the difficulties that beset his path, not to speak of the criticisms and opposition which his investigations provoked, that his system yielded to the pressure and for a time his life was despaired of. In 1868, three years after he had entered upon the study of the epidemic, he was stricken with paralysis of one side, from which he still suffers. Two years subsequently, however, he brought his researches to a close, and had the gratification of seeing his method of preventing the plague in successful operation in all the great centres of silk-husbandry, and of feeling that he had rescued from what seemed to be certain destruction one of the favorite and most profitable industries of his native country. His discoveries saved thousands of people from penury and starva-

tion, and secured to the treasury of the nation an annual revenue of millions of dollars that would otherwise have been dissipated, perhaps for ever. As a mark of appreciation of his work Napoleon nominated Pasteur a senator, and learned societies of different nations hastened to show him that honor which his admirable achievements had won for him. But Pasteur's greatest reward was the general outburst of gratitude of the thousands of the laboring poor whom the pest was on the verge of depriving of employment, and, with it, of home and the means of subsistence.

Having so completely triumphed over the silk-worm epidemic, Pasteur next directed his attention to the study of infectious diseases in man and the higher animals. From the time he began the study of microbian life, each of his researches seemed to be the stepping-stone to that which followed, and to corroborate the theory that he was the first to promulgate regarding the nature of fermentation and virulent disease. He beheld everywhere those "infinitely little" forms of life—which to him were infinitely great. He knew, too, that these were in all cases the offspring of antecedent life, and hence he was able to conduct his experiments and guide his researches with a clearness of vision and with a certainty of induction that otherwise would have been quite impossible. He took nothing for granted. He proved or disproved every proposition as it was presented to him, and always cleared the way of all obstacles before attempting an advance. His logical, perspicacious mind would not permit him to pursue a different course. Past experience had shown him that this was essential to success, and the rigid inductive method by which he had achieved such marvellous results had become so engrained in his mind that working in strict accordance with it had become to him a second nature.

HE FINDS A REMEDY FOR SPLENIC FEVER.

Previous to the investigations of Pasteur a theory had obtained among certain naturalists and physicians that contagious diseases might be due to animalculæ and microscopic parasites, but no definite information had been obtained on the subject. And then, too, doctors and chemists were slow to accept a theory that was so diametrically opposed to that sanctioned by the name and fame of Liebig. According to the illustrious German chemist and his school, vital action had nothing to do with the genesis of disease. The contagia of disease were not, according to them, living things, as we now know them to be, but were rather

the results of certain molecular changes, entirely chemical in their nature, which communicated themselves to different portions of the living subject. According to this view diseases, especially those of a communicable character, were engendered by certain viruses, morbific influences, pandemic waves, atmospheric invasions, pythogenic media, and other equally mysterious agencies, all of which were entirely independent of any definite living organisms.

The first of the infectious diseases to engage the attention of Pasteur was the terrible malady known as splenic fever. From time immemorial this devastating plague has created greater havoc among domestic animals than any other cause. In France alone, in certain years, the losses amounted to from fifteen to twenty millions of francs. In other parts of both the Old and the New Worlds equally formidable losses are occasioned by the pest. Man, too, as well as his flocks and herds, was subject to the disease, and large was the tribute of human victims annually demanded by the fell disorder.

Not long after commencing his researches, Pasteur was able to show that the cause, and the sole cause, of the malady in question was a peculiar form of microbe known as a bacillus or bacterium. Having discovered the cause of the disorder, he set about with characteristic determination to find a counteractive. The work was long and difficult, and not without danger. But great as were the difficulties encountered they succumbed perforce to the genius and perseverance of the experimenter.

Pasteur was successful in finding not only the object of his quest, but had at the same time the good fortune to make a discovery which was as important and as far-reaching for pathology as was that of gravitation for astronomy. It was no less than an extension of Jenner's great discovery of vaccination.

After long and toilsome vigils, and a series of experiments whose number and ingenuity fill one with admiration and awe, Pasteur found that he could attenuate the virus of splenic fever to any degree of potency, and that such virus could be employed to inoculate against the disease itself. When he first announced his great discovery in the Academy of Sciences it was received with loud applause, but so extraordinary was it deemed that there were few who did not consider it too good to be true. Every one saw that the discovery, if real, meant a complete revolution in the theory and practice of medicine and surgery. If the virus of splenic fever could be attenuated and the disease could be prevented by inoculation, was it not reason-

able to suppose that the same processes would yield similar results in the case of all infectious diseases? As for Pasteur himself, so thoroughly had he studied the nature and habits of microscopic parasites, and so thoroughly had he mastered the ætiology of contagious diseases, that he was convinced that his discoveries in connection with splenic fever would eventually admit of universal application. Subsequent experiments and investigations by himself and others have fully realized his most sanguine expectations and furnished to the world another and striking instance of the remarkable clearness and compass of his view as an interpreter of Nature and Nature's laws.

GERM THEORY OF DISEASE.

Since Pasteur commenced his researches on fermentation and putrefaction, the trend and goal of medical and surgical science have been in the direction indicated by the germ theory of disease, as contradistinguished from the misleading and unfruitful theory of Liebig and his followers. As a consequence the results obtained have been as marvellous as the germ theory is comprehensive.

No sooner was Pasteur's great discovery made public than he was called upon to give a demonstration on a large scale of the efficacy of his method of treatment. And so successful were his experiments, that all doubts as to the truth of his predictions were at once dispelled. Even those who had been most sceptical united in admitting the conclusiveness of the demonstration which had been given, and in proclaiming that Pasteur's discovery marked the beginning of a new era in the annals of veterinary science, as well as a grand step forward in economic stock-raising. The vaccination of sheep, horses, and cattle soon became general, and was everywhere resorted to as a sure preventive against the malady that for centuries had so decimated the flocks and herds of Europe and the Orient, not to speak of the ravages it had caused in the New World, especially in parts of South America.

But Pasteur's researches, important as they were in conserving and promoting some of the most important of the world's industries, were of still more value when applied to the treatment of human diseases, which annually claim so many thousands of victims. Not to speak of splenic fever, to which allusion has already been made, of septicemia and other equally grave maladies, it will suffice here to instance the antiseptic method of surgery, introduced by the celebrated Lister, which is almost universally

employed and which has been productive of such beneficial results.

Previous to the introduction of the system of this famous surgeon the mortality in hospitals consequent on wounds and surgical operations was frightful. Acting in accordance with principles based on Pasteur's discoveries, Lister was able to reduce the percentage of deaths to a small fraction of what it had previously been. In a letter addressed to Pasteur the eminent English surgeon writes: "Allow me to take this opportunity of sending you my most cordial thanks for having, by your brilliant researches, demonstrated to me the truth of the germ theory of putrefaction, thus giving me the only principle which could lead to a happy end the antiseptic system."

In Listerism, as in Pasteurism, the practitioner or operator is not left in the dark as to the agencies he is combating. He is not fighting against some problematic virus, or some mysterious influence, but against a visible, tangible entity. The problem before him is to remove or destroy certain parasitic organisms, whose habits and life-history have been carefully studied and are thoroughly understood. Knowledge takes the place of theory, and certainty supersedes speculation and processes which were at best only tentative.

Pasteur's researches on splenic fever, septicemia, fowl and swine cholera, and his discovery of vaccines, together with a method of attenuating the most virulent viruses for combating these maladies, paved the way for still greater undertakings and for more brilliant conquests.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Encouraged by the results he had already realized, and confident of the general applicability of his discoveries, he next proceeded to investigate that formidable malady which had hitherto baffled all attempts to arrest it by therapeutical agents. For generations rabies, or hydrophobia, had claimed annually a large number of victims, especially in France and Russia. When fully developed it was regarded as being as incurable as the leprosy, while the intense sufferings which characterized the disorder were such as to make it the most dreaded of bodily afflictions.

For several long years Pasteur, with a corps of devoted and enthusiastic assistants, labored at the problem with all the zeal and energy so characteristic of his nature. Thousands of experiments were made and recorded, tens of thousands of observa-

tions were compared and classified, and all with the most scrupulous care and exactitude. Finally he was rewarded by finding himself able successfully to inoculate dogs against the most virulent forms of the disease. Just at this stage of his investigations he was visited, July 6, 1886, by two persons from Alsace who had been bitten by mad dogs. One of these was Joseph Meister, a lad nine years of age, who had received no fewer than fourteen wounds, and whose death seemed inevitable. After consulting with some of his associates, and not without great anxiety as to the outcome, Pasteur determined to try on the hapless young victim the method of inoculation that had yielded such promising results in the laboratory. He awaited the effect of his treatment with the greatest solicitude, until after the lapse of some weeks he was assured that the patient was out of danger, and that he himself had achieved a glorious victory over the most terrible malady with which humanity can be afflicted.

It may interest my readers to know that young Meister, a bright youth of sixteen, is now connected with the *Institut Pasteur*. He accompanied me through the laboratories and the out-buildings in which are kept the scores of dogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, pigeons, etc., which after inoculation supply the virus used in the operating-room, or which are required for the experiments that are here being conducted by physicians and biologists from all parts of Europe and America. The highest ambition of young Joseph is to become a doctor, and to spend his life in the *Institut Pasteur*. It is needless to say that he has an unbounded admiration for the one who snatched him from the jaws of the most frightful of deaths. "I think," said the boy to me, "that Pasteur is the greatest man that has ever lived."

In a short time a magnificent structure, the *Institut Pasteur*, was erected to serve the double purpose of laboratory and hospital, and here for a time might be seen patients from all parts of Europe. But so pronounced was the success of the new treatment that similar institutions were called for and established elsewhere. Now there are upwards of twenty of them in different parts of the Old and New Worlds.

From the very great mortality which formerly characterized the malady, the percentage of deaths has been reduced to a small fraction of one per cent. Hence it will be seen that the method is well-nigh perfect, and success in any given case, if taken in time, is almost certain.

THE CHOLERA.

For some years past "the great savant of France," as his countrymen love to call him, has been devoting special attention to that dread scourge of Asia—the cholera. Will he be as successful this time as he has been in his previous undertakings? As to myself, I have no doubt about the result. Armed with the accumulated knowledge and experience of nearly half a century, endowed with a genius for experimentation such as no other man probably ever possessed in such an eminent degree, and provided with all the appliances that ingenuity can devise or that the most liberal institution can supply, we need entertain no doubts as to the outcome of the experiments that are now being conducted at the *Institut Pasteur*. Even at this writing there is reason to believe that Pasteur has arrived at a solution of the problem on which he has been so long laboring. But he is so cautious and conservative that he never makes an announcement until he has studied every phase of the case, and made allowance for all contingencies. When he does finally announce a cure for cholera, we may have the same confidence in its efficacy as every one now has in his treatment of the other virulent diseases over which he has so signally triumphed.

In the researches with which he is now occupied Pasteur is not groping in the dark, or dealing with some occult power that eludes his observation. On the contrary, the enemy he has to combat is as real and tangible as a corps of Prussian soldiers. He is fully acquainted with its nature and strength, and with its methods of advance and attack. The problem now before him is not the location of the foe—for he has it always under his eyes—but to devise some means of staying the progress of the invader, or, if possible, of destroying it by turning it against itself, by the same system of inoculation that has worked so admirably in the case of splenic fever and hydrophobia.

Until, by observation and experiment, he has made himself sure of the ground on which he stands, Pasteur is the most diffident of men. But once he has experiment to back him up, he fights with a boldness and an impetuosity that to an onlooker savors of rashness. But he is not rash. He is the most prudent and conservative of scientists. He is bold because he is certain that he is right. Woe betide the unfortunate adversary that falls into his terrible hands! for, as a member of the Academy of Science once said to a member of the Academy of

Medicine, who spoke of scientifically strangling the illustrious biologist, "Pasteur is never mistaken."

To few men has it been vouchsafed, as to Pasteur, to witness the beneficent results of their labors and discoveries. No man has encountered more opposition than he; no man has fought more and fiercer battles; no man has won so many victories. He has now the satisfaction of seeing his theories almost universally accepted; of knowing that his principles are everywhere triumphant, and that his discoveries have been instrumental in effecting untold good for the amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity.

Honors have been showered upon him by his own and by foreign countries, and throughout the civilized world he is reverently spoken of as one of the greatest benefactors of his race.

In 1862 he was elected a member of the French Academy, of which he has ever since been one of the most indefatigable and successful workers, as well as the most distinguished representative. The French government has granted him a pension of 20,000 francs "in consideration of his services to science and industry"—a form of recognition that has but few if any precedents in France, but something that was more than merited. In 1868 he was awarded a prize of 10,000 florins by the Agricultural Minister of Austria for his researches on the disease of silk-worms. Five years later the *Société d'Encouragement* awarded him a prize of 12,000 francs for his studies on fermentation, and for the remedy discovered by him for the silk-worm disease.

A recent writer, in referring to Pasteur, speaks of him as one "whose researches have yielded so much material profit that one thinks of him as of the orange-tree standing in all the glory of blossom and fruit at the same time." With truth, therefore, has Professor Huxley declared that "Pasteur's discoveries suffice, of themselves, to cover the war indemnity of five milliards of francs paid by France to Germany."

This is a great deal to say of the work of one man, but to any one acquainted with the marvellous achievements of the distinguished Frenchman it will not appear as an exaggeration. But extraordinary as is the work that has already been accomplished much yet remains for future observers and experimenters. Pasteur himself acknowledges that his discoveries are but the beginning of the grand triumphs which the future shall witness. "You will see," he frequently remarks, "how it will all grow by and by. Would that my time were longer!"

HIS WRITINGS.

For the past third of a century Pasteur has been a prolific writer. Besides his communications to the French Academy and numerous contributions to scientific journals, he has written several works on fermentation and on the maladies of wine, beer, vinegar, and the silk-worm, which since their publication have been the acknowledged standards on the subjects of which they treat. He has a clear, trenchant style, and in all his productions shows himself a consummate master of the art of exposition. Some of the addresses he has delivered before the Academy are models of chaste and polished diction, and exhibit a *verve* that betokens a highly cultivated imagination as well as true poetic instinct. They are especially remarkable for the manner in which he champions the cause of revealed truth, of which he has on all occasions shown himself an ardent and intrepid defender.

In his discourse pronounced on the occasion of his reception into the French Academy he referred to the teachings of faith as an instrument of progress and as a safeguard for the man of science, and declared that if we were deprived of the conceptions due to these teachings "science would lose that grandeur which it possesses in virtue of its secret relations with the divine verities." On another occasion, two decades later, when delivering the eulogy on M. Littré, one of his *confrères* in the Academy, the old man eloquent tells his associates of the *Institut* that "the conception of the infinite in creation is everywhere irresistibly manifest. It places the supernatural in every human heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the infinite."

HIS RELIGION.

Not only has Pasteur on all occasions the courage of his convictions, but he puts in practice the faith he so openly and courageously professes. I have said that he is prouder of being a Catholic than of being an Academician. This is characteristic of the man. Worldly honors are to him but ineffective baubles and hollow gewgaws, except in so far as they are an evidence of what he has achieved for the betterment of the condition of his fellow-men.

Of a charitable and generous nature, he is ever ready to extend a helping hand to the poor and the afflicted. Shortly before my last visit to the *Institut Pasteur* one of our brothers brought to him a boy that had just been bitten by a rabid dog.

The brother explained to M. Pasteur that the parents of the lad were in very straitened circumstances, and would not be able to pay much for the treatment of their son, or for his maintenance at the hospital. "Leave that to me, please, *mon frère.* I shall provide for the boy myself and see that he receives every attention. Call for him ten days hence, and he will be well and out of danger." Ten days later the lad was returned to his overjoyed parents—and without a centime of expense to them—sound and whole. It was difficult to tell to whom this kind action brought the greater happiness: the parents, whose son had been rescued from an imminent and frightful death, or Pasteur, who had given the patient a new lease of life when but for his skill there was little or no hope for its conservation. But this is only one of the many instances of his liberality and kindly disposition. He is always in a quiet and unobserved way performing just such noble actions, and there is not, I venture to assert, a single person in the whole of Paris to whom the poor and unfortunate can appeal with greater assurance of comfort and relief.

Notwithstanding his long experience in the laboratory and his familiarity with every phase of brute and human suffering, Pasteur still retains a nature as gentle and a heart as tender as a woman's. While talking with him one day in the *Institut Pasteur*, in a hallway adjoining the operating room, we presently heard the smothered cry of a child who was being inoculated against rabies. Pasteur started with an expression of deep anguish. "Come away," he said, "where we cannot hear these cries of pain. I am neither a physician nor a surgeon, and I cannot bear such sounds of distress."

Contrary to what is generally supposed, Pasteur does not operate on any of the thousands of patients who annually flock to his laboratory. He delegates the work of inoculation to a staff of trained surgeons, who prepare and administer the prophylactic virus under his immediate supervision. I have never seen him in the operating room, and he studiously avoids it unless called there by stern duty, which he never shirks. He cannot endure any exhibition of human suffering, and he is as little inured to it to-day as he was when he began his researches on the ætiology of virulent disease.

THE RESULTS OF HIS LIFE-WORK.

It is difficult to appreciate the magnitude and importance of Pasteur's life-work, or to over-estimate the extent to which man-

kind is his debtor. Like Copernicus and Galileo, Kepler and Newton, he has cleared away difficulties that before him were insuperable barriers to progress, and has demonstrated the existence of law and order where previously all was thought to be chance and chaos.

Alexander is called great because he worsted in battle the barbarous hordes of the East. Cæsar is awarded the laurel crown of victory for his conquests in Germany and Gaul. Napoleon is honored with triumphal arches, and saluted as the world's greatest chieftain, because he was able to vanquish the combined armies of Europe. In Pasteur we have one who, in the seclusion of his laboratory—without noise and without bloodshed—has proved himself a greater conqueror than either Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon. In him we honor the hero who has triumphed over the plague that for centuries had demanded such formidable tributes from all the nations of the earth. To him suffering humanity is indebted for illumining with the search-light of his genius a world—the world of the infinitely little, the world of microscopic parasites—that, prior to his time, had been shrouded in more than Cimmerian darkness. Chemists and biologists, physicians and surgeons, have to thank him for transporting them across a gulf seemingly more impassable than Serbonian Bog, and putting them in a position to cope with an enemy which had hitherto occupied a coign of vantage from which it could not be dislodged. Hence, so long as disease shall continue to claim its victims, and so long as suffering may be assuaged; so long as men shall esteem worth and merit, and so long as gratitude shall find a place in their hearts, so long also will the world applaud the achievements and be moved by the example of that illustrious votary of science, and that loyal son of the church, Louis Pasteur.

J. A. Zahm, C.S.C.

Notre Dame University, Indiana.



Bishop Flaget, Founder of Nazareth.

A FAMOUS CONVENT-SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

Nazareth, Kentucky.

VERY often, to the contemplative, subjective soul, there comes a pause in the whirl of life when we ask ourselves why this toil, this strife, this effort so often fruitless? Our puny blows leave such little impress on this great world about us; in a year, a decade, a century, our very names will have disappeared. Such is the annihilation when we work for earthly ends with earthly means.

But when we "build the more stately mansions, O my soul! as the swift seasons roll"; when we build not of bricks, but of character; not of matter, but of mind, the obliterating wave is stayed in its progress, and the work endures.

Thus, when we consider the work accomplished by these grand educational institutions throughout our land, that build



Mother Frances Gardiner.

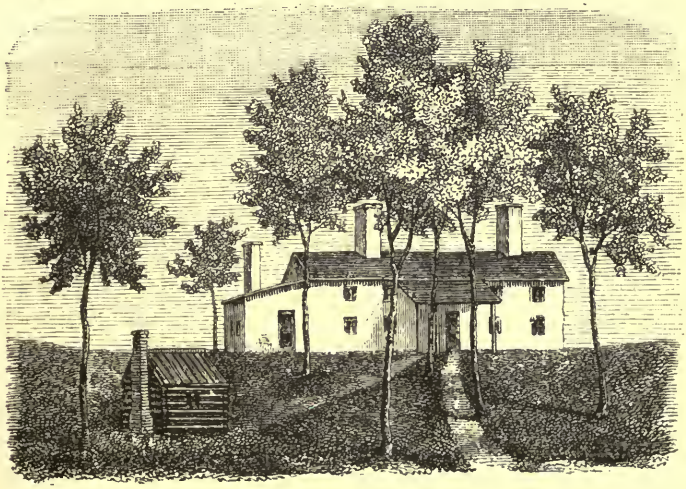


Mother Spalding.



Mother Columba.

not for time but for eternity, we cease to ask the listless question, "Cui bono?" and by a higher transposition render it, "There is good here." This work has not been ineffectual. Not unto



Nazareth as it Was in 1822.

the present generation alone, but through the white channel of souls far out beyond to lives yet unborn, the pure, strong influence of a good Christian education finds its way. It is of one of these strongholds of our faith of which I write. As the eyes of many fall on these pages memory flies back along the narrowing lane of years, and sees again the crowned height just beyond Bardstown, Kentucky, where stands the old, well-founded



East View of the Convent.

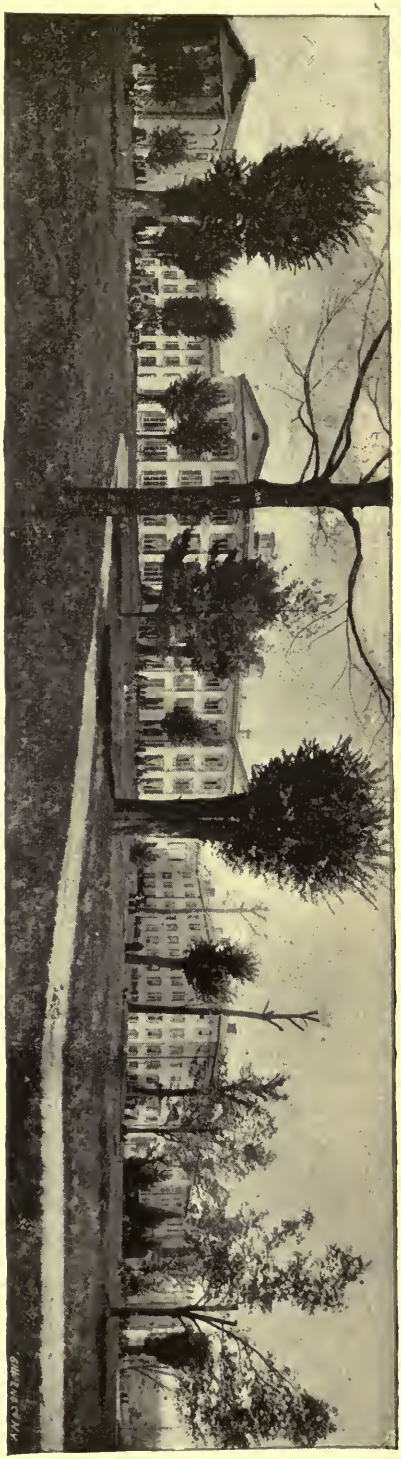
school, the house bearing with its name the aroma of sanctity—Nazareth.

Long, long ago, while yet this world was young, a scoffer said: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Yet from that despised hamlet came the Light of the World. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them he gave power to be made the sons of God."

It was one of these sons of God, the saintly Bishop Flaget, who founded the organization known as "The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth." This holy man, of whom Henry Clay said, "He is the best representative of royalty off the throne," from his

boyhood loved Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and grew up in the shadow of the tabernacle. He was raised to the Episcopal See of Bardstown in 1808 and was the first bishop of the West, when there were only six priests for an area of over forty-two thousand square miles. The Catholic Church in Kentucky has been blessed with many edifying sons, but none among them is enshrined more deeply in the hearts of the people than this truly pious servant of God. At this time this part of Kentucky was a wild, beautiful region, sparsely settled, mainly by Catholic families. When the bishop entered into office his first thought was for the education of the young. Not being able to import a teaching order from his beloved birth-place, France, he had no resource but that which he happily adopted, and established the order whose fame has grown with the growth of the State.

Bishop Flaget, himself a tireless worker in the vineyard of his Master, chose as the director of this new community his friend and companion, Rev. John B. David, superior of the newly-created theological seminary at Bardstown. From out the shadows of the past Father David's character glows with a most beautiful light. He was a man who had



NAZARETH AS IT NOW IS.

received the benediction of hard work. He was incessantly busy, the only hours of recreation he allowed himself outside the necessary amount of sleep were spent at the organ improvising.



The Chapel.

The gentle musician, whose life was in itself a perfect harmony, awakening sweet melodies, is a very sweet remembrance for those who knew and loved him. He had cheerfully offered to accompany Bishop Flaget into his new field of labor, and was at once appointed superior of the new seminary. Here he worked with tireless zeal among the young Levites who had cast their lot in this fertile though uncultivated portion of the vineyard of the Lord.

In December, 1812, it was these young seminarians who built the little log-cabin, about seven miles from the present magnificent structure, that sheltered the five earnest souls who formed there in that rude, poverty-stricken home the nucleus of what is now a noble organization, the fame of which as an educational and benevolent institution has spread throughout our land.

But in these early days only God, who saw the pioneers of this great work working, sewing, reading, spinning, and at the

same time receiving instruction, could have had any idea of the wonderful growth and extension with which the small beginnings were to be blessed. We, who at the close of this century enjoy all the privileges that civilization can give to make the road



Bishop McCloskey.

to learning a royal one, cannot conceive of the hardships and trials these pioneers of eighty years ago had to suffer.

The success of Nazareth in the beginning was largely due to the very superior mothers they had. There were three in the

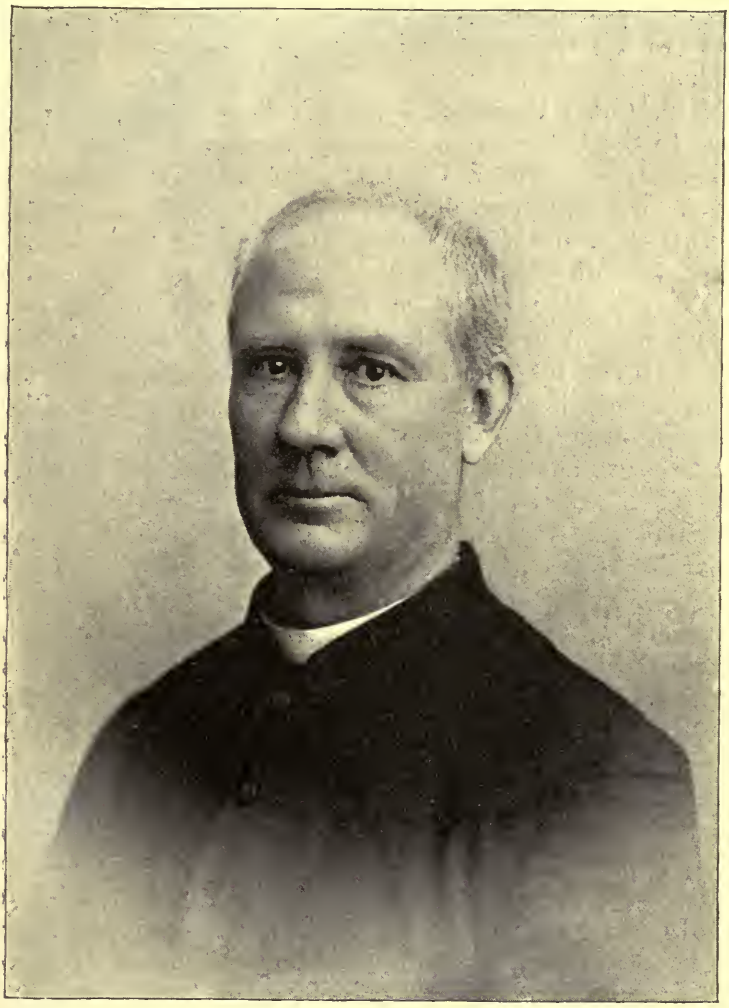
early history who stand out prominently, a trinity of strength, beauty, and devotion. Catherine Spalding, a member of the talented Kentucky family of that name, joined the community in



The Studio.

the first month of its existence; and shortly after was elected superioress for a term of three years, a position she held for eight successive terms. She was the pivot on which the affairs of the growing sisterhood turned for many years. She was a truly remarkable woman. Among the saintly religious of the West Mother Catherine's name stands pre-eminent. She had the attributes of mind that peculiarly fitted her for leadership—purity of intention and indomitable will. Straightforward in purpose, never vacillating, she had a clear understanding of duty and performed it most faithfully. It is related that when once called to testify in a court over which Henry Clay presided, her testimony was given with such perfect grace, candor, and intelligence as to elicit from the great statesman the highest compliments; a proceeding, as we may well suppose, not at all in keeping with her delicacy and modesty, but nevertheless a spontaneous tribute from one great mind to another. At her death, in March, 1858,

she was attended by her friend and distant relative, one of Kentucky's glorious sons, Right Rev. Martin J. Spalding. Surely



Father Russell.

when her white soul entered heaven its greeting was, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mother Frances Gardiner, the second of this wonderful trio, had a talent for administration; but it was not on that account that the hearts of her spiritual children went out to her in love and reverence. It was rather because there was seen in her every word and act an extraordinary love of God. The firmness of her

faith and piety, her absolute devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, are the traits most remembered and admired. She passed sixty years of her life in the community, for thirty-five of which she was superioress. She was succeeded in office by the gifted and beautiful Mother Columba, of whom too much cannot be said.

After Mother Catherine Spalding's there is no name so well known to the Catholics of Kentucky as that of Mother Columba Carroll. It was Sister Ellen O'Connell, a most accomplished woman, for many years directress of studies, who trained her intellectual gifts, and Sister Columba Tarleton, a saint of the community, who directed her spiritual growth; and to these two is ascribed the greater part of the development of this rare and pure young soul in the religious life. Their influence was exerted not by words alone, but by the silent force of the example of most saintly lives. Margaret Carroll was a pupil of Nazareth; graduating at sixteen, she immediately entered the novitiate, and upon Sister Columba's death took her name, and with it came the spirit of sanctity for which Sister Columba Tarleton is remembered to this day. United to exquisite beauty of soul was an unusual beauty of face and figure, the embodiment of grace and dignity. For thirty-five years she was directress of studies and teacher of the first and second classes. It is impossible to estimate the good this beautiful woman accomplished as a teacher, because a teacher's influence is never ending. In 1862 she was elected superioress, and for more than ten years ruled with extraordinary tact and zeal. One of the red-letter days of the community was her golden jubilee, on February 22, 1877. A drama, written by Sister Marie, entitled "Religion's Tribute to our Mother on her Golden Jubilee," was rendered by the pupils, and was the most pleasing feature on the programme. Addresses, musical and poetical tributes, gifts and congratulations poured in upon her; but perhaps the most touching evidence of the great love borne for her was the accompanying lines, written by old Sister Martha, one of the original five who started at "Old Nazareth."



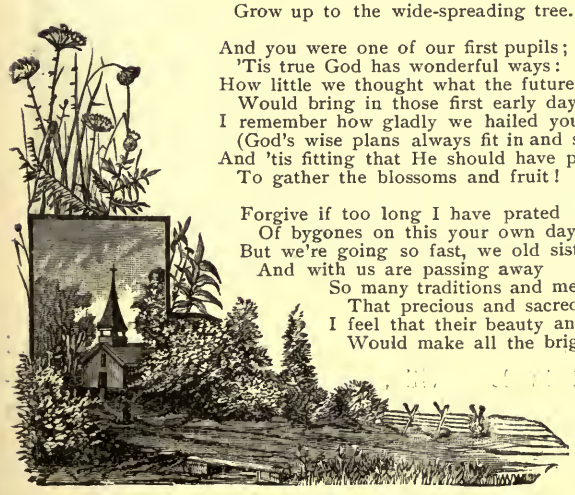
THERE are many to-day, dear Mother,
Who are crowning your head with gold,
And writing fine things of the record
Your fifty long years have told.
And I too should come, with the others,
My offering before you to cast;
But I am old, and my thoughts, dear Mother,
Somehow will fain run on the past.

On the days when our Naz'reth, dear Naz'reth,
Was not like what Naz'reth is now;
When we lived like the ravens and sparrows,
Our dear Lord only knew how.
Then we spun, and we wove, and we labored
Like men in the fields; and our fare
Was scanty enough, and our garments
Were coarse, and our feet often bare.

We had then no fine, stately convent:
No church-towers reaching the skies;
Our home was a low-roofed log-cabin,
Which a servant now'days would despise;
But we had, in that humblest of shelter,
What the cosiest palace might grace,
And fill it with glory and honor—
Mother Cath'rine's angelic face.

She told how the path we had chosen
Christ honored by choosing the same,
And taught us how we should be sisters
In heart and in deed as in name.
And there was our dear Mother Frances;
God has blessed her and spared her to see
The mustard-seed sown in the forest
Grow up to the wide-spreading tree.

And you were one of our first pupils;
'Tis true God has wonderful ways:
How little we thought what the future
Would bring in those first early days!
I remember how gladly we hailed you
(God's wise plans always fit in and suit),
And 'tis fitting that He should have placed you
To gather the blossoms and fruit!



Forgive if too long I have prated
Of bygones on this your own day;
But we're going so fast, we old sisters,
And with us are passing away
So many traditions and memories
That precious and sacred we hold,
I feel that their beauty and radiance
Would make all the brighter gold.

In 1878 her career was closed, but not for ever; in the hearts of those she loved she reigns a mother still, with all the charm that clung to her in life. It was meet that such perfection should have been preserved in entire devotion to God, the All-wise, who placed her in this convent school where her holy influence could have the widest scope.

To these three, Mothers Catherine, Frances, and Columba, the community owes much of the sanctification of its members. All three were deeply imbued with the religious spirit, all eminently fitted by nature and grace to adorn their high position. They built the bridge over which the community passed to its present prosperity.

In Kentucky the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth are to be met wherever the needs of suffering humanity call them. From their mother-house at Nazareth have sprung forty-seven branch houses in various parts of the country, schools, orphan asylums,



View from the Bardstown Pike.

and hospitals. The best known of the latter is the "Mary and Elizabeth" Hospital in Louisville, founded by William Shakespeare Caldwell as a memorial of his wife, and a tribute from this good man to the sisters who educated her.

The mother-house, a few miles from Bardstown and about forty miles south of Louisville, is well worth a visit. After passing through the rather unattractive country, Nazareth seems "an oasis in the desert." As we left the train at the convent station





Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Caldwell.

on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and looked about as far as one can see, on either side extended a beautiful park of fine old trees, magnificent survivors of the "forest primeval."

But we soon came in sight of the convent itself. Whatever impressions had been formed from the first glimpses of Nazareth caught through the trees bordering its fine avenue, in a full view its magnitude is surprising. One is not prepared to find buildings so extensive and imposing in the backwoods of Kentucky. A turn to the right and we reached the presbytery, where a warm welcome greeted us from the reverend chaplain, Father Russell, who has ably filled the place of spiritual director to the community for twenty years; a man whose character is laid in broad and simple lines; a kind and devoted friend; a wise and tender father to the flock, who fully appreciate his unobtrusive goodness. Father Bouchet, the vicar-general of the diocese, is the ecclesiastical superior, without whose good advice there is nothing of large or small importance undertaken in the community.

The sisters hold in loving memory the name of the late Father Haseltine, for many years their director.

From the presbytery we went to the Convent and Academy, the latter having a frontage of one thousand feet. They are united by a cross-hall, and there is a covered corridor from the rear of the convent into the church. To the left of the Academy is the Commencement Hall, having a seating capacity for fifteen hundred persons.

The main entrance to this historic school is through the old convent. A short flight of steps leads up to the front door, which opens into an old-fashioned hall twenty feet square. On the walls are full-length portraits of Bishops Flaget and David and Father Chambige, founders of the order. Like all convent homes, the most exquisite neatness and order prevail, and everywhere was noticeable that spirit of peace and cheerfulness so apparent in the faces of good sisters. The reception-room on the left is an ordinary square room, furnished simply in the usual convent style. The oratory, a sweet and silent retreat where many a girlish trouble is told to that loving mother so ready to help,



Commencement Hall.

is within easy access of the study-hall. The library, containing five thousand volumes, is on the second floor. In the corner is an excellent bust of the late Archbishop Spalding. In the studio,

where the girls were hard at work, is a painted portrait of the archbishop, and another of Right Rev. William George McCloskey, the present Bishop of Louisville—a most striking, elegant-



Young Ladies' Oratory.

looking gentleman, who for the twenty-five years of his episcopacy has been a true friend of this noble institution.

The laboratory is fitted up with the very latest appliances for the study of the natural sciences. Here the theories of chemistry and physics are put into actual use by practical experiments. After a little stay in the dormitories and the class-rooms, we descended to the region dear to the feminine heart—the kitchen. Here, again, were the latest improvements in cooking utensils, and the pupils are regularly instructed in the practical art of housekeeping.

In a hurried visit to the Museum with Mother Cleophas, one of the leading spirits of the community to-day, who in the term of office recently finished followed closely the traditions of the past, we found a large room well filled with botanical, mineralogical, and physiological specimens, and then once more we stood at the door and bade adieu to her and Mother Helena, the present superior. The kind and gentle faces of these

good nuns, framed in their snowy caps, are the last sweet remembrances we carried away with us from this interesting place. It is owing to their able administration, energy, and ceaseless labors that Nazareth keeps the place it has won in the educational world.

Among the many cherished remembrances the sisters have is one of a visit from Orestes Brownson, a celebrity dear to all Catholic hearts. He was perfectly delighted with his visit, remarking that Nazareth was the most homelike of any institution he had ever visited.

Leaving the convent, we visited the beautiful Gothic chapel, the gem of the place, every niche and corner of which, it may truthfully be said, represents a great sacrifice. "My children,"



The Museum.

said Father David, "build first a house for God, and he will help you build one for yourselves." His pious and prophetic injunction was happily realized.

A group of girls were coming from the chapel as we entered; young, innocent, careless of the future, unmindful of the past, do they realize the immense importance of the present? In after years, when trouble and care have laid their heavy

hands upon her who was "the sweet girl graduate," with what intense pleasure she looks back to the days she spent in the peaceful haven of those convent walls! A woman never forgets her school-days; the memory is like a strain of sweet music with all the discords forgotten, and only the harmonies remembered.

As for the sisters, their delicate personality meets with a ready and sympathetic response in the young hearts placed under their care. The obligations laid upon them they discharge with the utmost fidelity. They are above everything teachers, and realize to perfection the deep significance of their office, "to mould intellect, to develop character, to influence the whole future of a soul—after the priesthood there is no more sacred calling." Well are they prepared for their life-work.

Perhaps the most important educational department at Nazareth is the training-school for young sisters. Here they are prepared for their future work; they are perfected in music, art-work, pharmacy, nursing, and class-work, from the kindergarten to the higher branches taught in the most finished schools and academies, according to the best approved and newest methods.



Mary Anderson.

There is no more conservative body in existence than the Catholic Church. In her wonderful system there is a well-organized supervision of every detail of work from the preparation of a Vatican encyclical to the establishment of a kindergarten in a parochial school, and she takes cognizance of every step onward

in all branches of progress, and adopts for her own only those things in the educational world that by trial and experience have been found good. It is, then, perhaps unnecessary to say, in the face of the above statement, that Nazareth, one of the best-known institutions in the country, is abreast with the times in all matters relating to education. If it had not been foremost in the ranks it could not have secured the prestige it now enjoys, could not have numbered among its patrons some of the most distinguished men of our country—Henry Clay, who sent his daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter there ; Judge



The Laboratory.

Benjamin Winchester, John J. Crittenden, Judge John Rowan, Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, James Guthrie, George D. Prentice, Governor Charles Wickliffe, and a host of others identified more or less with the growth of our country.

Among the hundreds of pupils it is difficult to discriminate, but it seems appropriate to mention a few who have attained distinction in special lines, and such as are well known to have entertained a particular attachment for Nazareth, of whom it may be said no vicissitude of time or fortune, neither absence nor distance, had power to diminish the ardor of their youthful

affection. Many creditable representatives of Nazareth are found in all ranks of society, among the wives and daughters of distinguished men as well as those of lesser note. Far back in its records there appears the name of Ann Lancaster Smith, one



Genevieve Morgan; now Mrs. Judge Mulligan.

worthy of special distinction for her disinterested devotion to Nazareth, and her life-long active interest in all that concerned its prosperity, as well as for her generous benefactions to the church, the seminary, and the orphan asylum. She was the pathfinder for a long generation of the Lancaster name who were pupils of Nazareth, and became distinguished representatives of the institution, among them Madame Catherine Lancaster, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Clifton, Cincinnati.

The Spalding as well as the Lancaster family, famous in religious and literary circles, has sent many clever pupils to Nazareth, prominent among them Madame Henrietta Spalding, present superior of the Sacred Heart Convent in Chicago, and formerly of the old city convent in St. Louis, whose administration in both cities has been able, progressive, and popular. Few families can show as noble a record of religious vocations as these two well-known families.

Among the pupils of high social position was the first wife of Jefferson Davis, Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of President Zachary Taylor. A later period records the name of Mary Eliza, daughter of James Breckenbridge, of Kentucky, who became the wife of William Shakespeare Caldwell,* of New York, father of

*It is related that once when Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell were travelling in Europe they took French lessons from an eminent master in Paris. The teacher, remarking on its perfection, asked Mrs. Caldwell where she learned her French grammar. "At Nazareth, in the backwoods of Kentucky," Mr. C. laughingly interposed. "It is a pity *you* did not learn it there too," was the reply.

Mary Gwendoline Caldwell, chief benefactress of the Washington University, and Lina, Baroness Hedwitz. Another prominent graduate was Florence Steele, who as wife of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, graces Washington society; also Mrs. Vincent, another member of the Capital's bright circle, who was beautiful Laura Lancaster, and Mrs. James Maroney, of Dallas, Texas, who gives a yearly medal. The annals of Nazareth record no more lovely women, none more devoted to their Alma Mater, than the four nieces of Jefferson Davis, Mary, Lucy, Anna, and Elizabeth Bradford, all converts, graduated at a little later date. Mrs. Ansolem McGill, Mrs. James Meline, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. McIlvain, Mrs. Charlotte McIlvain Moore, Mrs. J. L. Spalding, Mrs. Captain Marr, all graceful writers, were graduates of this famous school of the South-west. Another pupil of Nazareth was Genevieve Morgan, whose father was prominent in Nashville affairs, and is buried in its State capitol in recognition of his many public-spirited acts. She married Judge James Mulligan, an eloquent



The Library.

member of the Lexington bar, and representative in the State senate. She is a fluent writer for the *Lexington Transcript*, of which her husband is editor.

Mrs. Sarah Irwin Mattingly and Miss Mary Irwin, both pupils of Nazareth who have written for various magazines with creditable success, have just entered upon an educational career in opening at Washington, D. C., "The Washington College," for the higher education of girls after the plan of the European



The Road to the Depot.

colleges where oral instruction is the important feature of the curriculum.

Mary Anderson was another distinguished pupil taught by the good nuns of Nazareth. Who does not hold in affectionate remembrance "our Mary"? who in all the years she was before the public kept her name unspotted from the world, a living proof of the invincible armor given by a good Christian education, which keeps the girl safe even in the glare of the footlights, the most trying position a woman can assume. Miss Taney, the author of the State poem, "The Pioneer Women of Kentucky," which was written for the World's Fair, was a pupil of these nuns.

Such is the record this old Kentucky school bears before the world; an unblemished testimony to the Divine care bestowed upon these faithful souls from their early lowly days to their

present prosperity. The history of the church is full of contrasts no less wonderful than here presented in the account of Nazareth. The parable of the mustard-seed has gone on repeating itself from its first utterance.

And now comes the "last scene of all in this strange eventful history," the quiet resting-place where lie those whose crossed hands rest above hearts that are still, unmindful of the clods above them, unheeding the passing of those in whose hearts they live for ever. The dust of years is gathered on the graves of saintly Bishop Flaget with Mother Catherine lying at his feet, Bishop David, Mothers Frances and Columba. But there is something left, a sweetness that lives, that will live across a wider space of years than lies between "New Nazareth" in its stately beauty and "Old Nazareth" in its lowly poverty, almost as humble a place for the Son of God as that shrine afar off, over which the Star of the East shone in glorious splendor eighteen centuries ago.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."



THE ANCIENT POLAR REGIONS.

WHEN day after day we look upon the same landscape with the same sun lighting it up, when we observe the same seasons with monotonous regularity following one another year after year, it is not easy to rid ourselves of the idea of fixity: we imagine that our earth and the sky above it have always been as we see them to-day, and that cold and heat have from the beginning divided the year as they divide it now. When we speak of time we unconsciously limit our mind's eye to the narrow horizon bounded by history and tradition, and further back than sixty centuries our thoughts do not wander. But in reality everything around us and above us has changed and is changing.

The distinguished French scientist De Lapparent says, in his *Traité de Géologie:* "To maintain that since the beginning of its history the earth has always had before it the same sky as to-day, would be to misunderstand the general law of the universe, in which the phenomena of periodicity serve as a rule only to mask a slow but certain advance towards an end incessantly pursued." As a matter of fact this earth of ours has long passed its youth; it is now verging on old age, and with its poles covered by everlasting ice, it may be likened to a body whose extremities are bleached and paralyzed with years. Even in the geological period which immediately preceded our own, and which is known as the Post Pliocene or Quaternary, great changes took place, and man has been a witness to them. The rivers of to-day are mere brooks compared to what they were then, and in North America we can trace the shore-lines of immense quaternary lakes which no longer exist.

But while this fact may interest and perhaps surprise us a little, it does not tax our credulity so much as when we are told that once, instead of snow and ice, a luxuriant vegetation flourished not far from the poles. Indeed, the French naturalist Buffon believed that on our planet, which was slowly cooled and consolidated, life began at the poles; and that from thence it spread in the direction of the tropics, where at first the heat was too intense to admit of any kind of life. But it is only within re-

cent years that we have been able to get a glimpse of the ancient Arctic zone, which is much more accessible than the Antarctic, and what has thus far been brought to light makes Buffon's daring conjecture appear not so very improbable.

In Spitzbergen and Greenland, in Alaska, along the banks of the Mackenzie River, even in Grinnell Land between eighty and eighty-three degrees north latitude—the farthest point yet reached—fossil plants have been found belonging to the Carboniferous, Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary periods, and these plants have been described by Professor Oswald Heer, of Zurich, in his admirable work—*Flora fossilis arctica.* The fossil sequoias of Grinnell Land bear an unmistakable resemblance to the living sequoias of California, while the fossil laurel—*Laurus primigenia*—of ancient Greenland is said to be the direct ancestor of our present laurel.

Among the ferns of Spitzbergen belonging to the Jurassic age we meet with the first fir-tree. And it is interesting to observe this primitive fir in company with the same shrubs and trees which at that far-off epoch—it may be millions of years ago—flourished in more southerly climes. During the middle of the succeeding age, the Cretaceous, the fossil plants found between seventy and eighty degrees north latitude bear witness to the fact that already a season of cold, very slight it is true, had begun to manifest itself. The flora of this age is richly represented both in Spitzbergen and Greenland. In the latter region the largest number of plants have been discovered at a point seventy degrees north, and among them are many magnolias, poplars, and tulip-trees.

At the opening of the Tertiary period (which comes after the cretaceous, and which is divided into three epochs, viz., Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene) the tree-ferns of Greenland had become quite scarce, and its principal forest-trees were oaks, elms, and hawthorns, while its climate at this time was similar to that of Japan. The palm-tree, too, had now almost disappeared in this latitude—seventy degrees north ; but we find it becoming more plentiful in Europe.

Indeed, up to the middle of the Tertiary age, the vegetation of central Europe did not essentially differ from that of the tropics. But within the Arctic Circle the cold which had set in went on increasing, a season of snow became more definitely marked, and slowly but surely the flora adapted itself to changed conditions, until at length it turned into a purely Arctic flora.

It was now that the forests of the polar regions disappeared never to return, while the small plants, which continued to live and to bloom in the brief and briefer Arctic summers, were plants which had come down from the highlands into the valleys. But some of these plants migrated southward and found a congenial clime on the mountains of Europe, Asia, and America; and when to-day we meet with Alpine plants bearing a strong resemblance to polar plants, may we not find in the history of the ancient polar regions a key to this resemblance?

But while recent discoveries have proved that Greenland (which in a former age might have been called a continent, for it touched Spitzbergen on the east and south, took in Iceland, perhaps even included Scotland, while to the north it stretched beyond the eighty-second degree) was once the original native home of an abundant vegetation, scientists are not agreed as to what brought about so vast a change of climate. Some would explain the high temperature which once prevailed from the poles to the tropics by the greater central heat of our globe. But in answer to this it has been said that the caloric contained within the central nucleus must soon have ceased to exert any marked influence over the earth's surface: we know that the surface of a lava flood, even several yards thick, soon cools and solidifies.

Professor Heer, in the introduction to his work on fossil plants which we have mentioned, puts forward the hypothesis that our earth is carried by the sun around a central star buried in the depths of space, and that in accomplishing this inconceivably immense cycle of a year—whose seasons must be measured by myriads of centuries—the Miocene epoch representing one summer and the Glacial period one winter—we pass through alternate regions of great heat and great cold. But he gives no valid reason for supposing that there are different temperatures in different parts of stellar space, and his theory has not found many supporters.

Another hypothesis which refers variations of climate to the combined effects of the precession of the equinoxes and changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, is held by some high authorities. Others, again, explain climatic variations by geographical causes—by a different distribution of land and water. We know, for example, that the Gulf Stream has a marked influence on the temperature of Western Europe. But if the narrow strip of land called the Isthmus of Panama were to disappear (and there was a time when it did sink below the sea-level) this great

fan-shaped current of warm water, equal to a river fifty miles wide and a thousand feet deep, might perhaps flow westward into the Pacific Ocean. Yet if this were to happen it would mainly affect the temperature of one continent only.

What would seem to weaken these several theories of climatic variation is the fact that, when viewed from the broad stand-point of geologic time, we perceive nothing oscillating, nothing intermittent in the change. Heer, by ten years of patient study, has been able to reconstruct the temperature of nearly the whole series of latitudes from the fortieth to the eightieth degree, and the result shows that the climates of our globe grow steadily milder and more summer-like as we go backward in time. Thus we find the palm-tree growing further north in the Miocene epoch than in the Pliocene, and in the Eocene further north than in the Miocene; while in the Cretaceous age a warmth like that of the tropics prevailed everywhere.

Perhaps the best explanation of the moist, mild climates of the Paleozoic era is that given by the French scientist, Dr. Blandet, and which has been accepted by the geologist, De Lapparent. It is founded on the gradual condensation of the solar mass.

In the beginning the solar mass, which was very diffused, must have projected on the horizon of the earth a disc measuring an angle sufficiently great to nullify at first and then to attenuate the effects of latitude, as well as to prolong beyond limits the winter twilight at the poles. Add to this a triple, perhaps a quadruple, density, of the atmosphere, which was thus rendered more capable of storing up heat as well as of holding equivalent quantities of watery vapor and of giving it out in the form of abundant rains, and we have what certainly seems a reasonable way to account for the primeval climates. The light which then reached the earth passed through a nebulous atmosphere, and Professor Heer makes the interesting remark that the plants which are analogous to those of the earliest age of plant life, such as the ferns, as well as the most ancient families of insects, evince, as if influenced by a dim tradition, a marked preference for shady, obscure spots.

Let us say in conclusion that the cooling of the polar regions, and the lowering of the temperature of the continents south of the Arctic zone, was complicated by great watery precipitations and an excessive humidity, which became, under certain favorable topographical conditions and with slight geographical changes,

an active cause of glacier extension during the Quaternary period and gave rise to what is known as the Glacial epoch. Of this De Lapparent says: ". . . The epoch characterized by the Quaternary glaciers is unique in the history of our planet and was preceded by nothing analogous."* But these abundant rains have now passed south of the temperate zone and are confined to the tropics. At the same time the cold which overwhelmed the ancient polar regions is not arrested in its progress; the cause which first brought it on is still at work. Our sun is becoming more and more condensed, and by and by it will no longer find in the contraction of its diameter a source sufficient to keep up its energy, and with the extinction of the sun our earth must perish.

The approach of this deadly world-chill is infinitely slow—so slow that history takes no note of it; but in time the now crowded, busy portions of the earth must meet the fate of Greenland and Spitzbergen. This day is still buried in the distant future; but far off as it is, the lesson of the past tells us that it is coming.

William Seton.

**Traité Géologie*, p. 1281.



AMERICA'S WORKMEN.

THERE is no question in the United States more lasting or more far-reaching than the welfare of America's workmen. I do not restrict the name to those who work with their hands; I include also those who work with their brains. Indeed all kinds of labor, even the most manual and the most menial, are getting to be so changed that a certain amount of skill and of brain-power is used in them. The success of the nation depends upon the prosperity of the toiler. His interests must be looked after, but the *rôle* of the demagogue must not be played. The lockouts, the strikes, the destruction of property, the violence, the bloodshed, and the murders of recent years recall the most lurid chapter of *Cæsar's Column*, and show clearly that labor is still far from its millennium. The magnificent millions of the few and the perceptible poverty of the many, even in America, the El Dorado of the workman, are too striking not to call forth uneasiness in these days when the people are said to rule.

An economist as well as a philanthropist, the late Cardinal Manning, writing to a Catholic Congress held at Liège, a few years ago, said: "For a hundred years capitalists have deliberately concealed their enormous profits, and at the same time bought labor at the lowest price."

The distribution of wealth is frightful in its very inequalities. Still I do not believe that the social system is radically and hopelessly wrong. I do believe that American workmen can right their wrongs by the machinery at their disposal and without violating any law human or divine. The laborers have a majority of votes and the greater amount of physical strength, even if the word workmen be taken in its restricted sense. What they need, therefore, for success is a sufficiency of intelligence and a proper direction of the same.

In a land where Lincoln the ploughboy, and Johnson the tailor, and Grant the tanner rose to the highest position in the gift of this or of any people, it should not be necessary to dwell upon the dignity of labor. Christ, the highest type of manhood, devoted himself to manual labor.

There should be no such thing as starvation in this land. The political economy of Paul of Tarsus is worth recording. The saint writes: "For also when we were with you, this we declared to you: that if any man will not work, neither let him eat."

Nature never blunders; man does. God never creates a wrong; man does. The eyes, the mouth, the lungs, the feet of a new-born babe are nature's own evidence of the child's right to light, food, air, and earth to walk upon. Whoso is willing to work has a right to eat. Every man has a natural right to the necessaries of life. This is so universally acknowledged that our theologians are unanimous in teaching that extreme necessity justifies one in taking what would otherwise be the property of another. Such a case would arise if one's life were in danger, for example. The same is true of quasi-extreme necessity. That which in other circumstances would be theft, ceases to be so in presence of such necessity. The reason is to be found in the law of nature. Any division of property cannot run counter to the natural law of self-preservation. For this law is higher than any by which property can be regulated or divided. Catholic theologians sum up the aspect of the question I am treating of by the theological formula or axiom. In extreme necessity all things become common. I give the words of Thomas Aquinas, the prince of theologians. He writes: "When there is a manifest and urgent necessity and no other resource is at hand, a man may lawfully relieve his necessity out of the goods of another—a case in which there can be no question of theft or robbery. For in virtue of his necessity those things become his property which he takes to sustain his life."

The Teacher of the parable of Dives and Lazarus would not hold a starving man responsible for taking enough to relieve his pressing want. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there is no life beyond the grave, to what a hopeless, and useless, and joyless existence the unjust man condemns the over-worked, and under-fed, and under-paid multitude of his fellow-men!

And suppose there is another life, if the teachings of Christianity be correct, the fate of the gravely unjust rich man will be that of Dives in the parable. St. James writes: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you. You have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped your fields, of which you have defrauded them, crieth

out; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth."

God did not send poverty; man created it. Man is not poor because of a curse from heaven. If he were, what a splendid argument it would give Atheists and scoffers against the bountiful God of the Christians!

Just as every man, born into this world, has an equal claim to the means of eternal salvation, so has each one an equal claim to the means of decent subsistence. This is nature's own legislation, and no human law can abrogate it. The army of tramps is said to be increasing in the United States every year. Tramps are a foreign manufacture. They were not contemplated by the founders of the American republic, and were partially unknown in the United States for a long time. There should be no tramps either from choice or from necessity. To become a tramp from choice shows a depth of personal dishonor entirely out of harmony with American modes of thought. To be a tramp through necessity is an evidence that our law-makers neglect a grave duty. The state is bound to see that no man starves who is willing to work. To it belongs the solemn and sacred duty of promoting the welfare of the many and thus bring a ray of sunlight into their lives. There is abundance for all in this God-favored land, and if some are in need it is generally because of an unequal and unjust distribution of its treasures, and rarely through their own fault.

Poverty is a source of vice. It drives people to the despair of atheism. The people want justice rather than charity. It is not in accordance with the laws of divine or of human honesty to rob men of their wages and dole it out in charity. Godliness and greed do not go well together. Piety and penuriousness, even when the latter does not reach the aggravated form of being unjust, are looked upon as a contemptible combination. Establishing art galleries, founding public libraries, building colleges or even churches, cannot be accepted as compensation for injustice done to our workmen.

Wealth must be made to recognize its obligations. Its owners are stewards in a certain sense and not irresponsible masters. No matter how wealthy men may be, they have no right to claim a monopoly of the earth so as to frustrate the divine intention, which is that the earth is for all men. If they own the possessions of the human family, they must look to its needs, just as a father is bound to provide for the members of his

household. I quote again from Thomas Aquinas: "Human law cannot abrogate the divine or natural law. And according to the natural order instituted by God's providence, material things are destined to meet the needs of men. Hence no partition or appropriation of these things can avail to prevent their being employed to meet men's needs."

It is a very false doctrine to teach that the world's wealth was created for the use and pleasure of the few, without any obligation on these of supplying the wants of the many. Take the large factories of the country. They have somewhat of a public as well as a private value. By reason of the former they owe certain obligations to the men who work in them. A man cannot do as he pleases with his own as long as he forms a part of the social organism. It were quite another thing if he could withdraw from the society of his fellows and live after the fashion of the primeval desert-hermits, Paul and Anthony.

In his sounder days the manifold millionnaire of Pittsburgh, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, used to disapprove of the idea of leaving vast wealth to one's heirs, and used to teach that to die rich is to die disgraced.

It would be much better for humanity in general to give workmen their full share of wages, than to curtail them and try to make up for this by generous donations for public purposes.

Writers on political economy are at one in saying that there are few economic subjects so difficult as the actual amount of wages which workmen should receive. The abstruse nature of the subject itself and the cleverness of capitalists in concealing their earnings, combine in making the subject very hard to solve. Several elements have to be considered. Men may have employment at certain works all the year round. In case they have not, then on the days they work it is necessary for them to earn at least as much as will support themselves and their families for the whole year. The average length of the working life must also be taken into account. The life of a worker in lead, for instance, is much shorter than the life of one who works in tin. Hence his wages should be proportionately greater. Then there may be technical or trade expenses to be borne by the workmen. In spite of the vague and shadowy rules for the regulation of wages it is clear that the minimum of a just wage should be enough to maintain a home. Otherwise family life becomes impossible and the commonwealth cannot prosper. It is a violation of the virtue of distributive justice to take advantage of

a man's necessity in order not to pay him full wages. Hence the iron law of wages known as competition is not a just standard of measurement. There should be an honest proportion between the receipts of the workmen and those of their employers; in other words, wages should have a fixed relation to the value of the work done.

It is not necessary that there should be a war between pampered capital and persecuted labor, for the pampering of one and the persecution of the other can be stopped by reasonable brain-work. Men and masters have many interests in common. They should think of these rather than try to keep in full view their few opposing interests.

Oscar Wilde writes, that some years ago people went about the country saying that property has its duties. They repeated it so often, continues the elegant Oscar, that now the pulpit has begun to say it. One almost feels ashamed to write the threadbare statement, that workmen have a right to organize. And yet there is a necessity for repeating this teaching, because such a right is still denied by employers. No man of God ever lectures capitalists on the immoralities of their unions, and no man has a right to question the lawfulness of labor unions. If anything, they are laudable, for they help to preserve equity inasmuch as they are offsets against the combinations of capitalists.

The chief question for the American laborer regards the means by which he will enforce his rights. There are certain things which he must shun if he will succeed. Howsoever just his claims may be, he has no right to enforce them by violence. Such a means of redress is against the law of God, against the state, and against the workman's own interests. There are in the world two supreme organizations: the church and the state. Each of these may permit or even encourage subordinate societies, but they cannot tolerate unions in open warfare against them. When workmen beat non-union men, attack the national guard, or, mayhap, the regular army, they put themselves in direct antagonism to the state, and it must either crush them or abdicate its functions. They may use moral force upon the non-union men; they must not use barbarous methods to enforce claims howsoever just. Violence as a solution of the labor problem is unintellectual and un-American, as well as immoral. It is an appeal to the tribunal of brute force rather than to the forum of intelligence. It obstructs the prosperity of the country at home, and it injures its reputation abroad. It does more: it retards

the cause of humanity, for it tries to show that republican form of government—the best yet known—is not the success which its advocates maintain. It injures the cause of labor in two ways. First, it prevents the prosperity of the country; and if the country as a whole be not prosperous, labor cannot flourish. Secondly, it alienates sympathy from the workman. Without the good will of the greater and sounder portion of the community, the workman cannot hope to make much progress. The lesson must be learned that, as peace is superior to war, so is the intellectual method of settling a difficulty superior to the violent one. The sooner workmen realize that violence cannot be recognized in the labor movement the better for their cause. When an attempt was made to assassinate Frick, of the Homestead troubles, the American people, howsoever much they hated Carnegie's representative and his methods, at once declared the murderous act to be a profanation of the sanctuary of our republican form of government, and they stamped assassination as the weapon of the slave rather than of the freeman.

The question of strikes is altogether different. A strike may or may not be lawful according to the circumstances of the case. To strike without cause may be unlawful, for it may occasion public disorder, promote enmities, inflict hardship on innocent third parties, and is clearly antagonistic to national prosperity. But when a strike will probably obtain a benefit for the workmen which the employer unjustly refuses, and when this benefit cannot be obtained by less vigorous measures, then by all means a strike is lawful. It is a question among moralists whether men engaged in transportation service and such similar semi-public work have a right to strike or not. The chief reason assigned by those who deny them such a right, is because their action is directly injurious to whole communities of innocent people. If we assume that such men are not justified in striking, they certainly have a right to insist upon some equally efficacious means of settling differences with their employers. But the best authorities on labor do not favor strikes. They are a last resort, an appeal to the purse rather than to the intellect.

Moral force is the chief reliance of the workmen of to-day. The anarchists and murderers fresh from the dynasties and tyrannies of Europe will never receive a firm foothold among the intelligent workmen of the United States. A sense of universal justice must be taught and is sadly needed. The many must not be ruined for the benefit of the few. The wealthy

have to learn simple living, less ostentation, the vanity of mere display, and the foolishness of extravagance. They are quite right in providing for their dependents; they are quite wrong in supposing that beyond this point they have no duties to their fellow-men and to their poorer brethren above all others. No matter how perfect the world may become some will always appear at a disadvantage. For legislation, howsoever just, cannot abolish in individuals the inequalities of strength, foresight, industry, etc. A more specific remedy is needed for workmen's grievances than to say that we must go back to Christ, his example and his teaching. Probably the heartless individual who scrimps the seamstress of her scanty wages, or mulcts the miner of what is his due, thinks he is going back to the simplicity of the Gospel, and living up to the Sermon on the Mount, provided he builds a church or endows a library.

Labor and capital should encourage co-operation and not conflict. There should be conferences between the representatives of each, and if these fail then the best-known remedy for grievances is arbitration. This must come, not after relations are strained, or laws are broken, or property is destroyed; it must come as a matter of course, and as soon as a grievance demands it. Deeper than this is the workman's remedy of the ballot-box. And deeper and more fundamental still is the question of education. He is and must necessarily be in the majority. And if he were only educated up to the point where vast organization were practicable, and up to the point of realizing his enormous power at the polling booth, there is not a single grievance which he could not remedy.

JOHN CONWAY.

St. Paul, Minn.

AT THE TOURNESAL.

THE Chalamette shell-road in New Orleans begins beyond the Rue St. Ferdinand; and, white and shining in the sunlight, meanders for miles along the side of the green grassy embankment of the levee, shaded by cypress-trees that cast their shadows on the sparkling mass of amber waters called the Mississippi. On the land side of the road grow thick together myrtle-trees of the silver-veil and pink-crape kind, and not unseldom orange-trees that I have often wondered remained unrobbed, exposed as they are to every passer-by.

Facing the white road, far past the Ursulines and Friendly Sisters' street, and on the other side the Rue La Manche, is an old white mansion of one story, long and broad, and surmounted by a cupola. The mansion has an overhanging tiled roof, supported by the white fluted pillars of a gallery that is on its four sides, and it is set in a garden of orange, nectarine, and blazing pomegranate trees. The foliage, of every hue of brilliant green, spreads shadows of a vivid violet on the iridescent pebble paths; the carmine nectarines gleam among their leaves of tender green; the yellow orange glistens in nests of waxy leaves; the blood-red pomegranates glow on their black and gnarled branches, and the white, golden-hearted clamber-rose runs riot to the topmost boughs of the trees, swinging itself from limb to limb till it forms a canopy of flowers and perfume over the paths, almost shutting out the blue sky and the rays of the intense sun.

More than a quarter of a century ago this place and a square mile of land about it belonged to the De la Manches, a family who had died off, or who had been killed off, till no one of them was left save the daughter of the house, Flore de la Manche, and in 1865 she disappeared, no one knew whither. Fourteen years after, in 1879, the house and garden had got into dilapidated condition, when they were bought at a public sale by an enterprising Galvestonian, who fitted them up for a winter resort, and time showed that he had been sagacious in his venture.

Adjoining the garden and immediately on the road is the Tournesal, a small yellow house possessed of a yellow tiled roof, black Venetian blinds, and a pair of folding doors, also painted black. Tradition says that this house, long ago, was the studio

of a De la Manche who had been given to painting, and there is a legend to the effect that he became very famous. This last is somewhat borne out by the fact that in the catalogue of the Paris *Salon* for 1820 there appears the name of a picture of a Louisianian named Edouard de la Manche. There is, as well, in the New Orleans Museum, a small painting of a Louisiana deer hunt—the animals very life-like—signed "Manche." The picture of the hunt, however, may have been painted by a progenitor of the numerous Manche family who live across the river in Algiers, and who are by no means to be confounded with the De la Manches, another family altogether.

Whatever the house called the Tournesal had been, in 1880 it presented a worse appearance even than had been that of the mansion when bought by the Galvestonian. In this year carpenters and painters set to work to repair and paint it. Shortly after it had been made habitable an elderly lady and an aged negress took possession, and in a few days the neighbors learned that Mlle. Flore de la Manche was the name of the lady, Mammy Suzon that of the negress. They also learned that Mlle. de la Manche had bought the house.

No one expressed surprise, or was surprised, at the return of the last of the De la Manches. The older neighbors had witnessed so many wonderful changes that nothing less than a general convulsion of nature would have caused them to be astonished; and to the younger ones, with the solitary exception of the Galvestonian, the De la Manches were much as are other folks. The proprietor of the mansion treated his neighbor with much consideration, and respected her privacy, when he sent her word that he would take it as a favor if, during the months between April and October, she would look upon the garden as her own and make use of it accordingly. Besides, he made genteel capital of the fallen gentlewoman. Very few of the boarders who came to the pleasant mansion to escape the cold winter of the North failed to hear the story of the woman they saw returning day by day from Mass at St. Martin's, attended by the aged negress. And very much amazed would mademoiselle have been had she known that it was considered that she gave a certain tone to the mansion.

Seeing her so well clad, that a woman came daily to cook and clean, and that an abundant store of good provisions passed through the black folding doors into the Tournesal, many of the boarders began to believe that mademoiselle was rich, and that she was waiting her opportunity to buy back the mansion.

Mlle. Flore was not rich; neither was she poor. It is true that the comfortably furnished Tournesal was hers, that she was well clad, that she had her black coffee regularly, her well-appointed dinner served by Mammy Suzon. But all this was done out of a carefully guarded income of five hundred dollars a year, with sometimes an addition from what she called her talent.

Not even to mammy did mademoiselle ever speak of the dreary year in which they had fled from ruin and desolation to destitution in New York, nor of what had seemed to be the vainest of vain searches, her search for work. Sometimes she spoke of the school in the pretty suburb that, after much labor, she succeeded in getting herself appointed to teach. But what she and mammy often spoke of was the check the mail brought to her one day in payment for a little tale she had written for one of the journals, and of like payments for like matter that came afterwards. This was before the deluge of Southern literature, and though she lived to see it, mademoiselle still found room for herself, when it came, on the lowest round of the ladder of fame. Editors had discovered that she was painstaking, that what she wrote pleased a certain class, and that she could always be trusted to fill a gap. This was the high-water mark of her literary fame—she could be safely counted on to fill a gap. Neither she nor mammy knew this.

Her tales and sketches were signed *Tournesal*, and on rare occasions faint praise had been vouchsafed them in her presence. Once she read one of her little stories to her pupils, they not knowing their teacher to be the author, and the children were pleased. After that she read them others, and the boys said they were "tip-top" and the girls said they were "lovely." Though for praise that would have been fulsome had it not been so honest mammy was the one to give it, for mammy was convinced that outside the gospels there was no such fine writing as that which was written by her "Mamzelle Flow."

She was still a young girl when she began to write, but she was an old maid before she had gained what she felt was the only earthly thing left for her to gain. As much money as could be pinched from her meagre wages as school-teacher, and all the money that was paid her for her writings, was laid aside to buy back, not the mansion—that she knew could never be—but the Tournesal. To gain this object, mammy, if possible, was more eager than was mademoiselle, her foster-child and mistress. And of the two, when at last, after fifteen years of self-denial of every sort, there was a little capital in bank and the Tournesal was

bought, it would be hard to say which one was the most thankful to Heaven. There is this to be said, however: whilst Mademoiselle Flore, who had always been accessible to every one, remained so, Mammy Suzon became almost offensively overbearing in her deportment to all the world outside the Tournesal, convinced that all the world was but as dirt under her "mamzelle's" feet.

As has been said, Mammy Suzon served the dinner to Mademoiselle Flore, and this was almost the sole service she was permitted to render. It was her "priv'ludge," she insisted stoutly, when her mistress would have forbidden her old age even this light task. So every day, as on this evening of the twenty-second of August, 1888, mammy, her horn-rimmed spectacles set firmly on her nose, her much-starched and gaily-colored turban worn with dignity, stood beside the dinner-table waving slowly to and fro an enormous palm-leaf, not so much in token of victory as to keep away the flies.

The apartment that did a triple duty, for it was indifferently a *salon*, a sitting-room, and a dining-room, had about it a quaint air of refinement and of gentle repose. Its only distinguishing feature, aside from its occupants, was a low and curiously-wrought bookcase, which faced the window looking out on the garden. A pair of black bronze urns with handles of gilded wreaths stood on the top of the bookcase, one on either side. The delicate odor that pervaded the room proceeded from the rose-leaves and orange-leaves preserved in these urns. Between the receptacles for sweet odors, and resting on a rosewood stand, was the miniature on ivory of an exceedingly handsome youth of fair complexion, dark eyes, and curly hair of a pale, yellowish brown. Paradoxical as it may seem, though the eyes of the youth were languorously soft and gentle, his face was strong and masculine.

To those of her few friends who put questions to her about the miniature of the handsome youth, Mademoiselle Flore would say: "It is the miniature of Lieutenant Frank Berkely. He was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, in the spring of 1862. His mother was a Benoit, and the Benoits were old friends of my parents.—Yes, he was very young when he entered the army—only nineteen. My mother was very much attached to him." Then she would remark something foreign to the miniature, in order to divert the friend's attention from it and Lieutenant Berkely.

Mademoiselle Flore looked tolerably young for a woman in

her forty-first year. It is true her hair was white; but then it was thick and was worn in puffs that gave it the appearance of being powdered; her complexion was fresh with a tinge of rose, and her soft merino gown and the frill round her neck were quite youthful. She often fell into long silences and fits of abstraction, out of which she would emerge with a little sigh, if left to herself; but if spoken to, with a vivid blush that almost transformed her face into that of a young girl.

There was a particular reason to-day for the unusual liveliness of her manner, a liveliness that did not ill become her. The editor of *The Avenue* had written her a letter requesting a story. He did not say that he wanted to fill a gap. On the contrary he wrote an exceedingly polite letter that asked for "one of your nice, quiet, and well-bred stories of about three thousand words." And then went on to state the price he was willing to pay, which, it so happened, was more per thousand words than mademoiselle had ever before received.

"I think I shall have to begin my story immediately after dinner," she said as Mammy Suzon removed a bowl of iced shrimps to make room for a tiny plate of soup. "It was so good in the editor to write such a *pleasant* letter," she added dreamily.

"Them kin' doan' git er Deller Manche ter write foah 'em ev'ry day," said mammy, her chin high in the air.

"I wish they did," returned mademoiselle, with a touch of humor altogether lost on mammy.

After that mademoiselle made no further remark till the dessert of white figs and a nectarine had been placed before her. "What shall I write about, mammy? I cannot think of anything," she then said, admiring the contrast of colors presented by the white figs and pink nectarine on a bed of fig-leaves.

"Lawd bless you, Mamzelle Flow!" cried mammy, highly flattered. "Wha' foah you ax me that ah! Ter th' bes' of my knowledge, 'pears ter me you ought ter write 'bout ouah ownliest fam'ly."

Mademoiselle gave mammy a startled look, and said under her breath: "Why, mammy! I have thought of that, and thought of it. My own story! They would not know it was of myself I wrote."

"Jes' so, Mamzelle Flow, jes' so!" exclaimed mammy, chuckling with delight. "An' you ain' foah'getten ter say I'se borned in er fam'ly, is you?" she asked concernedly.

Mademoiselle raised her downcast eyes and looked at mam-

my thoughtfully. "Mammy," she asked, her face breaking into a smile, "what does the salt do for the dinner."

"Wha' does er salt do foah er dinner? whoo! whoo!" laughed mammy. "I reckon, mamzelle, you knows wha' it doan do when Lanthy done lef' er out."

"Well, mammy," said mademoiselle, "you are as necessary to my story as salt is to the dinner."

"Look at that foah a fac'!" ejaculated mammy solemnly, crossing her hands on her broad bosom and nodding her head. "An', mamzelle," she continued, in a burst of excitement; "you ain' foah'getten my ole man, Ignace? He b'long ter ou'ah fam'ly an' he burried in er vaulk, he is;* he ain' no trash."

"I won't forget Uncle Ignace," she replied as she rose from her chair and walked to the window looking out on the garden, leaving mammy to call in Lanthy to clear the table and to oversee the work, much to the discomposure of that rather shiftless young woman.

When the table was cleared and the lamp lit and placed on it, mademoiselle took from a drawer in a cabinet a parcel of paper, whilst, with awful reverence, Mammy Suzon set an inkstand and tray of pens before the lamp. "Mammy," said mademoiselle, untying the parcel of paper, "call in Lanthy before she goes home, and we will have night prayers—and, mammy, I shall be up late to-night; perhaps you had better go to bed after Lanthy locks up."

Mammy made an old-fashioned courtesy that she had learned from mademoiselle's mother. Their long residence North had almost destroyed their custom of speaking in French, but it was in that tongue that mammy said: "If mamzelle pleases, I would rather remain here while she writes." And mademoiselle responded very seriously: "I shall be charmed to have you here."

This little ceremony had been enacted many, many times before; but on each occasion of its being repeated mademoiselle and mammy treated it as if it were something entirely new. To mammy grandiose etiquette was a species of holy ritual that tickled her inmost soul; and because it pleased mammy, mademoiselle was pleased.

From a book of prayers that she put on her eye-glasses to read mademoiselle prayed for herself, for her little household, for her dear dead. And the two black women, kneeling on either side the table, recited their responses with a hearty reverence,

* Only paupers and Jews are buried underground in New Orleans; the latter from choice, the former for want of choice.

and the earnest devotion of the trio was sweet as the odor of rose-leaves and orange-leaves that pervaded the room.

Mademoiselle's pen did run back and forth over the narrow tinted paper till late into the night; mammy nodding meanwhile in a great cushioned arm-chair, her hands clasping a rosary she alternately recited and dozed over. Once mademoiselle laid down her pen, and, her hands folded on her paper, gazed before her, her eyes moist.

"Was you thinkin' of Marse Frank, mamzelle?" asked Mammy Suzon with tender respect.

"A little, mammy," she answered vaguely, and taking up her pen, continued to write.

"Wahn't it up in Virginni on er Chickenhom'ny that ar battle war fought, mamzelle? You done tole me so," persisted mammy.

"Yes, mammy, the Chickahominy," replied mademoiselle gently.

"I thought it war th' Chickenhom'ny," murmured mammy as she dozed away into what soon became a profound sleep.

Mademoiselle attributed, rightly, her own and Mammy Suzon's vigorous health to the beneficent influence of exercise in the early morning air and sunshine. And morning exercise was so strong a point with her that, late as it had been when she laid aside her pen the night before, she was up betimes with mammy to walk to St. Martin's for Mass. For the daily hearing of Mass was a work of supererogation mademoiselle never failed to perform.

Mademoiselle looked tired and worn this morning, as she and mammy walked homewards under the shade of the cypress-trees and out of the glare of the flashing river—so worn as to call forth a remark from mammy that "mamzelle war jest done out."

"No, I am not tired, Mammy Suzon," she said; "I am thinking of my story. After breakfast I will go over it quietly while you are overseeing Lanthy. I have many corrections to make."

Mammy's reverence for the literary moods of her mistress was great enough to cause her to preserve silence for the remainder of the walk, and to induce her when they reached home to hurry Lanthy with the breakfast, in order that mademoiselle might be left alone with her manuscripts as soon as possible. She need not have been so peremptory with Lanthy in regard to

the quality of the breakfast, for mademoiselle showed herself very indifferent to it when it was set before her, and herself helped Lanthy remove the dishes from the table, so anxious was she to go to the pile of neatly written tinted paper awaiting her on the sill of the garden window.

Nevertheless, when at last the room door had closed on Mammy Suzon and Lanthy, and she was seated by the window, her adjustable table before her, mademoiselle did not immediately set to work at her manuscript. Her head resting on her hand, she gazed out on the garden where, between two orange-trees and among tall white lilies that grew wild, stood a moss-grown bench hewn out of stone. She sat so motionless that a little blue lizard, watching a fly struggling to get through the wire window-screen into the room, was emboldened to spring at its prey, and succeeded in capturing it without disturbing her. Even the myriad ruby humming-birds hovering over and darting their long bills into the crystal cups of the lilies failed to attract her attention. It was only when her hand fell idly on the pile of manuscript, and her fingers rustled its pages, that she was recalled with a start and a blush from the past to the present. "I was forgetting!" she exclaimed half-aloud, and took up a leaf of the manuscript to read over her story.

There is no author who has written much—hack writers not being taken into consideration—who has not written at least one meritorious thing worthy of preservation. And mademoiselle had at last written her one thing out of her heart. Never had she achieved anything so good, and she rightly felt that never again would she write as well. The story, simply told, was of a man's faithful love for one dead; and what gave to it a particular charm was, that in it there was an utter absence of anything like a striving after effect. The chief characters of the story were a youth of nineteen and a girl a year younger, who loved and who were to have married, but the girl died. The man, through long years, remained faithful to the girl, whom he looked upon as his dead wife, as he felt she would have been faithful to his memory had he been the one to die. Not a specially new story, it might have been made by an unsympathetic hand a piece of veriest sentimentality. But what mademoiselle made of it was an idyl of loyalty that had the merit of singular pathos and of truth; for it was her own story, all but the details, transferred to the personality of Lieutenant Berkely. The details she had altered, even to situating the scene of the story in a foreign country.

Slowly she read page after page of the manuscript, often stopping humbly to correct a word or alter a sentence, and had reached the last paragraph, which summed up, with a truly exquisite reticence of words, the story of the man's chivalrous loyalty to his dead, when the sudden pause of carriage wheels on the drive through the garden caused her to look up.

The foliage was so thick between her and the drive that she could barely perceive a man and woman seated in an open carriage. Presently she heard the man call to a negro boy lolling on the grass, to know if the mansion was occupied; and the boy replied that it was shut up for the summer, but that a lady lived in the Tournesal. Then, after some words had passed between them, the man and woman got down from the carriage, and walked, laughing and talking, through the swaying lilies to the stone bench, where they seated themselves.

Mademoiselle drew her hands quickly across her eyes, and, holding her face between them, peered through the wire screen. "Has my story driven me mad?" she cried to herself.

Whatever the age of the man seated on the bench might be, he was apparently not more than thirty-five, and in the sunlight his light curly hair might have made his strikingly handsome face appear even younger. And it was evident that he was exceedingly proud of the young and pretty girl—she was more of a girl than a woman—beside him. All this mademoiselle could see through the wire screen that prevented her being seen. The gently blowing wind came from the direction of the stone bench to the Tournesal, and carried to her the words the man was now saying to his companion: "Yes, Gertrude, this is the place where I was reared. You know I told you M. de la Manche was my guardian. I am glad we have taken in the old place on our way home."

Mademoiselle's answer to this was something like a sob.

"How sad that they are all dead," said the girl, and the wind ceasing for a moment, mademoiselle lost the rest of the speech.

When it again arose, the man was saying, "After the war, when I was at last released to go into a hospital, I found out from the few friends left that I was thought to be dead—"

Again the wind failed to carry her what was said, and again it arose. "I wrote and wrote," said the man, "and received no answers to my letters, but I learned that they were all dead, though some believed Flore to be living. I did all I could to find her, in spite of the assurance I felt that she was dead; for

had she been alive, my letters would have found her, and she would have written me."

The girl laid her hand on his and, looking him in the face earnestly, asked: "You loved her very much, Frank?"

He took her hands in his and said: "You are my wife, Gertrude, remember that; you must not be jealous."

"I am not jealous, Frank," expostulated the girl; "how could I be? She is dead, poor thing, and if she were alive she would be dreadfully old. But *did* you love her very much, Frank?".

"She was as good and pure as an angel," he replied; "and I did love her very much, Gertrude."

Mademoiselle sank to her knees and, hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly. When she raised her head to dry her eyes she heard the roll of the carriage wheels, and listened intently till the sound of their part of the work of grinding the shells on the road to powder had died away.

She rose to her feet painfully, and having gathered together the leaves of her manuscript, forty-one in all, she placed them loosely and with great care in the small brazier that stood in the fire-place. There was a box of vestas on the mantel-piece, and when she had struck one of them, she applied the fire to the under leaf of the untrue story.

While the leaves of the manuscript burned merrily and sent out a thin cloud of smoke, Mammy Suzon burst into the room in great excitement. "I knowed I smell' fiah!" she exclaimed. "Wha' you doin', Mamzelle Flow?"

She had been gazing at the merry flames, and now turned her eyes on mammy.

"I have burned my story," she said gently, "and I shall never write again. And," she continued, as she moved to leave the room, "I am going out for a walk in the garden. Come out when I call you, Mammy Suzon, and I will *tell* you a story."

FREDERIC FRÖBEL'S CHRISTIAN KINDERGARTEN.

I.

A GREAT wave of kindergarten enthusiasm has been passing over the whole country during the past two or three years, sweeping before it much of doubt and distrust, and of the prejudice that has existed against Fröbel and his kindergarten system. College professors, teachers, educators everywhere, even those whose work does not bring them into contact with very young children, are now thoroughly alive to the necessity of beginning aright and at the *very* beginning, if we are to be successful in the all-important work of education.

We are told, and truly, that the end and aim of education is the formation of character; therefore, if we would achieve that end, we must have education that is development—not merely instruction—we must begin our work while yet character is forming, and as an aid to the best and most harmonious development of the human heart and mind and body the kindergarten claims our special consideration.

To those who do not understand what the kindergarten is, a brief account of Fröbel's childhood may be the simplest introduction, for the events of his own life are closely connected with his opinions and give the key to his educational theory.

He was born in a small village in Prussia in 1782. His father was a clergyman, austere and cold, to whom, he says, he remained a stranger all his life. His mother died before he was a year old, and, although he never knew her, he believed that from her he inherited his imaginative and artistic nature. His father married again in two or three years, and while at first this new mother seemed to encourage the love and confidence of the lonely child, as soon as she rejoiced in a son of her own she became to him a step-mother indeed, and treated him with neglect, unkindness, and even injustice, which is ever the hardest trial for a sensitive nature to bear. In his autobiography Fröbel dwells upon this change in his step-mother's manner towards him, because, he says, "I recognize herein the first cause of my early introspection, my desire for self-knowledge, and my youthful separation from other human ties."

At the age of ten his mother's brother took him to his own home for a while. This uncle was a widower, of a more genial, kindly nature than Fröbel's father, and, as he had lost an only son, he gladly took to his heart this child of his dead sister. In this congenial home, where peace and plenty reigned, the boy's whole nature expanded, he improved in health of body as well as of mind, and spent there five happy years. It was during this period of his life that he became what he remained to the end, a close observer and lover of nature. He delighted in the free, out-of-doors country life, where he could watch the development of plants and of animals. Perhaps it was then, too, or during the following three years while apprenticed to a forester, that his mind received such strong impressions of the analogy of the human being to the other organisms existing in the world, and the consequent belief that man should grow and develop as they do—harmoniously and completely.

He was always very religious, and early resolved "to be truly noble and good"; and noble and good he surely was. "The blessed thought came to me," says Fröbel, "human nature, in itself, does not make it impossible for man to live and represent again the life of Jesus in its purity; man *can* attain to the purity of the life of Jesus if he only finds the right way to it."

In this rapid sketch it would be impossible to follow him through his varied experiences as forester, then as student at the University of Jena; as land-surveyor and as architect. The first impulse toward his true vocation was given when he accepted a position as teacher in a model school. Here, for the first time in his life, he felt himself in his true element. Having heard and read much of Pestalozzi, whose name was just then the watch-word in education, he soon became his pupil, and from that time he was always both teacher and pupil.

His lonely, neglected childhood and his efforts at self-instruction led him to study the children in the streets, to help them with their plays, and to direct them in such a manner as to make them helpful and instructive. Thus gradually, from the study of nature, of philosophy, and of his fellow-being, was evolved the kindergarten idea that the child must be developed and trained by natural methods; that is, according to the laws of nature.

Fröbel's theory is: *1. The process of spiritual development goes on according to fixed laws. 2. These laws correspond to the general laws which reign throughout the universe, but are at the same time higher, because suited to a higher stage of development.*

3. This system of laws must be traced back to a fundamental law. This he calls "The law of opposites and their reconciliation" or "The law of balance," and he applies it to education. He argued that if the unconscious development of the child is governed by this law, educators must apply it to his later development if they would assist nature and not hinder it, and they must carefully lead children to use it themselves in all their work in the kindergarten.

The word kindergarten means child-culture; so a kindergarten is a child-culturing institution. Its aim must be development—the formation of character, not instruction, or the pouring in of knowledge, but a drawing out of all the latent faculties of the whole human being.

The object of the kindergarten, as Fröbel puts it, is: "To take the oversight of children before they are ready for school life, to exert an influence over their whole being in correspondence with its nature; to strengthen their bodily powers; to employ the awakening mind; to make them thoughtfully acquainted with the world of nature and of man; to guide heart and soul in a right direction, and lead them to the Origin of all life, and to union with him."

It was a simple, child-like man who originated the kindergarten method, and devoted his life to teaching it and endeavoring to impress the truth of his views upon others. Unfortunately for him, just when he had most reason to hope for success in Germany, his nephew, Carl Fröbel, chose to publish a pamphlet entitled *High Schools and Kindergartens*, which the Prussian ministry denounced as socialistic and atheistic. The author's name and the title of his pamphlet caused him to be mistaken for his uncle, and immediately the Fröbel kindergartens were closed by order of the Prussian ministry.

I would emphasize these facts, because I have recently learned that some of these Carl Fröbel views have found their way across the ocean, and even now the same old mistake is made here, which may account for the foolish charge we sometimes hear brought against the kindergarten: that its originator was an infidel. And even supposing for one moment that this were true; if his methods were the most logical, the most scientific, and the best, shall we be satisfied with anything less than the best?

But he was indeed a thoroughly religious man. He regarded the nature of the child as three-fold in its relation to nature, to

man, and to God; he aims at the harmonious development of this three-fold being, and declares that "all education that is not founded upon the Christian religion is one-sided and fruitless." Is not this the principle for which Catholics have long been contending? Is it not for this that they bear the burden of double taxation, and multiply parish schools all over the country?

It was a sad blow to this earnest man of single purpose to be thus publicly accused of atheism; it seriously affected his health and was really the cause of his death.

Three years after his kindergartens were prohibited he was invited to be present at the German Teachers' National Assembly at Gotha, and as he entered the hall, in the midst of a discourse, the whole assembly rose as one man, and at the close of the speech three rousing cheers went up for Frederic Fröbel. At last he had the joy of a "universal recognition of his efforts," says the Baroness Marenholz-Bulow. This was in May, 1852, and in June, a month later, Frederic Fröbel died peacefully at Liebenstein. Future generations shall prove the full value of his legacy to mankind. It has come to us like anything else worth having, through suffering and self-sacrifice.

To Fröbel everything in nature was God's gift to man, through which he should learn to know him; therefore the material which he prepared in the kindergarten to serve for the development of the child he divides into "gifts" and "occupations."

The first gift consists of six worsted balls in the six spectrum colors. The ball, or sphere, is the simplest of all forms and is the *type of all organic things in their beginnings.* In the second gift we have the ball again—of wood this time—its opposite the cube, which is the simplest type of the mineral kingdom, and the cylinder, which reconciles these opposites, bearing a close resemblance to both, and representing the form common to animal and vegetable life. This gift is the basis of the kindergarten system; from it are derived all the other gifts, and it is the embodied law of "contrasts and their reconciliation," the universal law of equipoise. It is this cube, sphere, and cylinder reproduced in stone that constitute the monument marking his resting-place in the little village of Schweina; a fitting monument, perhaps, for the inventor, but hardly complete as marking the grave of the Christian who would attain to the purity of the life of Jesus Christ.

In America the kindergarten system has been making its

way slowly but surely, and to-day it is recognized as the true beginning for all education. It is the preparing of the soil, as it were, and the planting of the seeds of truth, beauty, form, color, sound; and of order, which is heaven's first law. It has already done much toward modifying the old methods of teaching. I find traces of its influence in every primary school; but it is in the charity kindergartens that the greatest good has so far been accomplished.

It has been truly said that kindergartening is not a trade but a mission, and it is essentially woman's mission. Every one admits the truth of that old proverb about "the hand that rocks the cradle," and that idea breathes through all of Fröbel's work for the education of little children. He says that woman is the educator of mankind, and believes that the child should begin to be educated as soon as he is born; therefore he has a great deal to say to mothers about the early education of their children, and has given us his wonderful book of *Mother-Play* which illustrates so admirably the kindergarten theory.

Every child needs the kindergarten. It is the natural bridge between the nursery and the school. It is needed by the children of the rich who are too often left to the care of servants who may or may not be honorable, but who surely are not the best qualified to take in hand the three-fold development of the future capitalist. It is needed by the children of every American citizen whether rich or poor, for the child of to-day will be the citizen of a few years hence, and he cannot begin too early to learn his lesson of self-control and self-reliance; respect for his neighbor and his neighbor's rights; and the giving up of small personal good for the great and general good of all.

But what shall be said of the crying need of the kindergarten for such children as have no homes—the children of the slums, whose characters are forming in schools of vice? Their story has been so well told, their cause presented with such force and eloquence during the past year, that no word of mine is needed now to show that something must be done to save these children.

"The problem of the children is the problem of the state," says the children's friend. "As we mould the toiling masses in our cities, so we shape the destiny of the state which they will rule in their turn, taking the reins from our hands."

That the kindergarten is to be the solution of this "problem of the children" is the firm conviction of the deepest thinkers and

most active workers among the "children of the poor." It takes the little toddlers out of the gutters, and places them for several hours each day under the care of gentle women trained for such work. From close alleys and reeking slums they are transplanted into bright, clean, sunny rooms; from the companionship of older children already depraved, or of over-worked and often drunken and brutal guardians, to the supervision of conscientious teachers who probe for the germ of good to be found in every human heart; developing, helping; encouraging right doing for right's sake; making the little ones happy in their play—which is their work—and through this work forming habits of obedience, neatness, order, and industry. The child is surrounded by gentle, loving influences; useful and instructive work is supplied for his natural activity. There are bright, pretty pictures on the walls; there are music and songs for the march and the games, in all of which the teachers join, making the children feel their interest in all that concerns them. They win their confidence and affection, and govern them by methods that are reasonable, and that appeal to the children's sense of justice, and they direct all the work, observing ever the underlying laws and principles which govern and animate the whole system. "Learn by doing" is the kindergarten motto, and the golden rule is practised, not merely taught.

Although all our work and play is strictly regulated by law, ample time is given for free invention, and room is allowed for individual activity. Then, too, we spend much time in "make-believe" land, so dear to the hearts of children; and in our games we are "make-believe" soldiers, farmers, carpenters, millers, bakers, weavers, shop-keepers—what you will; and here is born and fostered a thorough respect for work and for all workers.

The number of kindergartens in New York City must be nearly a hundred and fifty, not counting those attached to private schools. The New York Kindergarten Association, of which Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is president, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, vice-president, had in October, 1892, nine kindergartens well organized and well filled with children; and many others waiting for a chance to enter. Churches of all denominations have adopted the kindergarten.

In the Catholic Church it has been steadily gaining ground since 1878, when three of the Sisters of Charity entered the normal class of Madame Kraus-Boelte and made a thorough study of the

system. Other sisters in turn studied with these, and it would be a surprise and a pleasure to many Catholics to visit their institutions, and to see the happy children under their care. Perhaps the best place to begin would be the New York Foundling Asylum or the Catholic Protectory. In each of these institutions there is a very extensive kindergarten conducted by the sisters; but the work of these noble women is not shouted from the house-tops, and one must make an effort to find it out.

There is a large kindergarten in the Cathedral parish, under



Children of St. Paul's Kindergarten.

the care of Rev. M. J. Lavelle; one on Fifty-first Street, in the Sacred Heart parish, established by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Mooney, and one connected with the large school of the Paulist Fathers, in West Sixtieth Street; another belonging to the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, managed by the Rev. M. A. Taylor. St. Mary's parish, Grand Street, has a flourishing kindergarten under the supervision of the Rev. N. J. Hughes. There is one also at St. Joseph's parish school, West 125th Street, recently started by Rev. A. Kesseler. No definite estimate can be made at the present time of the kindergartens

established in the various homes and asylums for Catholic children.

In parishes where lack of funds is the only barrier to the formation of a kindergarten it might be suggested that an economical plan be adopted similar to that which proved so successful at St. Louis under the management of Miss Susan E. Blow and the Hon. William T. Harris, now Commissioner of Education at Washington. There was but one paid teacher in each kindergarten, but that one was thoroughly trained and experienced, competent not only to conduct the class but to train others for the work, and the assistants received their tuition for their services. The kindergarten has been a part of the public-school system there since 1873, owing chiefly to Miss Blow's enthusiastic and untiring energy.

In Boston, too, it was a woman who taught the city the need and the usefulness of the kindergarten, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, a daughter of Professor Agassiz. At one time she supported at least thirty kindergartens in Boston, and a number of day nurseries, from her own private purse. The city finally adopted the kindergartens, but Mrs. Shaw's money still supports the nurseries.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, whose name is dear to the heart of every kindergartner, referred to this in a talk to the Normal Class then studying with Misses Garland and Weston—at dear old "52." She told us also that the Sisters of Charity were studying with Madame Kraus-Boelte, and added: "It is a great triumph for the kindergarten that the oldest and most conservative church in the world should open its arms to receive it, and goes far towards proving its truth." She wrote this account of a visit to the New York Foundling Asylum:

"Several years ago I visited, with my friend F. L. M., this Foundling Hospital of magnificent dimensions (though I understand it holds but one-third of the children that are under Sister Irene's care). We were then struck with the great opportunity as well as great need for the art and science of Fröbel, as an instrumentality in the hands of the devoted women who had consecrated themselves to the duty of being earthly Providence to these poor waifs of the human race."

The New York Kindergarten Association has been working hard for three years keeping the Fröbel theory and practice before the eyes of the public, and now the Board of Education

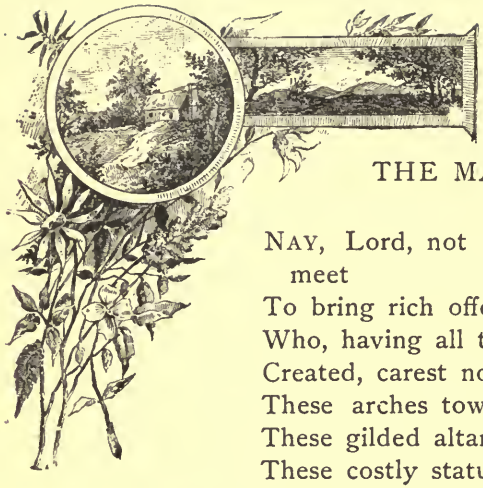
has decided to adopt it and make it a part of the public-school system, to the gratification of many teachers who have long been clamoring for this great aid in their school-work. This means that the city has stamped its seal of authority upon the kindergarten, and nothing could go further toward removing prejudice and promoting the good work.

But the kindergarten is needed not only in every public school, but in every parish school in the city, for the children for whom it is to do the greatest good are the children of the working-people. I heard a venerable priest say recently: "We Catholics are responsible to God for the souls of these children." Many are constantly moving from one tenement to another—from one parish to another; and the only way to reach them all is to have the kindergarten hospitably open to them, and wherever they go we can reach them.

Here is another truth from Fröbel's *Education of Man:* "A religious spirit, a fervid life in God and with God, in all conditions and circumstances of life, will hardly in later years rise to full, vigorous life if it has not grown up with the child from his infancy."

Let us begin, then, with the children in their infancy—at the very beginning—this three-fold development which is true education. Let this education be founded upon the Christian religion; and one day we, too, shall build a monument in honorable remembrance of Frederic Fröbel. We, too, shall take his own *Second Gift*, the cube, sphere, and cylinder, for our model, but it shall be a completed monument surmounted by the emblem of our faith—the Cross of Jesus Christ.

Emma W. White.



THE MAGI'S GIFTS.

NAY, Lord, not thus, not thus! It is not meet
To bring rich offerings to Thy holy shrine:
Who, having all things mundane and divine
Created, carest not for incense sweet!
These arches towering splendid to the skies,
These gilded altars and these vestments rich,
These costly statues carven in each niche,
Are but the world's display in holy guise.
Nay, when we offer Thee earth's richest store
We but present Thee that Thou hadst before;
But when our hearts we to Thy service lend,
We offer Thee a gift that ne'er shall end.
And Thou hast said, "A broken, contrite heart
In sacrifice is mine accepted part!"

LAURENS MAYNARD.



THE MAGI.

ALONSO X. AND THE BIRTH OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

THE historian who would fain restore any of those mediæval characters which stand or crumble in the niches of the Temple of Fame finds himself between the two horns of a dilemma, which toss him alternately so high and so low that it is only by chance he lands at last in the happy medium of truth. Especially is this the case where the glamour of royalty is wrapped about the figure, distorting all proper proportions of vice and virtue. The human creature beneath is so disguised by his trappings; so much superstitious awe hedges his divine right of power, or such rebellious discontent smoulders under the breath of envy or ambition, that we are shown a race of gods or demons rather than of mortal men; and the sober judgment of later centuries which attempts the task of reducing to normal proportions finds a well-nigh insoluble riddle before it. Time and the man are sometimes of such heroic greatness, and sometimes of such infinite littleness, that the unit of opinion formed in the first place rests for ever unchanged; but the vast majority are still enigmas to puzzle over.

The life of Alonso X. of Castile and Leon is no exception to the general rule. In many respects it is a typical example. The circumstances of his accession and reign were so discordant that both partiality and hatred found brave fuel to keep their fires alight. His record is a series of contradictions. Inheriting the fairest and broadest territory which had yet belonged to his race, he lessens rather than adds to it. A lover of peace, he is forced into constant warfare. Devoted to his kingdom and tenderly affectionate to his family, he comes to the verge of dethronement in the one and suffers estrangement and dislike from the other. Accorded the title of "El Sabio," which was assuredly at first intended to mean "The Wise" as well as "The Learned," his vacillating foolishness and erratic conduct made the title as much an insult as an honor in the mouths of his contemporaries. Leader of the Christians against the Moors, and by heredity their stoutest opponent, he is obliged to appeal for aid and protection against his own subjects to his infidel enemy; and swayed by the most earnest desire to be generous and use-

ful to his country, he becomes hated as an oppressor and despised as a ruler.

No Spanish king before him had such apparent cause for congratulation, or fairer prospects than those which opened before him, on his accession to the throne. With the united crowns of Castile and Leon, he held sway over all the northern provinces by right of descent or conquest. The kingdom of Murcia, the important fortified cities of Granada, and a large portion of Andalusia, formed part of his patrimony in the South. The possession of Medina-Sidonia and other places on the Mediterranean coast had resulted in the construction of a respectable fleet, with which the country was prepared, if need be, to carry on war with Africa. The banner of a single royal house floated from the Bay of Biscay to beyond the Guadalquivir, and from Portugal to Aragon. The courage of the people had been greatly animated by the successful outcome of the later campaigns against the Moors, and an apparent enthusiasm of sentiment, rare for such troublous times, was bringing together for a common purpose of complete expulsion the hearts and the swords of Spain. For the first time in five centuries the Saracen power had been seriously impaired; people and rulers could at last look forward to the near hope of entire redemption. Fixed codes of law for settlement of difficulty and security of society had been introduced to some extent, and the atmosphere was vibrant with projects for future prosperity and conquest. In spite of drains which constant warfare had made upon the treasury, a system of partial taxation and the tribute paid by vanquished Moorish provinces still left a comparatively good supply of funds. And like fair visions of additional glory for the future, the dreams of succession to the German Empire, and the permanent right to the Province of Gascogne, wavered on the horizon.

Yet with all this Alonso was already heir to three misfortunes, either one of which was menace of disaster. He was son and grandson of mighty warriors, and the descendant of reigns filled with splendid heroism, which required equal or greater valor to continue their prestige of victory. How was this man whom nature and choice both pushed toward study and thoughtfulness, whose vocation was that of the student rather than the chieftain, and of whom circumstances alone made the soldier, to sustain the burden laid upon him? Leon and Castile were yet in the infancy of union, with the thousand possibilities of discord and conflict between two powerful and rival states, unsoftened by companionship and common interests. And there was upon him

the incubus of a forlorn hope, the haunting desire which with fair show of reason pushed him in thought ever toward the crown of Suabia, and so poisoned content. If one adds to this the daily struggle of a nature strongly borne toward studious quest against compelling forces, an unstable will in temporal affairs, a narrow judgment, a sluggish temperament, and a conscience keenly alive to praise or blame, one can understand the possibilities of unhappiness which might naturally cloud the horoscope of the heir of St. Ferdinand when he came into the government of his father's realm in 1252.

The chronological record of his reign is simply told. Born in 1221, his childhood was passed in Toledo under the influence of his mother, Beatrix of Suabia, and of Berengaria, his grandmother. He won his spurs at the age of sixteen, under his father's eye in battle against the Moors, and afterwards led in the reconquest of Seville and of other important cities and provinces. He came to the throne at his father's death in 1252, being thirty-one years of age. With strong natural inclinations and tastes for study, his diplomatic and military undertakings reflect little credit on his name. What with a futile and obstinately maintained claim to the princedom of Suabia, disputes with his nobility, foolish meddling with the currency of his kingdom, alliance with the Moors against his own rebellious subjects, and, worst of all, a quarrel with his son Sancho about the succession to the throne, Alonso X. had an unhappy reign, in both a civil and military point of view.

The trouble with his son hastened his end. The Prince Sancho fell ill in the very beginning of pacific negotiations, and was carried to Salamanca. The forlorn king, tormented in his affection and wounded in his dignity, forgot at once just indignation and fancied wrong. Grief over the condition of his son, which day by day grew more serious, was too much for a constitution already enfeebled by failure, by trials, and by bitter disappointment. He too fell ill, and mortally. Day by day his attendants found him with face turned to the wall, weeping silently over the danger of his son, while his own life was ebbing rapidly away. In place of estrangement only loving kindness remained for the child who had so deliberately plotted his ruin. And it was thus he died, broken in heart and ambition, on the fifth of May, 1284, just as Sancho was finally declared convalescent.

There are few sadder comments upon the mutability of human affairs than the difference between the opening scenes of

this life and the closing; and there are no more touching words in history than those in which he lays bare the condition in which he has been placed. Tortured in spirit by the insurrection of his son, poor in purse, and spent in health, he has applied to a relative, Don Perez de Guzman, at that time high in favor at the court of Morocco, to negotiate for the sale of his crown to the sultan of that country and to beg his assistance. He asks him to commend himself and his cause to the Saracen monarch. "For since in mine own country there are none to care for me or aid me, I must seek among strangers for those who will pity. And as Castile has failed me, none will complain if I ask help from the Moor. When my children have become mine enemies, who can find fault if I strive to make mine enemies my children?" . . . "Written in my sole loyal city of Sevilla, in this thirtieth year of my reign, and first of my tribulations." Could more plaintive cry be wrung from the heart of the father and the king. One sees in it a hurt deeper than that of wounded pride in the unconscious majesty of outraged affection. Nor was his remonstrance without avail, although the help came to him too late.

Little as there is to admire in this sketch of a political career, one cannot but be moved to pity. Recognizing the real nature of the man, and the harsh alternatives forced upon him by circumstance, there is more reason for compassion than contempt. Impractical and contemplative, yet ever pushed forward with hand on sword to avenge or avert injury; hesitating and diffident where boldness was required to armor swift justice; tender and generous, yet constantly being wounded by a moral shortsightedness which stumbled against the sharp angles of existing conditions—if his work had stopped here there would have been small space for the name of Alonso X. in annals of Castile or of the world.

Yet this stone which the builder of history would have refused was really a noble part of the foundation of the lasting grandeur of Spain. Three generations of heredity in the desire to encourage letters had made of him what his ancestors would fain have been—the patron of learning, the founder of an imperishable literary inheritance. "But little prudent and of wonderful irresolution in his manner of action," as Mondejar quaintly says of him regarding statecraft, he shows amazing perspicacity, promptness, and fidelity in his plans for literary work. The first to see the possibilities of the vulgar tongue, he does in some degree for Spain what Dante so gloriously accomplished later

for Italy. The attempt at a written language, which his predecessors had fruitlessly encouraged, he makes a permanent and accomplished fact. By offer of honor and fortune, he gathers about him kindred spirits whom the renaissance of letters had called into prominence; and with their aid not only plans but executes works which would be important in any age, but which are marvellous in that pale dawn of intellectual activity. The fragment of law which his father, St. Ferdinand, had attempted to transcribe for the partial guidance of affairs, he amplifies with infinite research into a code, which embodies most of the rules of legal utterance in all the centuries since, and portions of which are in actual use to-day. He forms astronomic tables which are even now valuable and availed of in the calculations of modern scientists. He writes, or causes to be written, the annals of history at home and abroad, and the narration of the great Spanish conquests over sea. He embodies the legend and tradition of his country in *Las Cantigas*, strange wild narrations of blended fable and fact woven into poems; tales of miracles and visions and mighty deeds, in the same inextricable confusion with which the old Greeks sang their gods and heroes. He has the Bible translated from the Latin; and many other books heretofore reserved for the private use of the student, brought within reach of the people. What work is this for the time in which it was accomplished; and what an enthusiasm of energy and perseverance does it show! Our pigmy has grown to be a giant. We can read between the lines now when Mariani says: "A man of fine mind but little judgment; intolerant of counsel; slow of speech; more fit for study than for the government of his people; contemplating the heavens and knowing the stars, but meanwhile forgetting the earth and his people." It is of such forgetfulness that immortality is made.

We come now to a particular analysis of the works themselves. They comprise in prose: *El Historia Universel; La Crónica General de España; La Historia de todo el Suceso de Ultramar; Las Siete Partidas; El Especulo de todos los Derechos; El Fuero Real;* and others in *Opúscales Legalis del Rey Alonso el Sabio;* and the translation of the Bible. And in verse: *Las Cantigas; El Libro del Tesoro;* another Tesoro, and *Las Querelles.*

It is impossible to know in what chronologic order these should be placed; but probably *Las Cantigas* came first in time, as they assuredly do in literary merit. These canticles, songs, or poems, as one chooses to call them, four hundred and one in

number, separate easily into two general divisions. Those of most value form a series of descriptive narratives in verse. They are irregular in form and comprise nearly nine-tenths of the whole collection. The themes are drawn largely, and with more or less directness from earlier writers in Provence or Italy, and from traditions handed down among the people from far remote ages. Written in the Gallegan dialect, which appears to have been the polite language of the Spanish courts, they discover the germ of the present Portuguese, as the poem of the Cid was foster song of modern Castilian. It is impossible to trace exactly where and when these two languages began definitely to separate from the parent stock, but the final changes were not completed before the fifteenth century. Often author, but sometimes collector, Alonso appears to have given to this work his best talent and love. He so far esteemed it as to carry the volume with him in his journeyings, and ascribed to it miraculous power to preserve from danger and heal from ill. In several places mention is made of circumstances under which it was said to have restored him to health. In varying styles and metres, they are largely the outcome of Alonso's great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whose servant he ever called himself, and in whose honor he founded at least one order of religious knighthood. They were written at what might be called the culminating point where the close of one epoch of civilization meets the dawn of another. All Europe was in a state of scholastic ferment. In Germany the Minnesingers were lifting into renown the poetic compositions of their native land. The brilliant philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura in one quarter was being complemented by that of Albert Magnus and Roger Bacon in others. St. Francis of Assisi was making beautiful and pliable the soft bastard Tuscan so that it should be possible for Dante to weave from it his sublime *Commedia*—an occurrence to mark in itself an era for humanity. Throughout the borders of civilized Europe were already laid the corner-stones of those splendid cathedrals which make the wonder and despair of modern architecture, while from Cambridge and Oxford to Salamanca the great universities were being founded by wise and loving hands. Something of all this intellectual movement is reflected in Alonso's *Cantigas*, mingled with strong devotion and eager belief in miraculous interposition. Apart from supernatural phenomena related in some, others exalt, in the form of parable, the virtues of chastity, temperance, patience, truthfulness, or heroism. One of the loveliest

in spiritual significance is that of the Monk Felix and the little bird, which Longfellow has adapted in his "Golden Legend." Some describe visions of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, which may not have been wholly outside the line of Dante's inspiration; some, again, stories of souls led to make pact with the devil through greed of wealth or ambition, and saved afterward by renunciation and repentance, or by the interposition of the Blessed Virgin. Others yet, record personal experience of miraculous interposition. The parables are mainly very transparent homilies, in which gambling, profanity, and irreverence are lashed in the persons of their victims, while the opposite virtues are exalted with an amazing fervor.

The lyrics are much less remarkable, although their simplicity and naïve candor make them interesting as types of the intellectual processes of the times. They are not of the school of Browning or Owen Meredith; they need no interpreter. But as Juan Valera says, in an exhaustive study read before the Royal Academy of Madrid in 1882:

"Despite rudeness of idiom, and difficulty of expression with which the poet struggles, the vivid color with which he illumines his verse, and the ardor of faith which shines through it, make them of more distinct value than more pretentious work offered under other conditions. The most celebrated artist of our own day would utterly fail in producing equal results; so vital is the power of belief in the immortal and divine which permeates them."

As an example of *Las Cantigas de Santa Maria*—to give the whole title—one might quote the LXXIX. It is a little story of Musa, a foolish and vain young girl who sees in a dream the beautiful vision of the Blessed Mother, and is so ravished by its loveliness that she desires to go with her. The Virgin tells her the conditions upon which alone she may follow:

"Y en su santo anhelo la Virgen gloriosa
le aparece en sueño por extremo hermosa,
con muchas doncellas de maravillosa
beldad, y tambien
Musa quiere al verlas ir con ellas luego,
mas Santa Maria la dia, Te ruego
si quieres seguirme, dejes risa y juego,
orgullo y desden.
Ay! Santa Maria!
Quien por te quia
Signe cuerda y pia
la senda del brin."

Which may be translated, with an effort to keep some traces of the original rhythm:

Then in her dreams the glorious Virgin nearing
Shone on her eager sight with smile endearing,
And many maids most wondrous fair appearing
Her grace beside,
Whom Musa fain would join; but Mary staying
Her eager feet held back her footsteps, saying:
'Who follows me must laughter leave, and playing,
Disdain and pride.'
O Mary the Sainted!
Who would be acquainted
With thy bliss, untainted
Must follow thy way.

A more patriotic sentiment is expressed in another:

"Por este razon te ruego,
Santa Virgen coronada!
que, pues eres de Dios hija,
y madre, y nuestra abogada,
por tu celestial influjo
Dios me concede esta gracia,
que de Mahoma la secta
logro yo arrojar de España."

By this reason I implore thee,
Virgin crowned, prostrate before thee,
That, since thou art child and mother
Of the Lord, thou wilt obtain
By thy heavenly grace the power
Which shall haste the welcome hour
That will see me drive the cursed
Race of Mahomet from Spain.

"From this day forth," he exclaims, "thou art the only woman to whom I sing; thou art the sacred object of my vows. Rose of roses art thou, and flower of flowers, queen of queens, and loftiest amid the lofty. Thy knight alone am I and thy troubadour; if I but possess thy love what are all others to me?"

El Libro del Tesoro, or the Treasure Book, is a rhymed treatise on the general principles of philosophy, interspersed with reflections of most amusing inconsequence, and vague references to magic and astrology. It was doubtless largely copied from the Italian of Dante's master, Brunetti, and *Los Flores de Filosofia*, which was known to have been compiled earlier by the king's command. The presumably original portions are of slight value, beyond showing a certain ease in writing and graceful ex-

pression of thought. A stanza or two may be quoted from Longfellow's translation of the introduction:

"Fame brought this strange intelligence to me,
That in Egyptian lands there lived a sage
Who read the secrets of the coming age
And could anticipate futurity;
He judged the stars and all their aspects; he
The darksome veil of hidden things withdrew;
Of unborn days the mysteries he knew,
And saw the future as the past we see.

"An eager thirst for knowledge moved me then;
My pen, my tongue, were humbled; in that hour
I laid my crown in dust, so great the power
Of passionate desire o'er mortal men.
I sent my earnest prayers, with a proud train
Of messengers, who bore him generous measure
Of lands, and honors, and of golden treasure,
And all in holy meekness; but in vain."

This old philosopher, won at last to Spain, becomes the oracle of information of which the Treasure Book is supposed to be record.

Among the prose works, *Las Siete Partidas*, or Seven Divisions, is most noticeable. It is thus called from the seven general headings under which the legal code is arranged. Its topics are so clearly defined that it remains even at this late day an authority; some of the laws of European countries, and of those southern states settled under Spanish auspices, being transcribed directly from it. It embraces an enormous list of subjects, ranging from most abstruse questions of government and knotty points of legal intricacy, to the smallest details touching upon national prosperity and danger. Up to this time the provinces of Spain had depended upon a fragmentary jumble of Roman and Moorish law, interspersed with traditions. Such was the accuracy and judgment shown in the preparation of this great work, that it is said if all other laws were even now wiped out of existence, there would still remain within its pages an adequate summary of jurisprudence. A large portion is most carefully transcribed from old Roman sources; the remainder reflects the wisdom of the king and his counsellors. It embraces a series of essays on legislation, morals, religion, principles; embodying opinions and giving a digest of reading upon every subject pertaining to the relative duties of ruler and people. "What meaneth a Tyrant?"; "Why a King must be noble and

honest"; "On the Establishment and Conduct of Public Schools" —which it is to be hoped was no such vexed question in those days as in ours—"Upon Loyalty"; "Concerning Knighthood"; "On the Rearing of Children"; "Why the state of Marriage is called Matrimony instead of Patrimony" are some of the chapters. From one entitled "On the duties of Governesses of King's Daughters" a paragraph may be quoted as an example of quaintness: "They are to endeavor as much as may be, that the king's daughters shall be moderate and seemly in eating and drinking, and also in their carriage and dress; and of good manner in all things; and especially that they be not given to anger, for beside the wickedness that is in it, it is the thing in the world which most easily leadeth women to do ill. And they shall teach them to be handy in those works which belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that becometh them much, since they obtain by it cheerfulness and a quiet spirit; and besides it taketh away bad thoughts which it is not convenient that they should have." So far as it goes, there is nothing here which might not be incorporated in the next woman's rights platform.*

The *Crónica de España* and *Historia Universel* are both without doubt compilations made under the supervision of the learned king by the most competent men of his time, whom he induced to make his capital their home by substantial offers of reward and honor. The prologue and fugitive passages show evidence of having been written by himself. An immense amount

* The Seven Divisions are literally as follows:

I. Devoted to canon law and the liturgy of the Catholic Church.

II. Ancient usages and customs of Spain, with rules for government and political administration.

III., V., VI. Roman law in all its divisions, with decisions on many doubtful points.

IV. The legal aspect of social relations—relating to betrothals, marriages, slavery, freedom, etc.

VII. Civil crimes, offences, and punishments, as well as offences against the state.

The logic of this work is so clear, its statements so concise, and its diction so elegant, that, according to a celebrated modern French critic: "It gave to the monarch under whose auspices it was executed title more just to the epithet 'The Wise' than his astronomic research or his literary ability, remarkable as both these must be deemed in an age when all such studies were disregarded. The spirit of reverence and piety is perhaps what would make it most noticeable to us; the divisions beginning: 'God is the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things; without him can nothing exist; through him alone is it given to have knowledge, to hold power, or to maintain good." The first law is really only a declaration of the purpose and scope for which all were written. "These laws in all this book are established so that men may know how to believe and guard the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ just as it is; and also how to live with each other well and orderly according to the pleasure of God, and as it is proper by the laws of this world. So shall they live in right and justice as these laws show in all ways; those things which particularly belong to the faith and teachings of Holy Church being placed in the first part of the book, and the others in the six parts following." Some idea of the number and minuteness of points into which the work is divided may be gleaned from the fact that the first *Partida* alone contains five hundred and seventy-five articles.

of care and research is evident in both these works, which also mark the first definite effort to collect authentic annals of Spain. The entire range of authorities from the first to the thirteenth century appear to have been made use of. Unfortunately the poets and romances of the period were also consulted, and the myths or traditions they represent given equal place with the narrative of historians, with an utter disregard of proportion of value between fact and fancy. The Greek and Roman authors, from Homer, Pliny, and Herodotus to Cicero and Virgil, saints, popes, bishops, philosophers, Jews, Pagans, Moors, Christians, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, French, and Saxons—all were made use of. Small wonder if, under the circumstances, chaff became mixed with the wheat, and adventures of Hercules and of Ulysses were as gravely propounded for admiration as campaigns of Cæsar or triumphs of the last reign. The two works were evidently intended as parts of a whole; the general history occupying itself with the story of Asia and Africa, while the chronicle included ancient and modern Spain. It subtracts little from the glory of Alonso that he is not, as was at first believed, sole author of this valuable compendium. His was the enthusiasm which inspired; his the energy, the generosity, and the unflagging determination which brought it to successful issue. It was the first great attempt to popularize knowledge, and to spread before the people treasures which had heretofore rested in the locked libraries of the scholar. This is the real and firm foundation of Alonso's enduring fame. With infinite care to gather material from all quarters, with infinite patience and courage to demand its readjustment so as to bring it within the focus of common understanding; to change the records of a dead language to vital meaning in a living tongue, was to begin the great revolution which should end in a democracy of knowledge. He reminds one of the English Alfred. Dante was not yet for seventy years to make his immortal contribution to the public cause. The Troubadours of Provence and the Minnesingers of Germany were singing love songs instead of enforcing lessons. The wise and learned of all countries were looking with suspicion or contempt upon the meagre and impure dialects, which were beginning to rise above mere means of communication among the common people; and they opposed a solid front of indifference or antagonism to any attempt toward popularizing the wealth of which they had been heretofore sole possessors. Nowhere, except in the vaguely expressed desire of his father, was there encouragement for the task the king had set himself

to perform. That he succeeded, that he in so far smoothed the way toward popular education; that the inspiration of his patronage ennobled the lowly cause, and led to widespread changes in the thought of his age, is honor enough for a single reign. Brilliant minds no longer considered translation into the vulgar tongue to be an indignity, and the language received its first impulse toward purity and permanence. That this was effected during a reign of phenomenal unquiet and discontent; during the outbursts of hostile uprising at home and intrigues of jealous rivalry abroad, between intervals of serious domestic trouble and political disappointment, and that it was imbued with a purpose strong enough to overpower the inertia of natural defects of character, makes it much more remarkable. If intellectual force outweighs material greatness, the man who accomplished it sinks not so far below the martial glory of his sire, or even of the Cid Campeador himself.

The translation of the Bible was a work pushed forward at the same time and for the same purpose. Almost every chronicler agrees that he desired with exceeding earnestness, accompanied with unlimited prodigality of time and money, to induce the familiar presentation of great truths in the language of the people; and the archives of the Royal Historic Society of Madrid contain numberless receipts signed by the royal hand for valuable manuscripts borrowed from the various libraries of the world in pursuance of this object. There was also translated the history of the Spanish conquests in Africa, to inflame the national pride of the people and rouse them to deeper feeling against the Moors.

The Astronomic Tables which bear the name of King Alonso, *Tabulas Alfonsinas*, have even yet a value for accuracy, and must have been an enormous advance on whatever genuine scientific research belonged to the time. In the compilation and preparation there is no doubt that he made use of the well-known talent of the Moorish astrologers in this direction, since they were accounted among the most famous then existing. It is in connection with these studies that he is reported to have uttered the blasphemy so severely berated by subsequent writers: "If I had the creating, I could have made a better world than this myself!" The remark, if it ever was made, was much more probably intended as a rebuke upon prevalent notions concerning the construction of the universe, than upon the methods of the Creator. It was a stricture upon the theories of Ptolemy rather than the work of the Almighty.

The only engraving of Alonso represents him among his royal kindred in a guise not unlike that imagination would frame for him. Of medium height and slightly built, the expression of the thin, oval face is more of thoughtfulness and sweetness than of majesty. There is trace of suffering in the grave appealing eyes, as of one who had gone through the endless mental struggle of a false position, and the untowardness of a fortune which demanded what he had not to give, and despised what he could offer. Yet the figure possesses a dignity of its own. There is something greatly moving in the personality of this blundering, impractical, devout, learned dreamer, by turns hot-headed and wavering, foolish in spite of his wisdom, but wise, too, in spite of his foolishness, and in ways of which his scoffing day and generation little dreamed. Anxious to amass, only to be spendthrift in giving again; sensitive to blame, yet unable to achieve praise; over-weighted ever by the exigencies of a position for which he was not fitted, and tormented by longing for a peace which was never vouchsafed him, does he not appeal at last more to love and sympathy than to the half-scornful estimate which clouds his memory? That amid this turbulent sea of antitheses, and the strangely contrary winds of circumstance which tossed him about, he should have been able to accomplish so much of real greatness is claim enough upon justice. May we not, without sneer or scoff, and with as much divine right as usually enters into the sobriquets of kings, leave the enjoyment of his title, in its full significance, to

ALONSO EL SABIO?

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

Boston, Mass.

THE LAND OF THE SUN.

THE VALLEY OF WARM WATERS.

A WIDE, beautiful plain, bounded by far blue hills, cultivated fields where the young grain is springing in fresh, delicious green, vineyards, meadows, and gardens forming a paradise of verdure, white level roads shaded by rows of superb trees, a dream-like glimpse of domes and spires above masses of semi-tropical foliage, a canal which contains the warm waters that give their name to the State and the city, a luminous sky and floods of sunshine—this is Aguas Calientes, distant half a day's (railroad) journey from Zacatécas, and two thousand feet lower.

"It is impossible to imagine a more striking contrast than the scene of yesterday and the scene of to-day!" said Dorothea as she looked around her. "Think of those rugged mountains, and look at this smiling plain! Are there many such contrasts to be obtained in Mexico, within a few hours of each other, Mr. Russell?"

"The tableland along which, Humboldt said, a wagon could be driven from the City of Mexico to Santa Fe, seems to be of a very up-and-down nature," said Travers. "This is like coming down from the Alps to the plains of Lombardy."

"Aguas Calientes may seem to us low after the heights of Zacatécas," said Russell; "but it has a modest elevation of over six thousand feet."

"It has evidently a delightful climate," said the general. "This balmy air is delicious after the keen wind which we felt at Zacatécas."

"It is the Valley of Warm Waters, of healing and delight," said Russell. "It might be one of the great health resorts of the world; but it is only one of the most charming and typical of Mexican cities."

"And this, I suppose, is a typical Mexican scene," said Mrs. Langdon, smiling as she stood still to watch the picture along the banks of the canal which contains the warm water flowing from the baths.

"It is even more typical than this," replied Russell, "when the whole population are bathing. Just now they are only washing their linen—and that of every one else, apparently."

It was indeed a thoroughly Mexican scene. The groups of women in scanty attire—for a white chemise, a colored skirt, and the rebozo, which is bonnet and drapery in one, may be said to constitute the dress of the lower class—were gathered on the edge of the canal, washing the linen which lay beside them in piles, in the soft, warm water—their bare arms and necks gleaming in the sunshine like bronze, their long black hair streaming down their backs. Without any aid of soap, they rubbed their garments energetically on a flat, smooth stone, and the re-



BATHING AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

sult was a whiteness which could not be surpassed by any laundering process in the world.

"There was never a greater mistake than to suppose that these people are indifferent to personal cleanliness," said Russell. "Every town of any size has fine public baths; and whenever there is a stream of water available, the populace fairly revel in it. At a certain time of day all along this canal men, women, and children may be seen taking their baths in public with a composure equal to that of surf-bathers on fashionable ocean beaches."

"You are sure that this water has come *from* the baths?" inquired Dorothea suspiciously.

"There is no doubt of it, I assure you. And the baths are delightful. Would you like to inspect them?"

"Just at present," said the general, "I think we had better find our hotel. Afterwards sight-seeing will be in order."

Aguas Calientes revealed itself on nearer view as a city of exceeding beauty and picturesqueness, although the picturesqueness was altogether different in kind from that of Zacatécas. Lying on its verdant plain, embowered in foliage, with lovely plazas full of plants and flowers, everywhere relieving what might else have been the monotony of its level thoroughfares, charming to the eye as these are in their miraculous cleanliness, and the vistas of softly-tinted, brightly-frescoed houses which line them, it is a place where everything seems to smile in harmony with the smiling sky, and where life is overflowing with color and light.

"It is an enchanting place," said Margaret Langdon; "the kind of place where one could linger for an unlimited length of time. Nature seems to have given it every charm—a perfect climate, the most bountiful production of the fruits of the earth, healing waters, and this lovely city set in the midst of orange-groves. What are the invalids and pleasure-seekers of the world about that they have not found such an ideal spot and flocked to it in multitudes?"

"Heaven grant that it may be long before they find it!" said Russell fervently. "When they do its chiefest charm will vanish, its color and flavor will depart. After it has become a 'resort' I shall never enter it again. But that day has not yet dawned. It is still Mexican throughout and altogether delightful."

"At the risk of exciting Miss Meynell's indignation," remarked Travers, "I must be truthful enough to say that I like this place better than Zacatécas, over which you were all so enthusiastic yesterday. Highly picturesque as Zacatécas was, we must confess that it was slightly chilly. Now, *dolce far niente*—for which I have a great weakness—is possible here. This is no place to call for energetic sight-seeing, but rather for leisurely idling, and pleasantly sunning one's self in the charming gardens that seem to abound."

"Pray be kind enough to speak for yourself," said Dorothea. "I assure you that there are some of us still equal to what you call energetic sight-seeing. I, for one—"

"Oh! that is understood, of course," interposed Mr. Travers with great suavity. "I should never think of including you in the same category with my indolent self. Your energy, your ceaseless thirst for information, are an example to us all. But

perhaps Mrs. Langdon will condescend to idle a little with me when she has nothing better to do."

"I fancy we shall all do a good deal of idling here," answered Mrs. Langdon smiling. "The place seems made for it, as you say."

And indeed it followed that, despite Dorothea's intentions, there was not much sight-seeing done that day. Perhaps they were all a little tired by the amount of energy expended in Zacatécas, or perhaps the greater warmth of the atmosphere made itself felt in a sensible relaxation of spirit and muscle. It is at least certain that after dinner, at the Hotel de la Plaza, there followed a siesta so prolonged on the part of every one that the afternoon was well advanced when sharp raps from the general's cane on their several doors brought the party together again.

Miss Gresham was the last to make her appearance. "Where are we going?" she asked, with an air that seemed to imply that the slumber from which she had been torn was more attractive than any of the sights Aguas Calientes could offer.

"Well," said the general, "the most notable feature of the place must be its warm waters, since the name of the whole State is derived from them; so I think we should first visit the baths."

No one objecting, they therefore took their way to the famous waters which from remotest antiquity have gushed in steaming flood from that secret laboratory of Nature where her hidden forces are ever at work, and from whence have proceeded the many marvels of this land, which seems more than other lands a product of such forces. The finest baths are in the suburbs, and it was a pleasant journey thither by tramway; but none of the party, save Russell, were prepared for the grace and charm of the spot they found. Through a richly carved archway of soft-red stone they passed into a spacious, quadrangular court filled with blooming plants and singing birds, around which ran a broad gallery or corridor supported by sculptured pillars and arches of the same delicately-tinted stone, with doors opening upon it, and carved stone benches placed at intervals. An attendant came forward to receive them with the dignified courtesy of a grandee, and throwing wide one of the doors showed within a deep, marble-lined pool full of clear, warm water.

"What a delicious place!" said Dorothea, glancing from the limpid pool to the wealth of greenery set in the midst of the softly-toned, sculptured walls.

"It is like a dream of Pompeii, or of one of Alma Tadema's pictures! Does it strike any one what a delightful thing it must be to live in a country where the most prosaic buildings are full of picturesque beauty and romantic suggestions?"

"It is only because we are strangers that the romantic suggestions occur to us," said Travers. "That is the compensation for coming from an unpicturesque and unromantic country. We should take it all as a matter of course if we lived here. I doubt if it occurred to the people of Granada that there was anything specially remarkable about the Alhambra. But there *is* something classic in the appearance of this place. I wonder if the people come here to lounge and gossip, like the ancient Romans."

"I think," said Margaret Langdon, "that when I grow old and rheumatic I shall come to Aguas Calientes to live. No infirmities could resist the combined effect of this sunshine and these baths."

"If you are sure of that," said the general, "I shall elect to remain here at present, and try the effect of the climate and waters on my rheumatic leg, while the rest of you may wander over Mexico as long as you like."

"There is no need to remain here for the sake of hot baths," said Russell. "They abound all over the country. Near Silao there are some where the water gushes out of the side of the mountain with prodigious force, sending up a cloud of steam, and almost parboiling the unlucky bather who drew the torrent on himself without knowing its force and temperature."

"The temperature of these baths," said the general, who had meanwhile been testing it, "seems delightful. I really think I shall give myself the benefit of one of them at once."

"And shall we, like the ancient Romans, lounge and gossip here, meanwhile?" inquired Miss Gresham.

"That is not necessary," said Russell. "Let us leave the general to his plunge, and go ourselves to the garden of San Márcos. When he is ready he will find us there."

"Find *you*," said the general. "Yes, that will be easy enough; but how am I to find the garden?"

"That is easy enough, also," replied Russell. And explicit directions having been given to that effect, the general vanished behind a closed door, while the others, deferring this practical test of the waters to another time, set forth for the pleasure-ground of which Russell had spoken.

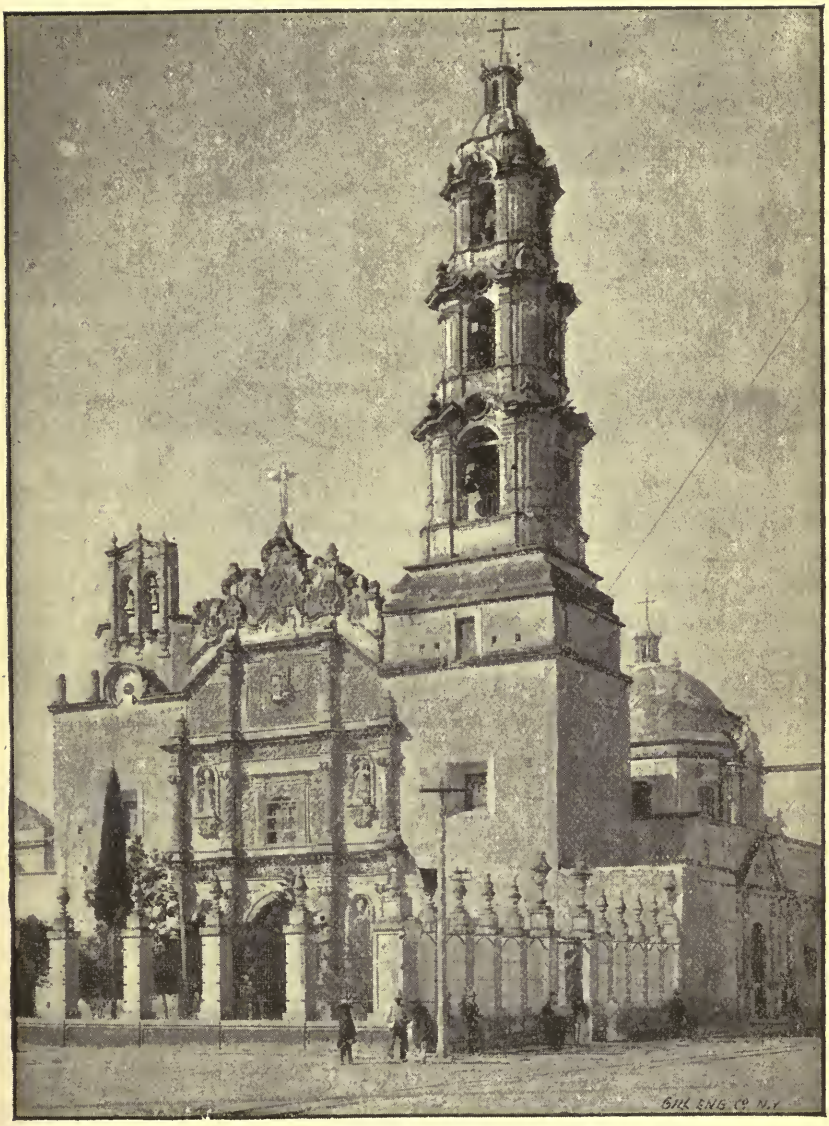
It is a beautiful place, this Jardin de San Márcos, and beau-

tifully kept, as all public gardens are in Mexico. Unceasing is the labor, the attention, and the watering lavished on these spots. During the hours when the hose are sending crystal showers over banks of flowers, stretches of turf, trees and shrubs, the whole air is laden with moisture; and it is not wonderful that the growth and luxuriance of everything is magical, since water is the one thing necessary in Mexico to make a desert blossom into a garden. Seated around a fountain embowered in roses, the strangers looked on such a scene as they had not yet witnessed —a picture of tropical verdure. Wherever the glance fell it rested on masses of Nile lilies, geraniums, azaleas, and oleanders. The air was filled with the fragrance of orange-blossoms, and the sweet, pervading odor of violets blooming in myriads everywhere; yet soft, warm, perfumed as it was, it contained no relaxing quality, but was full of stimulating freshness. And the charm of the visible atmosphere—how can words describe that? Painting alone can give the exquisite tints and tones of Mexican atmospheric effects, of the skies that bend over this lovely land elevated so high toward heaven, of the celestial robes that its mountains wear, of the exquisite distances of its wide plains set with cities that lift their slender campaniles above walls of pale pink and soft amber, half-buried in masses of feathery foliage.

"I should really think," said Dorothea, "that the abounding natural beauty of this country might almost set an artist wild! And yet how few can have visited it, for I do not think I ever saw a Mexican scene in any gallery or exhibition of art."

"Artistically it has yet to be revealed to the world," said Russell. "But it is now so accessible, and offers such inducements to the health and pleasure-seeker, that I fear it will soon be flooded with tourists—and its peculiar charm in great measure thus be lost."

"I am glad that we have come with the advance guard," said Travers, leaning back and regarding the soft mass of domes and towers against the luminous sky, where the warm rose-flush of evening became visible, as the sun sank toward the distant line of mountains, and the wide plain seemed swimming in amber light. "But, after all, no flood of tourists can take away *this*, you know," he added in a reflective and somewhat consoling tone. "They can't well darken the sky or turn these beautiful minarets and towers into conventional spires and pressed-brick fronts. So, let us be philosophical—especially as there are none of them here at present—and delve a little into the history of Aguas Calientes. Who founded it, Russell?"



THE PARISH CHURCH.

"Our friend of Zacatécas—Cristóbal de Oñate, immediately after the conquest," replied Russell. "He went to Zacatécas when the great silver lodes were discovered; but I am sure he must have needed all the inducement of the silver to exchange this delightful plain for those bare, brown heights. I have no doubt he returned here often in the intervals of amassing his fortune."

"Good Heavens," said Travers with an energy so unexpected that it startled his companions, "what opportunities those old *conquistadores* had! There is nothing like it in the history of the world; no fabled Eldorado ever equalled the reality of Mexico. New Spain! What pictures the very name conjures up to the imagination, of marvellous adventure, of wealth surpassing that of the Indies, of a land abounding in wonders, of picturesque beauty and untold possibilities! How poor the world has grown since we have explored every nook and corner of it, and there is never another Mexico to be discovered, look where we will."

"But there is much yet to be discovered—at least by our race—in this old land," said Russell. "It is a country which needs and will repay long and patient study. But in order to discover its interest several things are necessary. First a knowledge of the history of this people, so underrated, so little understood by the world at large; a comprehension of the forces which have combined to make them what they are, a sympathetic appreciation of their standards and ideas, and a freedom from narrow prejudice."

"In short," said Mrs. Langdon, "you want the ideal traveller, who possesses comprehensive knowledge, wide culture, and, above all, quick, poetic sympathy. But you must remember that such travellers do not abound anywhere."

"I think they have been fewer in Mexico than elsewhere," said Russell. "Otherwise, would so many misconceptions of this country be abroad?"

"We have agreed," said Margaret, "that it is very hard for people of alien traditions, habits, manners, and customs to understand each other. By much culture we are only slowly approaching that point; but we *are* approaching it. Your ideal travellers will arrive after awhile, Mr. Russell."

"It strikes me," observed Travers, "that one or two have already arrived. Modesty forbids me to be more particular in designation."

"I wonder," said Miss Gresham, suddenly and irrelevantly,

"if one would be allowed to gather some of these violets? There are so many, and they are so deliciously fragrant."

"I will find out," said Russell. He rose and walked to where a man was at work in the flower-beds. A few words were exchanged, they saw the ready courtesy with which the request was acceded to, and then down on his knees went the Mexican and began gathering violets among the thick green leaves.

"Oh, let me gather some!" cried Miss Gresham, rising with a rush and going to the place. The Mexican lifted his dark-lashed eyes and smiled at the pretty face that suddenly appeared opposite him bending over the border. He held out a fragrant cluster of the delicate purple flowers, and then went on gathering more, his slender brown hands pushing aside the leaves with a rapidity that made assistance unnecessary, although Russell also stooped down and lent his aid.

"Shall we likewise go and assist?" asked Travers of his companions. "Or do you agree with me that it is preferable to purchase violets that somebody else has had the trouble of gathering?"

"I think the supply of violets yonder will soon exceed the demand," replied Mrs. Langdon.

The gardener was apparently of the same opinion. He rose to his feet, walked over to the other ladies and offered his violets, with a grace as charming as the smile that accompanied it, while he declined by a gesture the coin which Travers made haste to offer him.

"What did I tell you?" said that gentleman. "'All things come to him who knows how to wait'—although in this instance no violets have yet come to *me*."

"Miss Gresham, perhaps, will gather some for you," said Mrs. Langdon laughing. "With the gardener's eye upon me, I cannot think of giving you any of these."

"If Miss Gresham has any violets to spare they will be given to Russell. I can fancy her telling him that they are her 'own, particular flower,' and therefore she never gives them except as a special mark of her favor. There was a time when they were given to me—but that time is no longer. If Miss Dorothea will not take compassion on me, I clearly foresee that I shall have to go and gather some violets for myself."

"A little exertion will be very good for you, I am sure," said Dorothea, as she fastened her violets in her girdle. "But, since you are so averse to anything of the kind, Violet will probably give you some of her own particular flowers in return for the covert sneers you are constantly levelling at her."

"Now I call heaven and earth—no, I call Mrs. Langdon—to witness if I have ever been guilty of levelling covert sneers at Miss Gresham!" Travers cried. "In the first place I should despair of their being comprehended, and in the second place I should have before my eyes the fear of being summarily requested by yourself to retrace my steps to New Orleans."

"A request to which you would probably pay as much heed as to my suggestion that you might not form an altogether harmonious member of the party," said Dorothea with asperity.

"I flatter myself," he replied, with the unruffled calmness which always irritated her, "that my judgment has in that respect proved more correct than your own. Let us ask Mrs. Langdon to say frankly if I have, up to this time, proved an inharmonious element."

"Margaret's opinion is of no value at all," said Dorothea. "She would fear to hurt the feelings of a fly by saying that it annoyed her."

"And do I represent the fly? How flattering to my self-love! Was I not right in saying that there would not be very much of that left by the time we recrossed the Rio Grande?"

"When are you not right?" inquired Dorothea, with unkind sarcasm. "I am sure that no proof of your own infallibility of judgment can strike you as remarkable."

"If so I should be struck by the fact that yonder is one slight proof of it, to which I beg to call your attention," he said, and with a glance he indicated a scene taking place at that moment. Miss Gresham, her hands full of violets, had risen from the border, and was fastening a portion of her fragrant spoils on Russell's coat, the while lifting her eyes to his face in the swift glances that were accustomed to do much execution, or dropping them so that the long lashes lay on her clear, white cheeks.

"I perceive nothing," said Dorothea coldly, "except that Violet is very naturally giving Mr. Russell some of the flowers he helped to gather."

"You don't remember a scouted prophecy of mine in New Orleans, and you don't see the signs of any fulfilment of it? *Eh bien!* He who waits will see what he shall see. The fair Violet has been under a cloud since our departure, overwhelmed by too much artistic and historical enthusiasm. But she is beginning to recover herself. I perceive encouraging signs that our siren of the Mississippi will soon be herself again. Ah, here comes the general! He has found both the garden and us."

"Beautiful place this!" said the general, coming up full of enthusiasm. "I never saw lovelier— What, violets?" This to Miss Gresham, who approached him at the moment. "Certainly, my dear; certainly. I shall be delighted to have some, especially when gathered by such fair hands."

"They are my own particular flowers, you know," said the young lady with a bewitching smile, "and I like all my friends to wear my colors."

So it came to pass that Mr. Travers was the only undecorated member of the party when they finally left the garden, saying that they would return to the charming spot the next day and enjoy it afresh.

But the next day there was much else to see and to do. Beautiful old churches, with richly sculptured doorways, tempted to long lingering in their picturesque interiors, filled with the mellow harmonies of faded frescoes and the gilded carving of ancient altars. In several they found fine old paintings, notably two by Ibarra in San Márcos—a "St. Mark" and an "Adoration of the Kings"—which were not only worthy of attention, but which they might easily have failed to see. For, hidden away in dark chapels and sacristies all over Mexico are treasures of art which no eager sacristan, as in Italy, brings to the notice of the stranger. They must be carefully sought for if they would be seen, and in many cases the art-loving visitor will be astonished to find the unmistakable traces of a master's brush on pictures to which no one has thought of directing his attention. Many are the works of the great school of Spanish painters which flourished soon after the conquest of Mexico that found their way to the churches, monasteries, and convents of this opulent country. Bought for devotional purposes solely, they still serve those purposes, save when the government has confiscated and transferred them to its schools of art. The number so transferred, however, is small compared to the number that still remain in the rich, dim old churches, where they were placed centuries ago.

Coming out of one of the most quaint and interesting of these ancient edifices, the lofty arch of its elaborately carved doorway almost hidden by tall, graceful palms, while a wealth of roses rioted below, they found themselves close upon the market-place, where columned arcades enclose on four sides an open square in which all the color of a tropical land seems to

meet and overflow. Shaded from the sun by squares of matting supported on slender poles, the venders of fruit and vegetables sit, surrounded by their luscious wares. Oranges, cherimoyas, aguacates, the purple fruit of the cactus, the melon-sepota, granaditas and limes, with many others, of which even Russell hardly knew the names, made masses as attractive to the eye as to the palate, while the mounds of vegetables were hardly less brilliant in their hues, and of variety too great for enumeration. In the midst of this wealth of product moved, sat, talked, chaffered the graceful, picturesque people, forming on all sides groups for a painter, the shadowy coolness of the arcaded *portales* affording an effective background, and the splendor of the sky above accentuating every tint of color below.

"Oh, to be an artist!" sighed Dorothea. "No one else should come here. It makes one long for a color-box, a canvas, and an easel. There is no other way to represent such a scene as this."

"A camera, perhaps," suggested the general.

"A camera, no. How can that give the wealth of color, the golden-bronze of the people's skins, the exquisite tints of the old stone buildings, the luminous shadows like a Velasquez picture?"

"It was certainly an oversight not to have added an artist to our party," said Travers.

"But then, you see, the party itself is an entirely fortuitous concourse of atoms."

"Here is some of the pottery of this place," said Russell, walking over to a pile of the ware in question displayed under one of the arches. "These vessels," he went on, "are in universal use throughout Mexico for almost all household purposes —the poorer classes use nothing else. But there is a great difference in the quality of the ware manufactured in different places. Every district has its own variety, some of which is of much higher excellence than others."

"That which we saw in Zacatécas was different from this," said Mrs. Langdon. "It seemed more durable though coarser, and had a very hard and brilliant glaze."

"The Aguas Calientes ware is of a better grade," said Russell. "Some of it is really beautiful, with a classic grace of form, and genuine artistic feeling displayed in the decoration."

"It is really remarkable," said the general. "Is there a manufactory of this pottery?"

"No," answered Russell. "There is no such thing in Mexico.



One of the Churches of the City.

It is all made by the Indians without any direction of educated talent. They have their own peculiar art of making it, an art handed down from father to son. Think of the artistic genius it evinces!"

"They have true artistic hands," said Margaret Langdon, looking at the slim, brown fingers of the man who was showing his wares to them. "Of course you know how much character there is in the hand. There is no part of the human body more expressive, and the hands of these people have struck me from the first. I do not wonder that they can mould clay into such forms, and decorate it with so true a sense of color and harmony. It is all written there in those slender, tapering, flexible fingers."

So, through all the picturesque sights and ways of the lovely, sunshine-flooded, color-adorned city they wandered, drinking deeper at every step the fascinations of this land, where the charms of all those other lands which the world has agreed to be most enchanting seem to meet and blend. But it was in the evening, while they were still lingering over that nondescript meal which in Mexican hotels may be called either dinner or supper, that a burst of music from the plaza near by called them forth to the most typical of all Mexican scenes.

It was a scene which to their unaccustomed eyes appeared gay and brilliant in the extreme. A military band was playing in a pavilion lighted by hanging lamps and embowered in foliage, while a throng of people, belonging evidently to the higher classes, promenaded in two adverse processions (one composed of men, the other of ladies) around the broad paved walk that encircled the plaza. On benches under the glossy boughs of orange-trees, shining in the lamp-light and laden with golden fruit and odorous blossoms, numbers of persons were sitting, talking in low, well-bred tones, children were playing and laughing along the wide walks that passed through the garden which formed the centre of the square, and the whole picture was so bright, animated, joyous, yet full of decorum and in a manner of stately grace, that it seemed to the strangers less like reality than like a page from an old romance.

"But what a pity," cried Dorothea, "that the crowning touch of picturesqueness is gone, that these Spanish-looking women have abandoned their mantillas to wear hats! If I were one of them how glad I should be to cling to anything so artistic and becoming as the lovely drapery of Spain!"

"They have not abandoned the mantilla by any means," said Russell, "but they reserve it for occasions of which a promenade like this is not one."

"The scene would, of course, be much more characteristic if they wore the Spanish mantilla, which I take to be a drapery of black lace," said Travers. "But I must say I think the hats are preferable to the black shawl in which we have seen them going in and out of the churches all day, and which makes every woman look like a nun."

"Well," said the general, who meanwhile had been carefully scanning the passing throng—especially the maidens with their delicate features, their dark, liquid eyes, their dusky masses of rippling hair, their lithe, rounded forms, proud carriage, and springing step—"you may criticise the head-covering as much as you like, but there is little to criticise in the faces."

"And less in the manners," said Mrs. Langdon. "This is, of course, an indiscriminate gathering, for all these people cannot be drawn from one order of society, yet how striking is the absence of anything like vulgarity of manner—loud speech, boisterous laughter, or unrestrained gesture."

"You might wander through every plaza in Mexico without finding a trace of those things," said Russell. "Remark the dignity of those girls and their entire lack of self-consciousness. If they ever exchange the coquettish, alluring glances of which one reads in certain romances of travel with the men passing them, I can only say that during my long residence in the country I have never yet detected one such glance."

"Oh! from the days of Marco Polo to our own travellers have found it necessary to embroider facts with fictions," said Travers. "I confess that I have so far looked in vain for some of the romantic episodes which have immediately rewarded the observation of other tourists. In the churches I have seen no lady talking with her fan to the cavalier behind the pillar. They all appear to be prosaically and devoutly engaged in saying their prayers; and I am beginning to be afraid that these picturesque bits of comedy only occur in novels and books of travels."

"No Mexican lady ever carries a fan to church," said Russell. "Etiquette prescribes precisely the use of that article. It is part of her costume for a ball, theatre, or opera, but is never taken to church; so spare yourself the trouble of looking any more for such episodes."

"None of you have yet mentioned what strikes me most of

all here," said Dorothea—"that perfect as the manners of these people are, they are in no respect better than those of the peasants we saw to-day in the market-place; which proves—what does it prove, Mr. Russell?"

"That the Mexican possesses by nature what it costs some other races a great deal of trouble to acquire—that is, a fine appreciation of the best in that admirable thing which we call manners," answered Russell.

"What strikes *me*," said Miss Gresham, "is that here is something very different from market-places filled with peasants. These are the best people—one sees it at a glance. This is society."

"Evidently," replied Travers with gravity. "The *beau-monde* of Aguas Calientes is here in force. Shall we not, by the bye, join in their dress-parade?"

"Oh! I think so," replied Miss Gresham eagerly, who had no mind to conceal her beautiful face and faultless toilette in the corner of a shaded bench. "It is certainly the thing to do—don't you think so?" appealing to Mrs. Langdon.

"Yes, Margaret," said the general. "Let us take a turn. I observe that men are allowed in the feminine ranks when they accompany ladies."

Margaret, always compliant to the wishes of others, smiled assent, and rising moved forward to fall into the ranks of the promenaders. Miss Gresham rose also and, after one appealing but unheeded glance at Russell, Travers took his place by her side. "Shall we follow them?" Russell then inquired of Dorothea.

"No," she answered, "let us remain here. I like better to watch the people than to join them."

"In that case, and since we are in Mexico, will you allow me to light a cigar? If I change my seat to your other side the breeze will carry the smoke from you."

"Do not disturb yourself," she answered. "I never object to the smoke of a cigar in the open air. And just now I shall like it particularly, because it will put you in a good humor to answer all my questions."

He laughed as he struck a match and lighted his cigar. "The bribe is unnecessary," he said, "for I am always glad to tell you anything that you wish to know."

"What a delightful person you are!" she said, with naïve frankness. "I never expected to find a travelling companion so

entirely after my own heart. I know I am very troublesome in what Mr. Travers calls my insatiate thirst for information; but it is not only the things you tell that I enjoy, it is your way of telling them, your readiness, your—"

He lifted his hand in protest. "Take care!" he said smiling. "You talk of your heart—have you no thought that mine,



Pottery Market.

however time-hardened and battered, might prove vulnerable to such flattery?"

"But it is not flattery," she answered earnestly. "It is sober truth. As I was saying to Margaret last night, it is simply wonderful that you can take so much interest in guiding and making things pleasant for us."

"And do you not suppose that I am also making them pleasant for myself?" he asked. "Don't credit me with too much unselfishness. In point of fact, I am as selfish as most

men, for I assure you that nothing would induce me to unite my travelling fortunes with those of people whose society was not agreeable to me. But I am really the person most obliged. You see I have led such a wandering life for many years that I am a very lonely man, as far as the intimate ties of life are concerned. I have hosts of acquaintances all over the world, but very few friends. And no later friendships can take the place of those associated with the memories of one's youth. So I enjoy the companionship of your father, your sister, and yourself—and I must include Travers, who is a very good fellow, though I am afraid you don't believe it—more than I could possibly enjoy that of people equally agreeable who had not the charm of old association. And this being so, pray let me hear no more of any obligation to me for the little service I am able to render you."

She gave him a smile that said more than words, and then they fell to talking of the scene before them, while the band made the air resonant with throbbing, joyous music, so marked in its time that it was no wonder the small, daintily-shod feet passing by kept step to the cadences with soldierly precision; the great stars looked down out of a violet sky, the air was like a sensible caress, and a light passing breeze came laden with all the blossoming fragrance of the night, as night is in this delightful Valley of Warm Waters.

CHRISTIAN REID.

MAINE OF A LATER DAY.

AMONG the local histories of Maine none have attracted more attention than that of the Indians of Norridgewock and their martyred missionary priest, Father Sébastien Rasles, S.J. Remote from civilization and its amenities, he lived among these Indians for thirty years. He devoted his life to their conversion and instruction, and his labors were crowned with martyrdom; for he was literally hunted to death by the enemies of his faith and nation.

One might suppose the treacherous cruelties practised on the Indians at Pemaquid and Dover, and the crowning act of transporting and selling captured Indians for slaves, were sufficient incentives to hostility. But, forgetful of these atrocities, the government and many of the people of Massachusetts Bay and the District of Maine persisted in ascribing the enmity of the Indians to the influence of "the wily Jesuit," and "there was a universal desire to have him arrested and brought to Boston alive." At the same time a price was offered for his head.

To seize or slay Father Rasles, a military force, under a Captain Moulton, was despatched to Norridgewock in the winter of 1723. "But the cautious Jesuit and his tribe had made a safe retreat; so that the only trophies (*sic*) of the enterprise were a few books and papers* found in the priest's dwelling-house; among which was a letter from the governor of Canada, exhorting him to push on the Indians with all imaginable zeal against the English."

A second and more effective attack upon "the Jesuit" was made in the following August, 1724, when a force of more than two hundred men, under Captains Harmon, Moulton, Bane, and Bourn, left their rendezvous at Fort Richmond on the Kennebeck, a few miles below Gardiner, and ascended the river in whale-boats to a point near the site of Waterville. "Proceeding thence by land, they succeeded in surprising the Indians; among whom, besides old men, women, and children, there were about sixty warriors. These, after firing two volleys, fled to the woods pursued by the victors. The pursuers returned to the

*At one time preserved in the library of Harvard College.

village and found the Jesuit, in one of the wigwams, firing upon a few of our men who had not followed the wretched fugitives. He had with him an English boy about fourteen years of age, whom he had shot through the thigh, and afterward stabbed in the body, though he ultimately recovered. Moulton had given orders to spare the life of Rasles; but Jacques, a lieutenant, finding him firing from the wigwam, and that he had wounded one of our men, stove in the door and shot him through the head. As an excuse, Jacques alleged that when he entered the wigwam *Rasles was loading his gun*, and declared that he would neither give nor take quarter."

Imagine a solitary old man, surrounded by his enemies, declaring, *while loading his gun*, that he will neither give nor take quarter! "Moulton," it is added, "disapproved the act of his lieutenant; allowing, however, that the priest had *said something* to provoke Jacques; yet doubting whether the statements made by him were literally correct." It is safe to say that no one believed the excuse given for the murder of Father Rasles, and few of the Puritans thought it necessary to condemn or excuse the successful result of an expedition whose avowed purpose was to capture or kill the "wily Jesuit."

Our historian, Williamson, says: "On the 27th of August the *brave detachment* arrived at Fort Richmond *without the loss of a man*. It was an exploit exceedingly gratifying to the community, and considered as brilliant as any other in either of the Indian wars since the fall of King Philip. Harmon, who was the senior in command, proceeded to Boston *with the scalps*, and received in reward for the achievement the commission of lieutenant-colonel—an achievement in which Moulton had the principal agency, though he received no distinguishing recompense except the universal applause of his country. Superior merit has often been overshadowed by superior rank in much more important services" (Williamson, *Hist. Maine*, vii. p. 132). But Harmon was bearer of *the scalps*, and Moulton had disapproved the act of his lieutenant in the murder of Father Rasles, which they who distributed rewards did not.

It seems a strange perversion of language to call the surprise, killing, and scalping of a few Indians, and the murder of a defenceless old priest, a brilliant exploit for a force of two hundred men; but then it was not quite thirty years since, "in 1695–6, a bounty of £50 was offered for every Indian woman or child under fourteen years taken prisoner, or *for an older*

Indian's scalp produced at the Board of War" (vid. 5 *Mass. Rec.*, p. 437; 2 Holmes' *A. Ann.*, p. 10, as quoted by Williamson). The bounty was afterward increased to £100. Hunting Indians for their scalps promised to become an industry more lucrative than hunting wild animals for their furs.

One finds these statements very shocking. But we cannot read the annals of our colonial period without admitting that the laws of war had no place in the conquest of Indian lands. The early colonists, adventurers and "pilgrims" alike, readily adopted the cruel usages of savage warfare, even to taking scalps. Failing to civilize the savage, they became, in some respects, savages themselves.

Fas est ab hoste doceri is an approved maxim in war. But in our wars with the Indians we learned from them only new forms of cruelty and deceit; and they from us little else than the frauds and destructive vices that deform our civilization. What else have they learned from civilization in the three centuries of contact with it? How many have been civilized? How many have gained any considerable knowledge of industrial arts? How many have been converted from heathen diabolism to Christianity? How many have been, in any way, made better or happier by the instructions and examples of civilization? Not many. But enough to give the lie to the assertion that "the Indians could not be civilized." If it were true that living Indians cannot be made better we should accept the heartless saying, "The good Indians are the dead," and rejoice that civilization has almost done its work of conversion.

We find in Williamson's *History of Maine* a few paragraphs, given as unimportant annals, which seem so like an epitome of our early history—its enterprises and their motives; the greed of gain and lawless deeds of explorers; the cruelties of early colonists and the revenge of savage natives—that they form a fitting conclusion to these excerpts from the early history of the "District of Maine."

"In April, 1614, Captain John Smith"—of South Virginia—"arrived at Monhegan, intending to revive the colony of Fort St. George, at the mouth of the Kennebeck (Sagadahock). He explored the coast as far east as Penobscot Bay. But *his men were chiefly employed in taking whales and trading with the Indians for furs.* Within twenty miles of Monhegan they got from the natives, *for trifles, eleven thousand beavers, a hundred martens, and many otters.* Eastward, about the Penobscot, our

commodities were not so much esteemed: the French traders bartered their articles on better terms" (Smith's *History of New England*, page 213).

Smith sailed for England July 8, leaving his companion, Thomas Hunt, master of the second vessel of the expedition, who was bound for Spain. Smith says: "Hunt purposely tarried behind to prevent me from making a plantation, to monopolize the trade, and to *steal savages. He carried off twenty-five, whom he sold at Malaga.*"

It is stated in Prince's *Annals* that "the *Friars* took those that were unsold, to Christianize them." In a conference with some Indian sagamores, the governor of Massachusetts Bay promised to restore the enslaved Indians, *if they could be recovered.*"

In February, 1696, three Indian chiefs, *Egermet*, *Toxus*, and *Abenquid*, with other Indians, came to Fort William Henry, on the peninsula of Pemaquid, to effect an exchange of prisoners. The fort was commanded by a Cap'ain Chubb. "In the midst of a parley, Chubb's men fell upon the Indians, killing Egermet, Abenquid, and two others, and making prisoners of nearly all the rest. Only Toxus and a few of his men escaped."

In the following July Pemaquid was attacked by the French under Iberville, aided by some two hundred Indians led by the half-breed Baron de Castine. When the place was summoned Chubb promptly replied: "I will not surrender the fort, though the sea should be covered with French vessels and the land with wild Indians." But after a few bombs had been thrown into the fort he concluded to surrender, on condition that the garrison should be spared, and conveyed to Boston in exchange for an equal number of French and Indians.

"When the gates were thrown open the Indians discovered some of their people *in irons;* and the French commander could hardly restrain the active resentment of his savage allies. Indeed, a few of the soldiers were killed. To protect the rest, they were taken to a small island and guarded by French soldiers until they could be sent to Boston."

But the Indians did not forgive nor forget the treachery of Chubb. Two years after the capture of Pemaquid a small war party made its way to Andover, Massachusetts, and killed him in his own home. This was, of course, an *Indian outrage.*

And the "outrages" of to-day in the far West are so like those of two centuries ago on our eastern coast, their provocations so evidently due to the same denial of the rights of man-

hood to the Indian race, and the cupidities of civilization, that the statement of an old friend, whose name should be accepted almost as a synonyme for truthfulness, makes a proper sequence to the legends of Indian wars in Maine, as waged by "English colonists" and "Pilgrim fathers."

The late General Crook, of the United States army, who was so energetic and successful in his campaigns against the "hostiles" in New Mexico and Arizona, who defeated and captured their principal chiefs—Geronimo and others—endeavored to inaugurate a policy that promised peace to the Indian country, and the ultimate civilization of the Indian tribes. In a "talk" with the captured chiefs he urged them to consider that war with the United States meant the certain destruction of the Indian people. "We know that," was the reply, "but as the white men will not let us live anywhere in our own country, we wish to die like brave men." The general asked why, since the buffalo and other wild animals would soon be extinct, the Indians would not try to live like the white men—raise cattle and cultivate the land? They answered: "We would like to do so, but the white men will not let us. They want all the good land, and when they find it in our country, they will either seize upon it directly, or do something to provoke our young men to shed blood, or to steal cattle herded on our land; and then your soldiers come to kill us."

The general promised that the white men should not encroach upon their lands, as long as they were peaceful; and the Indians promised to maintain peace and good order on their "reservations." In fact, they organized a species of police for this purpose; and with such effect that the Apache country was, for the time, peaceful and safe. Thieves and other offenders were promptly apprehended, tried, and punished. Life and property were in less jeopardy in the mountains of Arizona and New Mexico than in the streets and purlieus of our cities. Supplied with agricultural implements and seeds, the Indians produced cereals, potatoes, and other culinary vegetables, enough for their own consumption and to supply the troops in their vicinity. The quartermasters bought forage from the Apaches instead of hauling it, at great expense, through hundreds of miles over rough roads from Texas and Missouri.

These Indians, the most numerous and warlike of the Western tribes, had really commenced the work of civilization. Unfortunately, the general over-estimated his ability to improve their

social condition. His benevolent and wise policy displeased the Indian agents in New Mexico and Arizona, and the Indian Bureau in Washington. It suggested a possible transfer of "the bureau" to the War Department; and the abolition of the civil "agencies" which, sometimes honest but oftener corrupt, had paid Indian annuities in shoddy blankets and merchandise that would be accounted damaged or worthless in ordinary commerce. His policy was doubly displeasing to the host of illicit traders—swindlers—land speculators and plunderers, whose opportunities would cease with the cessation of "Indian outrages" and threats of "another Indian war." And in the army of officials and disappointed adventurers *there were votes!*

General Crook's convention with the Indians was not approved; and because of this undue interference with the administration of his department, and an unwillingness to face the Indians whom he had innocently misled, he asked to be relieved from command in the Indian country. So he was transferred to the Department of Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago; where, three years ago, he died. A brave soldier, an able commander, and a noble man; but wholly unfit to carry out any policy of fraud and cruelty—even against Indians!

I write these paragraphs, of more modern history, in connection with legends of our Indian wars in New England two hundred years ago, to show that neither in the present nor the past have the Indians been regarded as men, or possessors of the rights of men. For, "we hold these truths to be self-evident—that *all men* are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But the Indians have none of these endowments. They live by our sufferance, and they must be happy—or miserable—as we direct. And their liberty is that of the wild beast of the forest.

It would be as unnatural as unjust to rehearse the cruelties of our forefathers, as if they were the willing oppressors of an innocent people who gave no just cause of offence. While there were instances of generous and noble characters, the Indians were a race of savages and the methods of savage warfare are always horrible. But our forefathers—government and people—adopted some of them, even to the taking of scalps. And they added a new horror to their savage warfare by transporting their Indian captives and selling them into slavery!

Government efforts—if efforts they may be called—to civilize

the Indians have been failures. The few small communities of semi-civilized Christians generally owe their conversion to the perseverant labors of Franciscan, Jesuit, and Oblate missionary priests, whose efforts have been sometimes thwarted and always embarrassed by sectarian influences on the part of government officials. As in 1717 the governor of Massachusetts Bay offered Protestant Bibles and a Protestant teacher to the Catholic Indians of Maine, so his successors in government, a hundred and seventy years later, send Protestant teachers to the Catholic Pueblos in New Mexico. The conditions are not quite parallel; for *then*, in the realm of Great Britain, the Catholic religion was prohibited by her laws; while here and *now* government is forbidden either to teach religion or to prohibit religious teaching.

In New England, prior to "the Revolution," there was religion, but no religious freedom. As in old England king and Parliament usurped the authority of popes and councils, in *New* England all were subjects of the civil powers in matters of faith and church discipline, as well as in secular affairs. Acts of the General Court of Massachusetts assumed to define heresies as well as to enforce the precepts of their religion.

In 1646 it was made penal to "withhold children from the ordinance (*sic*) of baptism." "One *Painter* was publicly whipped for this offence. And in the course of twenty years about *thirty* were either fined, whipped, or banished; and a few *executed*" (Williamson).

As we read these passages from our colonial history, the refrain of Mrs. Hemans's laudatory ode to the New England Pilgrims seems like the expression of a sneer: "Freedom to worship God"!

The authentic legends of Maine, its coasts and islands, bays and rivers, might well serve as links in the chain of historic events, from the visits of European adventurers in 1602 to the present day. Something of this is presented in the brief references to the first English and French navigators and explorers of her coast, and the tripartite contests between the English, French, and Indians, for final possession of the country from the Piscataqua to the St. John.

Though remote from the great battle-fields of "the Revolution," Maine claims a place in its history, from its beginning to its close. It was up the Kennebeck to its head-waters, and thence through miles of wilderness, that the expedition against

Quebec made its way in the autumn and early winter of 1775. Perhaps our history affords no examples of heroic endurance of privation and toil surpassing those of Arnold's march to Quebec through the forests of Maine. Nor, perhaps, a more striking example of disaster, by the failure of a subordinate, than is presented in the shameful abandonment of the expedition by the commander of one division of his forces. Arnold reached Quebec with but six hundred and fifty of the eleven hundred men of his command. There he was joined by the gallant Montgomery, who led the attack, and was killed almost at the first fire of the British artillery. A monument to his memory is seen in front of St. Paul's, on Broadway. A mural tablet, in honor of "The brave American General Montgomery," once existed in the foundation wall of a house on the street of Quebec near where he fell. It is said to have disappeared; but I saw it and copied its inscription in 1849.

That the invasion of Canada proved a failure was, in great part, due to other causes than inadequate force. The memory of Father Rasles was yet fresh in the minds of Canadians. They knew, also, that in some of the insurgent colonies their co-religionists were not free. And though a Catholic priest—afterward the first Archbishop of Baltimore—was associated with Dr. Franklin to solicit their co-operation in the struggle for independence, the statutes of New England, Virginia, and New York promised less favor to their religious liberty than the treaty obligations of old England. And so, to-day, instead of being component parts of one great American state, Canada and the United States are wrangling about railways and canals, and reciprocity in *trade!*

One of the historic points around which are clustered memorials of French colonization, our own colonial period, and the war for independence, is Castine, on the north-eastern shore of Penobscot Bay. Its name is that of a French adventurer who, for thirty years, was identified with the Indians of the country in opposing English colonization and English marauders. The Baron de Castine resided here from 1667 to 1697. The peninsula on which the town is built once bore the name of an earlier resident Frenchman, and was known as "Major Biguyduce." The Plymouth Company had a trading-house here in 1626, but it was soon abandoned.

In the war of "the Revolution"—1775 to 1783—Biguyduce was a British military post. In the fifth year of the war, 1781, Gen-

eral Wadsworth commanded the American forces on the coast east of Falmouth (Portland). The troops of his command were chiefly militia, drafted for eight months' service. The four months of winter in that cold climate compelled a suspension of active hostilities, and when in December the greater part of his men had gone to their homes, the general was left with a small force at Camden, on the west shore of the bay, and twenty to thirty miles south-west from the British post. By land the distance was about fifty miles. The general's residence during the period of hibernation was near the village of Thomaston, and three or four miles from the shore, where he was guarded by only six soldiers. But as the post at Camden was between his residence and the enemy, there seems to have been little apprehension of danger. Advised of Wadsworth's slender protection, the British commander at Biguyduce sent a party of twenty-five men, under Lieutenant Stockton, to capture him. The party crossed the bay in a privateer vessel, and at night landed a few miles from the general's house. The weather was intensely cold, and the ground was covered with snow. The guard was not alert when, near midnight, the British party made their attack. It was a complete surprise. The general and his little party made a stout resistance, and surrendered only when he and all but one of the guard were disabled by wounds. He was hurried to the vessel and conveyed to Biguyduce. On his arrival the British commander, General Campbell, called upon him, complimented him on his brave resistance—which he thought hardly justifiable where success was hopeless—and invited him to share his table while a prisoner at the post.

In the following April Major Burton, who had served under General Wadsworth, was captured on the passage from Boston to his home on the St. George. He was brought to Biguyduce, and lodged in the same room with his general. Both were treated with courtesy by the British commander and his officers, while awaiting orders from their commander-in-chief at New York. Some suspension of friendly courtesies, and occasional hints, confirmed the suspicion that the prisoners were not to be exchanged; but were to be sent to England, either to be tried for treason or, at best, to be imprisoned until the close of the war. Mrs. Wadsworth and a friend, Miss Fenno, had been permitted to visit them, and on taking leave Miss Fenno had ventured to say: "General Wadsworth, take care of yourself!" This

was understood as a hint, and the prisoners determined to escape or perish in the attempt.

The room in which they were confined was in the officers' barrack, within the fort. The scarp wall was over twenty feet high, and a strong *cheveaux-de-frise* ran along its foot, in the ditch. Sentinels were posted at short intervals along the walls, and at the doors of the barracks; and there were two in the gallery on which the prisoners' room opened. The upper half of their door was a glazed window, which enabled the sentinel to view the interior of the room, and which he opened at pleasure. The outside windows were strongly grated.

By a small bribe to the soldier who served as their barber they procured a gimlet, with which Burton was able to bore two lines of holes across a wide board of the ceiling. The interstices between the gimlet-holes were cut with a penknife, leaving only those at the corners, to keep the ceiling apparently intact. For, as soon as a hole was made or a bit of wood removed, the cavity was filled with bread moistened in the mouth, and made so nearly of the same tint as the wood that in a casual inspection it would not be noticed. As only a few turns of the gimlet could be made between the sentinel's successive passages of the door, it required care as well as patience to prosecute the work to completion; but at the end of three weeks it was accomplished.

The prisoners prepared for their journey by laying aside portions of food for subsistence by the way, and waited for weather to favor their attempt. At last it came. On the 18th of June a dark night and heavy rain aided to conceal their movements from the eyes and ears of sentinels. The hole through the ceiling was opened, and with some difficulty the prisoners crawled through it, and along the joists above to an entry open to the roof. Using their blankets as cords, they descended to the floor below. Thence, groping their way to an outer door and across the parade, they reached a bastion and made the descent of the ditch undiscovered. To ascend the counter-scarp was comparatively easy. But only the intense darkness and the howling storm made escape possible, for it was necessary to pass two lines of sentinels, and the guard was relieved while the fugitives were crossing the parapet and ditch. Here they became separated, and the general groped his way alone to the cove behind the fort. Fortunately, the tide was out and the cove, a mile in width, was fordable. After the crossing, it was

necessary to traverse another mile over rough ground and windfalls to the shore of the bay. There he was rejoined by Major Burton. A boat was found on the beach, in which they crossed the bay to the western shore. Thence, guided by a pocket compass, they made their way through the woods to the head-waters of the St. George. On the third day after leaving the fort they reached the house of a "settler," and procured horses for the rest of the journey to Thomaston.

In rehearsing the hazardous adventure of General Wadsworth little more than a century ago, his narrow escape from an unwilling voyage to England—no longer *home*—to be tried for treason, or else to languish in unhonored captivity, one cannot help contrasting the different minor conditions of now and then. *Then* the general endured privations and encountered dangers to escape the possibility of long captivity—perhaps trial for treason-felony—in "our old home." *Now* a monument to the patriot general's grandson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, holds place in Westminster Abbey.

I have rehearsed some incidents in the history of Maine and New England just as they were suggested by recollections of her lakes and rivers, and that wonderful sea-coast whose many points of interest are little known to "*off-islanders*," to few save those who in childhood have gazed upon the ocean from her beetling cliffs, and been hushed to sleep in the sound of breakers on her granite shores. Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Orchard Beach, and other points of the coast affected by summer tourists are familiar names; but they embrace but small parts of a sea-coast of more than two thousand miles.

E. PARKER-SCAMMON.

New York.

THE FREDERIC OZANAM OF CORK.

ON All-Saints' Day, 1892, the Young Men's Society of Cork celebrated its fortieth anniversary. Great joy was felt by all on account of the society's marvellous vitality, its present roll numbering 830 members—albeit it had in 1859 1800 members—and a well-grounded hope was expressed for its future progress under the guidance of its ever-zealous officers.

Yet with all this chorus of gladness and hope, and through all this harmony, was felt and heard a minor chord of sorrow for the loss of one whom death had taken from amongst us scarcely two months before—John George MacCarthy, our founder and president for over a quarter of a century. To none at that meeting, however, was that sad memory so real, so touchingly present, as to the four who were associated with Mr. MacCarthy in the foundation of the society, and who, to mark our length of membership, were placed that night amongst the honored guests. Nor did we grieve without added reason, for at this gathering we had all hoped to have once more heard his pleasant voice, to have beheld his graceful figure, and to have felt his genial presence. But such was not to be.

Looking at my Irish Birth-day Book I find his autograph, "John George MacCarthy, born at Cork, June 22, 1829." For that day Miss E. Skeffington Thompson, the compiler, has aptly quoted, but all unconscious of its aptness, these fine lines of Mangan:

> "The noble-hearted sees in earth
> A paradise before his eyes;
> The dreams to which his soul gives birth
> He fondly hopes to realize;
> He dedicates his burning youth
> To glorify the majesty of Truth!"

Surely no verse could be better chosen as an epitome of the life of John George MacCarthy, "the Frederic Ozanam of Cork," as a writer lately called him. His "burning youth" did, indeed, "glorify the majesty of Truth!"—as his manhood exemplified its practice, fully, fearlessly, heroically.

Looking back to boyhood, the first memory of my dear friend I find midway in the "forties"—I a boy of twelve, he a youth of sixteen, reading an essay as a pupil at the "Mansion House" School—St. Vincent's—at the summer vacation exhibition, to which my good mother took me.

My feelings, I well remember, were of wonder and sympathy for the graceful young essayist. Wonder at his courage, and sympathy, for he was a stammerer. So then was I, and long years after did we both do battle against the common foe, reading poetry aloud together. Longfellow, because it was his favorite, was chosen. "Longfellow" his aunts, with whom he then resided on Charlotte Quay, playfully called him, to mark, no doubt, his stature as well as his love for the poet.

Returning home from vacation in 1852 I found George Roche, a mutual friend of school-days, and who died since as Dr. Roche in Australia, and others gathering recruits for a new society they were about to form. It was to be modelled on another society of a similar nature, founded by Dean O'Brien, among the young men of Limerick.

The Dominican Prior, Very Rev. John Pius Leahy, O.P., St. Mary's, Pope's Quay, who died a few years ago Bishop of Dromore, fostered the society, and with great discernment chose for its president the young law student, John George MacCarthy, then in his twenty-third year.

Bishop Leahy, replying to our address on his elevation to the episcopate, says, October 8, 1854:

"It is not to me our city is indebted for the numerous blessings derived from your society. That merit is due to your late indefatigable secretary, Mr. George Roche, and to your highly gifted and virtuous president, Mr. John George MacCarthy."

In seven years from the inauguration of the society our president married. His reply to our congratulatory address is a good specimen of his fine style, as well as an indication of the high tone of his mind:

"MY DEAR BROTHERS: Slight favors are easily acknowledged. Ordinary language answers for common occasions. But when one receives such a proof of affection as you have given me to-night—affection so thoughtful and generous, so delicate and so vehement—it is simply true that words fail, and tearful eyes must tell one's gratitude.

"During our seven years' work, your kindness to me has been of a nature that only the force of God's blessing on our cause, and the warmth and firmness of your own characters, could account for it. It was quite unlike almost all that one meets in the world. It never failed in the minutest detail of compliment. It never shrank from the largest bestowal of trust. It was not checkered by a change or varied by a word. But

this last act of kindness is the greatest and most grateful of all. Wholly unexpected—quite undeserved—coming at an era in my life—including one far dearer to me than my life—it is a favor which, as it can never be repeated, can never be forgotten.

"Your beautiful address and your munificent gift shall always be amongst the proudest and pleasantest ornaments of my home. Nor shall they be ornaments merely. They will be incentives, too. They will remind me that I won the affection of eighteen hundred of my fellow-citizens, including some of the best men I know or have ever known, and they will make me strive to be less unworthy of such regard from such men.

"I need scarcely recall to your recollection that the marvellous success of our undertaking has not been my work. After God and our Lady, after our bishop and clergy, it has been yours. The office you gave me was indeed the most prominent and honorable, but it was far from being the most laborious and important. Mine were the public acknowledgments, yours the secret, continuous, indefatigable work, done only for God, known only to him.

"The Institute has benefited many, but none so much as me. It gave me some of the pleasantest hours of the last seven years. It gratified the literary tastes which were almost my only relaxation from an ever-increasingly laborious and responsible profession. Its rules were my guard in temptation, its principles my guide in action. It afforded me some of the fastest and dearest friends I have. And it insured me the example of men whose purity of motive and sustained elevation of thought, word, act, and life are better than any argument, more encouraging than any exhortation.

"Brothers, on my own part, and on that of the lady who has honored me with her hand, I heartily thank you. I trust that you and I shall labor together many years in the good work which has made us friends. Years only increase my enthusiasm for it, and my desire to be permitted to promote it. The county and the city are rising now. To whom should they look if not to their young men? In what should young men trust if not in intelligence and virtue—in knowledge and religion?

"For myself, I shall only say, in conclusion, that though I can do little, that little shall be done 'with a will.' Amidst many defects, despite many shortcomings, I shall endeavor to keep my eye—the eye of head, and heart, and mind—on what is True and Good, and strive straight on to that through all fortunes—

"'The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow.
We press still through,
Naught that abides in it daunting us,—
Onward!'

"I am, dear brothers,

"Yours gratefully and affectionately,

"JOHN GEORGE MACCARTHY.

"70 *South Mall, December* 5, 1859."

Of Mr. MacCarthy's quarter of a century's noble work for the Brotherhood, done "with a will" that always found a "way," I can find but little record now. The disastrous fire of 1882 destroyed our building and all it contained; books, minutes, guild-rolls, records of all kinds. I am now begging for copies of our old Annual Reports—all from Mr. MacCarthy's pen—down to 1881 (I have but eleven out of twenty-eight), as well as other pamphlets or addresses by him, concerned with our work.

Memory recalls, while I write, how on his return from the Catholic Congress at Malines in 1864, of which he was chosen vice-president, he refused the banquet proposed by our society in his honor; how for many years he supplied, out of his private purse, a £10 case of new books to our reading-room from Morrow's Library in Dublin; how after returning from his well-earned vacations he gave his fellow-members the benefit of what he saw and heard, in charming lectures at our Tuesday evening meetings, which were very rarely without his presence in the chair.

Of Mr. MacCarthy's work for the society the Cork *Examiner's* able obituary says:

"Never has such a mark been made in the history of any body of a religious nature as that created by Mr. MacCarthy in the history of the Cork Young Men's Society. His portrait now occupies a prominent position in the large hall in Castle Street, and his name is inseparably associated with the boundless good effected by the society. . . . Through troublous times he lent all the enthusiasm of his nature to the society, and with the best results." After mentioning the educational work promoted by the society winter after winter, under the ablest professors, and most celebrated lecturers, divines and eminent university scholars—whose services were sought by the president and secured—names like Dr. (since Cardinal) Manning, his nephew Dr. Anderdon, Archbishop Croke, Monsignor Capel, Dr. Cahill, Dean O'Brien, Monsignor Woodlock, Father Burke,

O.P., Father Pelcherine; and amongst laymen, Lord O'Hagan, Monsell (Lord Emly), Allies, Ornsby, Pollen, Rhodes, Magee (D'Arcy), Maguire, Denny Lane, Dr. Dunne, Count Murphy, and many others, the writer proceeds:

"The Annual Report, prepared by Mr. MacCarthy, came to be regarded by the citizens at large as a literary treat. The recitals of the dry workings of the society . . never failed to open new ground with effect, and the reading of the report was looked forward to with the liveliest interest." In this connection Mr. MacCarthy's great elocutionary powers may be illustrated from the same article. "In Parliament," the writer continues, "Mr. MacCarthy was destined to add lustre to the reputation which had gone before him. In his early days an impediment sadly retarded the flow of impressive speech which characterized all his utterances. With the indomitable energy and perseverance which formed so marked a trait in his nature, he fought against the defect, and was rewarded. Eloquence and fluency distinguished an oratory which was always a model of directness and conciseness, and which never failed to hold the attention of the listener. These qualities were not unnoticed in the House of Commons. His speeches on all matters relating to land attracted especial attention, and doubtless operated largely in securing him the appointment of Land Commissioner. . . . Naturally his love of justice laid him open to a charge of partiality from the Tories, and it will be remembered that about two years ago Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., addressed the House of Commons on this point. Mr. MacCarthy met the insinuation with his usual spirit, and forwarded a memorandum to the Speaker of the House in which he proved that Mr. Russell's statements were based on an entire misconception of the facts. Mr. MacCarthy added that he wholly objected to being attacked in the House of Commons for the manner in which he discharged his judicial functions. The merits of the case were evidently not in favor of Mr. Russell's contention, for no more was heard of these charges, and Mr. MacCarthy continued to fill his office to the satisfaction of all."

In summing up this most interesting and signally meritorious man's life another writer says that "the friendship of John George MacCarthy has been to me for forty years amongst the very choicest of temporal blessings. Of men whom I have met he came nearest to perfection—as a Catholic, as a citizen, as a statesman, as a judge, as a friend, as a *man*."

THOMAS H. ATTERIDGE.

Cork, Ireland.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

The Labor Problem.

The Unemployed.—The labor problem of the hour in England, and especially in London, is to find employment for the large number of men who are out of work. The number is variously estimated. On the one hand, Mr. Keir Hardie maintains that it amounts for the whole kingdom—including presumably the families of the men—to 1,200,000 persons. On the other, the London *Times* and many of the well-to-do whom it represents—a class which does not like to have its peace disturbed by the knowledge even that others are in distress—affect to believe that the unemployed are made up almost entirely of the idle and the incapable. The truth doubtless lies between these extremes. There are, of course, a large number of loafers and inefficient men—persons who either do not want to work, or who are incapable of doing anything useful. It cannot be denied, however, that there has been for the past eighteen months great depression of trade. In fact, so long has this depression lasted that fears are beginning to be entertained that a permanent alienation of trade has taken place. It is admitted, even by the friends of the working-men, that London has suffered in this way through the celebrated dockers' strike of 1889. The harvest, too, has been exceptionally poor, and the price of grain is now lower than ever before. The McKinley tariff, too, has proved disastrous to workers in Yorkshire and South Wales. And so even the most unwilling are forced to admit that there are reasons for grave anxiety.

Agitating for Work.—Meetings are being held every day on Tower Hill, followed by processions through the streets. The vestries are being called upon to find work; some have consented, others have declared that it was no affair of theirs. The Social Democratic Federation has employed orators, and paid

them salaries to address the meetings and to organize the processions. This has excited the opposition of others of the unemployed, and as a consequence rival meetings are held. Prominent preachers like Archdeacon Farrar and Dr. Joseph Parker have been interviewed by the leaders, and called upon—much to their embarrassment and dismay—to find not relief but work. The London School Board is asked to feed the children as well as to instruct them. It seems, indeed, to be somewhat of an anomaly that the state should compel a large number of children to go to school who have had no breakfast; as according to all sound philosophical principles food for the body is at least as necessary as instruction for the mind. The state which takes upon itself the duty of giving the latter cannot complain if called upon to give the former. In fact, we believe that this is actually done in Paris. But to return to the unemployed—their efforts to call forth the sympathy of the public culminated in a great meeting, held in Trafalgar Square, at which resolutions were passed demanding that the government and all representative public bodies should at once set on foot the many public improvements that are needed throughout the kingdom, and thus provide work. It is worthy of note that not the least violence of any kind has been used; the most extreme measure proposed being a barefoot procession through the street at midnight, and even this, we believe, has been abandoned.

Results and Remedies.—This agitation has not been without beneficial results, although the evils to be removed are so great that it seems almost hopeless to expect to find anything better than some kind of palliative. Expedients formerly adopted are now discarded as resulting in an aggravation of the existing bad state of things. In 1886 a fund for the relief of the distressed was raised by the lord mayor, and thereupon multitudes flocked from all parts of the kingdom to get a share of it, and the last state of the poor in London became worse than the first. The same thing would take place if public works were instituted on a large scale in London, unless similar works were also undertaken throughout the country. This is admitted, and in fact maintained by the advocates of the cause of the unemployed. The secretary of the Local Government Board has accordingly issued a circular to the local authorities of the United Kingdom, not requiring—for this he has no power to do—but urging them to set on foot at once such works as may be required by the public needs in their respective districts. The

governing body of London—the county council—has given instructions for the immediate execution of projected improvements, and many of the vestries have adopted a similar course. The first commissioner of public works has undertaken to proceed at once with the demolition of Millbank prison, and this will afford employment for between three and four hundred men for a period of three months. But what is this among so many? The unemployed and many of their most prominent, or at least loud-voiced, friends demand among other things the establishment of workshops, the organization of state and municipal corporation farms, the opening of public bakeries where pure bread is to be sold at cost, the setting on foot of labor bureaus and labor exchanges, and the provision of free meals and free clothes in the board schools. Such being the nature and extent of their demands it is not likely that they will be content with the efforts made to find work for a fractional part of their number. It is worthy of notice that no appeal for charity has been made by those out of work. Work is what is asked for, and indeed claimed as a right, and it is hard to look upon a society as rightly organized in which such a demand cannot be complied with.

"A Clearing-House for the Unemployed."—One of the methods adopted for coping with the present difficulty, which should have been mentioned above, is the establishment by one or two vestries of a register of persons out of work and of employers who are in need of workmen, and of giving information one to the other. This method has contributed to the diminution of existing evils. A somewhat similar scheme, dealing, however, with the distribution of charity, has been set on foot by private persons to which the name of "A Clearing-House for the Unemployed" has been given. It is proposed to appoint a central committee in London and other large towns, and to this committee any person who is willing to help a family whose bread-winner is out of work through no fault of his own to tide over the winter, can send in his name, simply stating what charitable body, if any, is to vouch for the requirements of the family, and to distribute weekly the help when necessary. The committee will then communicate the name of the willing giver to the clergyman, pastor, priest, rabbi, guru, moulvie, Salvationist, Charity Organization Society Committee, or other agency chosen by the giver, or if no agency is chosen, to some reputable society for giving relief. It is hoped by this means to bring the

many rich persons who are willing to help into direct contact with cases of real distress, for the scheme does not propose that the committee shall itself undertake the distribution of the help afforded, its functions being merely those of a clearing-house. To us it seems somewhat of a round-about way of attaining the end in view. Those, however, who are better able to judge, and among them the Archbishop of Westminster, are taking very great interest in it, looking upon it as a good means of bridging the enormous chasm which exists in England between the wealthy and the poor.

Registration Offices.—In fact, it is upon lines similar to these that remedies for irregular employment are being proposed. Mr. Charles Booth has elaborated a plan of this kind for dealing with the dock laborers in order to keep them in constant work. In its details it is very elaborate, and into them we cannot enter; we may mention, however, that its main feature is to establish a central office, whose duty would be to ascertain where there was a deficiency of men and where there was a surplus, and to effect a transfer from the one place to the other. The Shipping Federation also has devised a method of extending to other trades and occupations the plan which was set on foot by ship-owners to counteract the efforts of the "New Unionism," and which has proved successful in this respect. It is proposed to open in London a central office, or labor exchange, and to establish branches throughout the kingdom. One of the principal duties undertaken would be to collect information from all parts of the country as to the conditions of labor, and to post up notices showing what men wanted work, where and what kind of men were wanted by the masters, and in what particular districts there was already a glut of labor. Employers in want of men would thus be enabled to secure them easily, while the men would know where to go with the best prospect of obtaining employment, and thus be spared fruitless journeys to places where they would have no chance of getting any. This proposal, however, being made by capitalists and employers, and in opposition to the demands of the trade-unions, is not likely to be favorably entertained by the mass of working-men, among whom the appointment of a labor minister whose duty would embrace functions of this kind seems to be obtaining a greater amount of support the more it is discussed. That measures of this kind should not have advanced farther than the stage of discussion shows that Great Britain in

this respect is behind several countries on the Continent, where labor exchanges have been established for some years.

Legislative Proposals.—Passing from the efforts and projects of private persons to the legislative proposals made by statesmen and politicians, the tendency to an increase of the interference of the law with both employers and employed becomes more and more marked. This appears clearly in the utterances of politicians of all parties, such as Sir John Gorst, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Chamberlain, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, enumerates the measures which he looks upon as desirable, and the passing of which into law he judges to be practicable. These measures consist of the legislative enforcement of the proposals for the shortening of the hours of work for miners, and others engaged in dangerous occupations; the local enforcement of trade regulations for the earlier closing of shops; the establishment of tribunals of arbitration in trade disputes; compensation for injuries received in the course of employment, and to widows and children in case of death, whenever such injuries are not caused by the fault of the person killed or injured; old-age pensions for the deserving poor; increased powers and facilities to local authorities to make town improvements, and prepare for the better housing of the working poor; and power to local authorities to advance money, and afford facilities to the working-classes to become owners of their own dwellings. Almost all these proposals constitute a departure from the hitherto received doctrines of individualism, and, although they do not, especially in the matter of the regulation of the hours of labor by the state, go far enough to satisfy the demands of what seems to be a majority of working-men, they possess this advantage, in the judgment of Mr. Chamberlain, that no great opposition would be offered by any party in Parliament.

Evidence of Mr. Mann.—A still more striking evidence, perhaps, of the progress of public opinion in favor of state-regulation of the relations between capital and labor is the fact that the Royal Commission on Labor has thought it worth while to devote three full days to the examination of the theories of Mr. Tom Mann—one of the founders of the "New Unionism" which has caused so much trouble in recent times. And since we have mentioned the Royal Commission we may, perhaps, be allowed to inform our readers that its proceedings have not yet

come to a conclusion, and that up to the month of August last it had asked some eighty thousand questions, and received a corresponding number of answers from picked representatives of nearly every trade and occupation in Great Britain. Students of the labor question will find in the evidence, published in the form of government blue books, a mine of information theoretical and practical. To return, however, to Mr. Mann. He is an opponent of the present competitive system, and in favor of the ultimate municipalization both of capital and industry. Although he does not believe that at the present time the people collectively are at once sensible and unselfish enough to be trusted with the management and control of all the affairs and business now carried on by private individuals, he has hopes of their moral condition being greatly improved, and postpones until that time the full realization of his schemes. The scheme, as outlined by Mr. Mann before the commission, proposes that the taxpayers of London should tax themselves in order to get possession of all the trades employing much labor; the municipality itself should then work these huge businesses, and competition with it should be prohibited as is done in the case of the post-office; a beginning should be made with the provision of gas and water, the means of locomotion, wharfage, the erection of buildings, the making of clothes for all public servants, and the supply of cheap literature. Every one of the things here mentioned, except the erection of buildings and the making of clothes, is done already by a large number of towns, in whole or in part, and within the last few weeks the London County Council has decided to abolish contractors, and to carry out many of its own public works without the intervention of any middleman. So that Mr. Mann's proposals are in process of realization—a process developing, too, every day more and more. It is only a question of where to stop. Mr. Mann goes farther than the majority approve at present, and would have every industry carried on by a public body which should have the control of the general wealth for the purpose of securing the greater comfort of labor. Especially he believes that the municipalities would be able so to "dovetail" the work that nobody would be idle, and accordingly favors "trusts" and "syndicates" as steps in the right direction. That these theories and projects should have been deemed worthy of attention by the practical men forming the commission is only one sign among many that there exists a wide-spread suspicion that the present distribution of wealth is unfavorable to the highest well-being of the country,

and as perilous to the moral excellence of those who possess an excess as to that of those who have not what they need.

The Cotton Trade Strike.—The strike of the cotton-spinners in Lancashire has not attained the magnitude which was expected. It is causing, however, a great deal of distress among those especially who are only indirectly responsible. It seems to be due, we are sorry to say, to unreasonable conduct on the part of the men, and is consequently a disappointment to the hopes of those who were beginning to think an era of conciliation had arrived. This, at least, is the impression which we derive from the reply made by Mr. Maudsley, the secretary of the workmen's union, to the proposal to arbitrate made by the mayor of Manchester. In this reply Mr. Maudsley says that the mayor, by the very fact of his offering to arbitrate, implied "that we and our employers are not able to manage our own business, and that you and others could do it better." He proceeds to call those who made the offer "meddlers in other people's business," and to read the would-be peacemakers the following lecture: "There seems at present to be a tendency amongst the upper classes to try and make a name for themselves on the shoulders of working-men, and then to get them to submit to reductions of wages under the guise of arbitration. It will not happen in our case, and if the letter correspondence between us has convinced one of the advisability of reserving his meddling propensities until he is asked to exercise them by those concerned, it will not have been wasted." Should feelings of this kind be general among working-men, the hopes of conciliation and industrial peace cannot be very confident.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

For the seven-and-twentieth time since the downfall of the Second Empire, two-and-twenty years ago, the French cabinet has been overthrown. Although the ministers who have just been driven from office were in power for only nine months, the period allotted to them was longer than that of some half-dozen previous ministries. In fact, it is beginning to be taken for granted that one of these crises must take place at least once a year, so many are the aspirants to office, and so little capable are those who succeed of retaining possession of power. The special causes of the fall of the Loubet ministry are not far to seek. It tried to please both parties in the Carmaux strike—the mode-

rate party, which wished for the preservation of order, and the Radicals and Socialists, who sought by means of the strike to promote their theories, and, as often happens, they failed to secure the confidence of either of the combatants. It has, moreover, repelled the advances which, following the counsels of the Holy Father, the members of the monarchical parties have made to the Republic, almost treating with contempt and derision their offer of allegiance. The recent dynamite outrage in Paris showed the inability of its police, and the press law, although it passed the Chambers, added to the dislike felt for the government by both extremes in the house. Having yielded to a demand for a committee of inquiry into the Panama Canal, it refused, and rightly, to allow certain illegal proceedings to be taken by this committee, and so brought to a somewhat dignified end a career which had been characterized by numberless makeshifts and sacrifices of principle for power. Although frequent practice should by this time have made cabinet-making easy for the President, the difficulty found on this occasion was greater than ever; in fact, there exists a wide-spread feeling of alarm and uncertainty as to the future, some even thinking that there exists in an unknown quarter a conspiracy to render all government impossible by discrediting in the eyes of the electors the members of the Chambers: this, it is said, was the real reason for the Panama Canal investigation. The general election will take place next year, and this, together with the growth and strengthening of the Socialist movement, makes it to be feared that troublous times are in store for the Republic.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.



MR. BROWNELL'S *French Art* is receiving general encomiums, both here and abroad, for the remarkable delicacy of its appreciation of qualities that are most difficult to define. Such of Mr. Brownell's readers as know the subjects which he usually treats and in which he seems most interested, have long been aware of his special faculty in this respect, but his present work* displays another faculty which we have not met before: that of translating the expression of plastic art into that of literature.

Artists themselves are constantly preferring the charge of being "literary" against writers on art, and often with great justice. We suspect, however, that a loose use of the term on the part of artists must be assumed in order to grant that justice. The real trouble seems to be that the literature of the art-critics against whom the charge can be maintained is not as good as it might be. One finds, at all events, that Mr. Brownell can so use the spell of words as to conjure up qualities of appearance, and so order the generalizing terms employed by artists when trying to impart what they see in the art of others or wish to express in their own, as to convey by means of them a clear and definite meaning. It is a service for which every thoughtful artist must be grateful. In no way has he rendered a more distinct service, nor one more difficult, than in his analysis of the qualities of that supreme school of French painters known as the "Fontainebleau Group," including Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Diaz," etc. We extract from it the admirable page in which he defines the charm of the greatest of landscape painters:

"But Corot's true distinction—what gives him his unique position at the very head of landscape art, is neither his color, delicate and interesting as his color is, nor his classic serenity, harmonizing with, instead of depending upon, the chance associations of architecture and mythology with which now and then he decorates his landscapes; it is the blithe, the airy, the truly spiritual way in which he gets farther away than any one from both the actual pigment that is his instrument, and from the phenom-

* *French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture.* By W. C. Brownell. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

ena that are the objects of his expression—his ethereality, in a word. He has communicated his sentiment almost without material, one may say, so ethereally independent of their actual analogues is the interest of his trees and sky and stretch of sward. This sentiment, thus mysteriously triumphant over color or form, or other sensuous charm, which nevertheless are only subtly subordinated, and by no manner of means treated lightly or inadequately, is as exalted as any that has in our day been expressed in any manner. Indeed, where, outside of the very highest poetry of the century, can one get the same sense of elation, of aspiring delight, of joy unmixed with regret—since the 'splendor of truth,' which Plato defined beauty to be, is more animating and consoling than 'the weary weight of all this unintelligible world' is depressing to a spirit of lofty seriousness and sanity?"

If Mr. Brownell has shown an extremely rare if not altogether unique power in his perception and setting forth of the qualities of painting, his analysis of sculpture recalls the fact that this is the least cared for and least understood of any of the fine arts; a fact so painfully true that nothing could better illustrate, nor by implication criticise more damagingly, the prevalent sense of what sculpture is, as shown in the works of our native sculptors with but few exceptions, than the paragraph we are about to cite from his appreciation of David d'Angers:

"Whether the subject be intractable or not seems to have made no difference to David. He invariably produced a work of art at the same time that he expressed the character of its motive with uncompromising fidelity. His portraits, moreover, are pure sculpture. There is nothing of the cameo-cutter's art about them. They are modelled, not carved. The outline is no more important than it is in nature, so far as it is employed to the end of identification. It is used decoratively. There are surprising effects of foreshortening, exhibiting superb, and, as it were, unconscious ease in handling relief—that most difficult of illusions in respect of having no law (at least no law that it is worth the sculptor's while to try to discover) of correspondence to reality. Forms and masses have a definition and firmness wholly remarkable in their independence of the usual low relief's reliance on pictorial and purely linear design. They do not blend picturesquely with the background, and do not depend on their suggestiveness for their character. They are always realized, executed—sculpture, in a word, whose suggestiveness, quite as potent as that of feebler executants, begins only when actual representation has been triumphantly achieved instead of impotently and skilfully avoided."

Mrs. Clifford's new novel* is clever and well written as a matter of course, but its cleverness falls appreciably short of that

* *Aunt Anne.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Harper & Brothers.

displayed in her last year's book, the *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*. In a foreign letter lying at our hand, written by a not indiscriminating though partial friend of Mrs. Clifford, it is hit off as "wonderfully good as a character sketch, but some of the auxiliary matter is maudlin to a degree." Exception would be taken by many readers, we fancy, to its excellence as a character sketch where its heroine is concerned. Inconsistency is, indeed, the consistence of some persons one meets in books and outside of them, but one feels sure that when such persons attract permanent affection their intrinsically amiable qualities have supplied a solid and invariable basis for surface inconsistencies. Mrs. Clifford does not succeed in making one believe in the irresistible attractiveness of this Harold Skimpole in petticoats, with her ghastly wink, her lack of sympathy for those beneath her in station, her lavish generosity with other people's goods, and that too calculating imprudence which suddenly becomes prudence when no money and no credit but her own is on hand, and those in fast-dwindling measure. These traits all hang together it is true, but they never depend from the peg of genuine lovableness. Aunt Anne's deathbed conversion to charity for fallen women, based on the catastrophe of her own latest venture on the sea of matrimony, is characteristic, and so is her final refusal of forgiveness to Alfred Wimple, for both of these spring from the same inherent self-love and unamiable pride which can mask themselves under as many disguises as Proteus, among them that of self-abnegation on occasion. Mrs. Clifford has produced a clever and amusing novel, notwithstanding. She shows much ingenuity in providing a veil of mysticism whereby to cover Aunt Anne's share of the Wimple business which supplies the motive of her plot. It certainly needed a veil of some description. If Wimple were not the wholly objectionable and unpleasant creature that he is from first to last, Mrs. Clifford having been almost too careful not to give him even one redeeming feature, he would certainly attract more sympathy than Aunt Anne in their relations as here outlined.

Miss Dougall's *Beggars All** eminently deserves the praise that has been bestowed upon it by the critics, and the success it has met with at the hands of the reading public. It is, in the first place, wholly and most agreeably unusual in its scheme, its handling, and its presentation of character. Its simplicity in point of style is also relieved by the same quality of unusualness. What its author sees, that is to say, whether in man and woman or in a

* *Beggars All.* By L. Dougall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

landscape, strikes her reader as obvious and quite true, but gives at the same time an impression of a new point of view, and a vision which if clear is so first of all because it is both sympathetic and intelligent. Just such characters as Hubert Kent and Star Thompson one has pretty certainly never met before on any stage, whether of life or fiction, but they take their place at once as living entities, not soon to be forgotten. Mrs. Thompson, too, the saintly American invalid; Richarda, the oddly humorous cripple; Marian Gower's almost pathetic spinsterhood, and the hover of both her own and Star's fancies about young Dr. Bramwell, are all personages and situations that assert their right to be by virtue of their obvious reality, and yet defy the insinuation of portraiture or photographic representation. Their truth is essential, not accidental. Miss Dougall's patriotism probably counts for something in her selection of an American girl of Star Thompson's antecedents for the place filled by that wholly unique and charming young person in her novel. Given so much innocence, integrity, high feeling, and self-devotion as hers, backed by such refinement and habituation to wealth and its opportunities, and Miss Dougall implies plainly enough that an English girl so equipped would not or could not have acted in the same way. Patriotism is, however, as legitimate an artistic property as any. The same sense of fitness ruled her choice of an English setting for her hero, Hubert Kent. A burglar has surely never been drawn before on lines so large—lines large enough both in what they enclose and what they exclude to fit a Montana "water-baron" or an Eastern "railway king," and to admit as many if not more pleas in extenuation in one case as in the other. Yet there is not in the book the least excuse or encouragement given to a lax morality on any point. Star's needed lesson of respect for her womanhood so high as to bear any strain laid upon it, is taught her uncompromisingly and directly by those vital experiences which Miss Dougall depicts with so sure a hand. If filial charity leads her to throw her self-respect into the gulf, she goes there likewise with her whole identity, and rescues from it not only all that she has risked, but another soul besides. Altogether, the book is unique in our experience of novels, and will doubtless have a long life in literature.

Mrs. Dahlgren's *Chim** is a bright and amusing skit at certain fads and phases of Washington society. Her skye-terrier makes

* *Chim: His Washington Winter.* By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. New York: C. L. Webster & Co.

a very successful hero, and her little plot revolves about him without a jar or creak in the machinery. Her story, in fact, is quite complete as a story, and is written with grace and animation. Her hits at theosophy, and her sketch of the chief adept, Professor Wissy-Wassy, who

"was essentially an orientalist in thought and modes of non-action, but so strong are the binding ties of our surroundings, that when he did act, his habits were those of a Californian,"

are not merely acute and discriminating, but laid on with a not too heavy hand. She has avoided stress and kept well on the artistic side of good-natured satire where this phase of her story is concerned. One wonders, however, if the La Fayette de Noos are not punctuated a trifle too heavily, if not for truth, at all events for good taste.

A book to keep by one is Miss Repplier's selections of *Famous Verse*,* for if one does not find in it all one's favorites, one is sure to find nothing that is either not already well-beloved, or eminently certain to become so on acquaintance. No book, though twice the size of this one, could contain all that one loves or has loved in English verse. Miss Repplier has been handicapped, moreover, for any such achievement, by the necessity here laid on her of selecting chiefly with an eye to the needs and capacities of young readers. But she judges wisely that the imagination of children outstrips their understanding, and that poetry appeals to something that lies deeper than intelligence, and so has produced a book whose range is wide and from which the commonplace alone has been rigidly excluded.

Another volume of poetical selections,† admirably adapted to readers on the declining scale of life, comes from the Chicago publishing house of A. C. McClurg. The unnamed compiler has done the work assigned extremely well and with rare good taste. The poems are ranged under four heads: September—Thirty-five; October—Two Score and Ten; November—Three Score; and December—Seven Times Eleven. The tone of the whole is uplifting, heart-cheering, and we can hardly think of a more appropriate present than this pretty little volume for a friend in advancing years.

It is not the poetry of young hope and aspiration, nor yet that of resignation, peace, and the forward look of serene old age, which finds a voice in the dainty posthumous collection of

* *A Book of Famous Verse.* Selected by Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Poetry of the Gathered Years.* Compiled by M. H. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Miss Aldrich's verses.* Their author died last summer at the age of twenty-six, as one learns from Mr. Brownell's brief but exquisite prefatory notice. A year or two ago she published a novel in whose prose most of the notes here struck in a softer, more musical key, were anticipated. Her execution then was crude and her motive unpleasant, but her work showed power at least, if not much salutary promise. One sees now by what storms her soul was lashed, and feels relieved that the tempest is at last ended. There are verses in this volume which take strong hold on one's imagination, but for the most part their appeal is to one's pity and compassion. As a matter of technique they are often of extreme beauty. For a specimen of their quality at its best we refer the reader to the concluding poem, on the Eternal Justice.

The whole book is tense with personal expression—the expression of a soul that had suffered both spiritual and bodily ills, and whose true and exquisite poetic gift had as yet never found any but a purely subjective outlet. Hence it is morbid to a degree, and its total impression is painful, even where its music is most sweet and strange.

From the pretty volume of Mr. Egan's newly-collected songs and sonnets† we select for quotation his sonnet, "The Heart." Our readers are too well acquainted with the merits, peculiarities, and value of Mr. Egan's poetical achievement to need or desire a critical appreciation of it which might seem presumptuous:

"How red it burns within yon crimson rose!
Deeper than fire in rubies is its hue
Of brightest blood, which, shed for me and you,
From that dear Heart has flowed, for ever flows.
In waving sprays of buds, carved mountain snows,
I see *her* heart, for ever pure and true,—
The Virgin's Heart!—and in the morning dew
The tears of joy she shed when her great woes
Were lost in Heaven: and all June things speak,
From ambient perfume in the sunlit air
To trembling stalklets tipped by clover bloom,
Of Christ, His Mother, and the Heart we seek
Through tangled roads and by-ways foul or fair,
The Heart that cheers us in the deepest gloom."

From another publishing house comes another book by Mr.

* *Songs about Life, Love, and Death.* By Anne Reeves Aldrich. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Songs and Sonnets, and Other Poems.* By Maurice Francis Egan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Egan, a collection of stories* for children which will be found cheerful reading by boys and girls alike. They are all entertaining, and, as befits their audience, not too imaginative, not too remote from the ordinary surroundings of child-life in city and country to run any risk of failing to hit their intended mark. Mr. Egan has a flow and felicity of expression, and a happy knack in the selection of points to illustrate, and ways whereby to illustrate them, which justify and explain his popularity as a writer of tales and sketches.

Miss Donnelly's original and selected rhymes† for very young readers, though they do not show her at her best, which could hardly be expected under the given circumstances, are yet extremely well adapted to their special purpose, and ought to be found very useful in the nursery—perhaps also in the kindergartens.

Mrs. Chanler resumes her maiden name on the title-page of her sequel‡ to *The Quick or the Dead*, and prefaces it with a quotation from the *Phædrus* of Plato, from which the reader gathers that, finding her previous story "misunderstood and unjustly attacked," she comes now in a parental capacity to its aid; "for, unaided, it can neither retaliate nor defend itself." He further gathers that "Barbara," after enduring two years of loneliness consequent on "Jock Dering's" departure, without perceptible consolation arising from her fidelity to the deceased "Val," concludes to marry Jock on his return, and does so amidst much rapturous love-making which both precedes and follows the nuptial ceremony. And then the troubles of the pair begin. Barbara in her present phase, and especially under the light reflected on her by the Platonic quotation which ushers her once more into public notice, seems intended to correct certain misappreciations concerning both herself and her creator. She is, in reality, a very spiritual young woman, burning with clear, pure fires, and her new troubles arise from Jock's failure to appreciate the refined and beautiful sentiment she gives him. One would not like to animadvert on the position taken by the author, to cast blame on, or to poke fun at it. Perhaps, though, one might suggest that the object lesson would be more effective were it given in less glowing colors.

* *How they Worked their Way, and Other Tales* (Stories of Duty). By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *Little Compliments of the Season and Other Tiny Rhymes for Tiny Readers.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Bros.

‡ *Barbara Dering. A Sequel to The Quick or the Dead.* By Amélie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Such homely drabs and puritan browns, for example, as have been donned for a somewhat similar purpose by a woman whom we take to be as wide apart as the poles from Amélie Rives in general mental make-up, Mrs. Gestefeld. *The Woman Who Dares** is a serious book on a serious subject, and its unadorned simplicity has the effect of art, whether or not it were so intended. We take it to be unpremeditated and necessary. The author has somewhat to say which is worth saying, worth hearing, and worthy of serious reflection,—and she has cast it into story form, perhaps thinking to win a wider audience by so doing. There is no blinking the fact that the women of our day and generation, and presumably of that which is to follow, are taking a more decided stand on questions relating to their own personalities and personal accountability than they have done in any previous period. They are at least plainly bound to show that there are two sides to a shield which for ages has been held to have but one.

Still another clever study of the wrong-headedness of one of the many sides of the modern woman's struggle for absolute independence and individuality is to be found in Mrs. Andrew Dean's novelette, *A Splendid Cousin*,† the latest issue of Cassell's "Unknown" Library. It is wonderfully well done as a matter of artistic presentation of absolutely unconscious selfishness. Not a stroke too much mars, nor is one lacking to the completeness of the portrait of Theodora's self-absorption in an art in which she can never rise above amateurship, but to which everything else in life is not so much sacrificed without a pang, as accepted in sacrifice with the unresponsive unconcern of a fetich before its worshippers. Mrs. Dean's own art is so good that she has no need to preach or moralize. She is wisely content to set her people in evidence and in motion, and let them produce their own effect. She is plainly familiar with the moral and intellectual atmosphere which she indicates so well. Her style is as redolent of it as that of Vernon Lee, but she brings into it a waft of healthier air, a breath of common sense which blows away its mists and allows a glimpse of true local color to be caught.

* *The Woman Who Dares.* By Ursula N. Gestefeld. New York: Lovell, Gestefeld & Company.

†*A Splendid Cousin.* By Mrs. Andrew Dean. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

1.—FELIX ADLER'S METHOD OF TEACHING RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.*

This is the twenty-fourth volume of the International Education Series, edited by William T. Harris, A.M., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education. In his preface Mr. Harris ventures to hope that this timely book is full of helpful suggestions, and "may open for many teachers a new road to theoretic instruction in morality, and at the same time reinforce the study of literature in our schools." We can find in the volume before us no sure and safe foundation for this new road.

Mr. Adler informs us—page 15—that "the conscience can be enlightened, strengthened, guided . . . without once raising the question why it is wrong to do what is forbidden. The ultimate grounds of moral obligation need never be discussed in school. It is the business of religion and philosophy to propose theories, or to formulate articles of belief with respect to the ultimate sources and sanctions of duty." He thinks the moral teacher is to be a supreme judge of metaphysical and theological asseverations. He is not to explain or show reasons why we should do right, but to make young people see what is right more clearly, and instil into them "his own love of and respect for the right." Moreover he holds that there is a body of moral truth upon which all good men are agreed, and that "*it is the business of the public schools to deliver to their pupils this common fund of moral truth.*" After making this statement Mr. Adler goes on to the end of his volume without informing the expectant reader where the authority is to be found which can determine the extent of this "common fund of moral truth."

Some time ago we heard that as a practical application of his theories Mr. Adler requested a teacher in his kindergarten to impress upon the minds of her scholars the maxims of ethical culture without mentioning the name of God. The teacher replied that the success of kindergarten teaching depended largely on object lessons fully explained in simple language, and that God as the father of the world, the protector of the good, is a most attractive object of thought for little children. Unconsciously this teacher followed the same line of reasoning which St. Thomas Aquinas adopted long ago, when he proved the necessity of an objective reality for rational thought. Needless to say that Mr. Adler's new volume of speculative moral instruction cannot change the laws of the human mind, even though it is endorsed by modern agnostics.

* *The Moral Instruction of Children*. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

2.—LAMBERT'S FAMOUS ANSWERS TO INGERSOLL.*

Bishop Spalding's introduction to *Famous Answers* is—one knows not whether to term it powerful, philosophical, or charming, for it is all these and more. It charms by its beautiful rhetoric; its power is in the very truth of its every sentence; its philosophy is evidenced in the terse and logical reasoning; it is a careful and deeply thought essay on religion; it is very earnest and sincere, and adds great value to the book. We wonder if Colonel Ingersoll is capable of appreciating any part of it other than the beautiful and poetic English in which it is written. It is in strange and favorable contrast to Father Lambert's brilliant sword-thrusts at the colonel. His style of writing is in keeping with that flourish and flash of the agnostic antagonist. If Colonel Ingersoll reads this introduction he must wince at the thrusts he gets from the bishop's lance, when he is placed in contrast with his fellow-agnostics, if I may so call them, Fichte and Richter. There are passages in this essay that have the ring of inspired poetry—notably the one which begins: "I have reasons to believe that Colonel Ingersoll is a generous and kind-hearted man. Let him turn from," etc., at page 25. Father Lambert's book is in the same scintillating style as his widely-known and much-read *Notes on Ingersoll*, and, indeed, is even more drastic and cutting. Colonel Ingersoll's ignorance, shallowness, unfairness, blunderings, and misstatements, his lack of the reasoning faculty, and his want of logical mind-training, his utter "bubbleness," so to speak, are shown up in a merciless way, with a touch of humor that is inimitable. Max O'Rell says of Ingersoll that he is the greatest American philosopher. In the light of Father Lambert's *Famous Answers*, we pity those other American philosophers who are only greater or great. But then Max O'Rell is a literary persifleur, and his remarks anent the distinguished colonel may be an intended witticism. The *Colorado Catholic* has done a good work in placing the book before the public. The work is already in the fifth edition. We predict for it a very extensive sale.

3.—MISSION SERMONS FROM THE FLEMISH.†

These two handy volumes contain some fifty sermons on the topics that are preached the more frequently from the Catholic

* *Famous Answers to Colonel Ingersoll.* By Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Introduction by Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D. Published by the *Colorado Catholic*, Denver, Colorado.

† *Sermons from the Flemish.* Fifth series. Mission sermons, or courses for Advent and Lent. Translated by a Catholic Priest. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

pulpit. They embrace the whole line of subjects that are touched on during a mission, and should be preached in every congregation during Advent and Lent. The treatment of the great truths, as well as the moral subjects, is straightforward and practical.

It is just such hard-headed, matter-of-fact discourses, going straight to the heart, which are far more potent to change a man from his evil ways, to make him hate vice and love virtue, that should be used as models of sermonizing, rather than beautiful rhetorical essays sometimes published under the name of sermons. We commend these Flemish sermons particularly.

4.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND HIS MONUMENT.*

The book is a curious and entertaining compilation. The author says in his preface: "This volume of tributes essays to be but a concordance of some of the most choice and interesting extracts artistically illustrated with statues, scenes, and inscriptions." These words fairly describe the book. The illustrations are good and the extracts curious and many, ranging from old Spanish state papers to the recent literature of the Columbus celebration; from poet and historian, from old mural inscriptions, from inscriptions of the oldest statues to that of the New York monument. A book for the train, for idle moments, to fill up the time when one must wait—for instance in the reception office of a busy doctor—not without its value, interest, and instruction.

5.—THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF FAITH AND MORALS.†

One of the best books of instruction on religious matters that has ever come to our hands, invaluable to the teacher and advanced students of Christian doctrine. Cardinal Gibbons's letter of commendation, in which he says, "though unpretentious in size, is comprehensive in scope, embracing as it does the creeds and Sacraments of the church, and the moral law," well describes the work. The table of contents is excellently arranged and complete. There is also a copious index at the end of the volume, and, what will prove useful, a few pages of definition of terms. We congratulate the publishers on the typographical excellence of the book.

* *Christopher Columbus and His Monument—Columbia.* By J. M. Dickey. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

† *The Catholic Doctrine of Faith and Morals.* By Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D., Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston. Boston: Cashman, Keating & Co. 1892.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Briggs heresy trial is developing some new and interesting features. Already are the lines being sharply drawn between the seminary which fathers Dr. Briggs, on the one hand, and the gentlemen of the prosecution, on the other. If Dr. Briggs is condemned of differing from Dr. Birch—no very great crime after all, for on strictly Protestant theory one man has just as much a right to his interpretation of Scripture as the other—the matter will be just as far from being settled as it ever was. The outcome of the trial probably will be the rending in twain of the unity of the Presbyterian Church. Then as to which portion will last is a question of the "survival of the fittest."

In the meantime the publicity the trial has attained, and the questions so thoroughly discussed in it as to the authenticity of the Bible, are unsettling the faith of thousands who look to the Sacred Book for all the religion they have.

It is in reality the great principle of Protestantism—the sufficiency of the Bible and the Bible alone as both a dogmatic and a moral teacher—that is on trial. Doubts in the minds of all who read and think are being thrown on the origin, authority, and genuineness of every book in the Bible. The props on which the whole fabric of Protestantism rests are being knocked away, one after the other. If Dr. Briggs only had the courage of his convictions, and would act as logically as he reasons, tomorrow he would apply at the study of some Catholic priest and ask for admission into the church. He reasons in this way: Some court of last appeal is necessary to settle infallibly disputes on vital points of belief. The Bible is so uncertain, even interpreted by higher criticism or enlightened conscience, that we cannot unerringly depend on it. There is only left, then, the church inspired by the Holy Spirit, which is established to teach all things whatsoever revealed and for all time. Thus he reasons; the next step is to do what so many great men, like Newman and Brownson and Hecker, have done before him—to submit to the guidance of the infallible church.

Apropos of this Scripture controversy, we wish to announce that in the February number there will be published a very able article on Scriptural inspiration from the pen of Father Ryder of the Oratory, the successor of Cardinal Newman, and one of the ablest churchmen in England to-day.

A remarkable article has just been published by Mivart in the *Nineteenth Century* on a topic of intense interest in our modern controversy, and although we do not wish to be understood as approving every one of his conclusions, yet we think that we do a service to the cause of Catholic truth by calling attention to it.

Under the striking paradox of *Happiness in Hell* Mivart deliberately, in the first place, closes the gates of hell (that is, the hell of the damned) as far as may be, and narrows the way thereto by insisting on the teaching of Catholic theologians in regard to the destiny of unbaptized children and of those infants of larger growth, the untutored savages, and by a very liberal interpretation of the "baptism of desire" he keeps still others out from the exterior darkness. Then he proceeds to strictly interpret the conditions necessary for a hell-deserving mortal sin—the full knowledge, the free deliberation, and the plenary consent. In this way, leaning on Catholic theology, he succeeds in closing the door against a very large portion of the human race. Then, with a strong plea for mercy, he ameliorates the condition of the portion who are condemned. He contends that heredity and environment, and the necessities of life to some extent, diminish the malice of grievous sins and therefore their punishment, and that what *pœna sensus* there may be inflicted will mitigate until existence will be in a sense tolerable and certainly be more desirable than annihilation.

However, in so short a space we cannot give anything like a full synopsis of the article. But the point is, it is an adequate answer to all those, and they are not a few, who find what they think is the teaching of the church on the doctrine of hell a stumbling-block to their faith.

The Convention of the Apostolate of the Press, held this time last year, is not called again because the Catholic Summer-School affords a better opportunity, considering time and place, for the proper discussion of its aims and methods. The Summer-School offers a larger field for the development of the ideas generated before and in the last Convention, and is in

many respects the ideal place for the next session of the Convention.

We present a very taking list of articles this month. Father Zahm's paper on Pasteur will be read with intense interest by many who will be made aware that Pasteur, who has accomplished as much for science as any man living, is a sincerely earnest and devout Catholic. The paper is an exhaustive survey of his life's work, and gives in detail the various conquests he has made in the world of the infinitely little.

The Nazareth article appeals to a large clientelle in the South-west and elsewhere who have known or have come under the influence of the Sisters of Nazareth.

Next month we shall have a beautifully illustrated article on Maryville, one of the noted convents of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

The article on Fröbel will serve to increase the enthusiasm already manifesting itself in so many quarters for the kindergarten system. This series of articles on educators and their methods next month will include a paper on Overberg, the great Normal educator.

The Archbishops have sent out a strong letter urging interest in the Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, saying that as long as the work has been undertaken it ought to be carried to perfection, that to the thousands who will attend the Fair the exhibit of the Catholic schools will not only be a measure of the zeal and interest Catholics have shown for this work, but it will be evidence of the wonderful success that has attended their efforts. In order to fitly carry out the work planned donations may be sent to Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, Thirty-fifth Street and Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ISABELLA, the generous patroness of Columbus, has claims on the women of America not yet discovered by the National Board of Lady Managers in charge of the Woman's Building at the World's Columbian Exposition. Very reluctantly we make this statement, which is based on information communicated to us in letters from Chicago and elsewhere. For five days these managers discussed many topics, yet the official report of this long session contains no mention of the name of Isabella. Mrs. Potter Palmer, in her official address at the dedication, declared that no organization comparable to this Board of Lady Managers—of which she is president—"has ever before existed among women. It is official, acting under government authority and sustained by government funds. It is so far-reaching that it encircles the globe. Without touching upon politics, suffrage, or other irrelevant issues, this unique organization of women for women will devote itself to the promotion of their industrial interests. It will address itself to the formation of a public sentiment which will favor woman's industrial equality and her receiving just compensation for services rendered." No plan was made known in this address by a woman and for women especially by which to render "just compensation for services" to the glorious Queen of Spain. We are informed that a remonstrance sent to the Board of Lady Managers from New York has elicited a most unsatisfactory reply. The women of America cannot accept the responsibility of denying public honor to Isabella.

* * *

On behalf of the intelligent women members of numerous Catholic Reading Circles, we had hoped to be able to get a definite assurance that Isabella would be allowed at the World's Exposition to share with Columbus the honors of his great discovery. We are unwilling to think that a "unique organization of women for women" can be tainted with feminine ingratitude or historical ignorance of a most persistent type. No reasonable objection can be found for excluding Isabella from public and prominent recognition at an exposition intended to honor all the great personages associated with the discovery of America. If any defence is needed of the claims of Isabella, the loyal friends of her own sex in the United States should not remain silent. Nothing less than national honor is due to the co-discoverer of America. The official board which alone can secure this national honor to one of the noblest of their sex, cannot escape just censure if the power delegated for a useful purpose be displayed in gratifying any unlovely traits of human nature.

* * *

The secretary of the Committee of One Hundred, Commissioner Wahle, was applauded to the echo by distinguished representatives of all creeds in New York when he said:

"Let us pause for a moment to gaze upon that noble woman through whose generosity and faith this country was discovered. The Genoese dreamer would never have found ears to listen to his appeals save through the mystic ties of his church, save through the brotherhood in God which prompted men to deeds of martyrdom, which made crusaders, and which urged this woman to rob herself of the riches which were hers that Columbus might sail to find treasures to bring to her Redeemer's feet. Deeply reverent do we stand before that wonderful faith, humbly do we bow before the discipline and wonderful fraternity of that church which brought queen and pauper together, and gave to civilization a new world. Such is the story of the sailing of Columbus. No sordid gains, no selfish motive dwelt within the heart of that great queen. Deeply thankful for the victory of the Spaniards over the Moors, she hoped to find a fitting tribute to her God. Her mission was to civilize, her object was to dispel the gloom of heathenism. Among all bright pages of woman's history that upon which the name of the great Queen Isabella is inscribed is the brightest, because of her noble devotion to her faith, because of the sacrifices she made to accomplish the end she believed could be, because of the nobility which prompted the powerful Queen of Castile to sit with the beggar, the enthusiast, Columbus, to bid him adieu at Palos wharf."

In presence of the vast multitude assembled at the Columbian celebration in Brooklyn Rev. E. W. McCarthy delivered this beautiful tribute to Isabella:

"While thanking God and praising Columbus, we must not be unmindful of Isabella. It is one of the pathetic and pleasing features of this great event that it had as its patroness this illustrious queen. She is described as being one of the purest and most beautiful characters in all history. Majestic in her bearing, affable in her manner, she combined many of the stronger characteristics of man with the qualities of woman. Isabella, it would seem, had been inclined from the beginning to favor Columbus, against the advice of her councillors. Her brave spirit was attracted by the enterprise and her good heart longed for the spread of Christianity. When we think of the almost fabulous character of the promises of Columbus, the state of the scientific mind at the time, the pronounced opposition of the great majority of the learned men around her, and the impoverished condition of her treasury, we appreciate Isabella's great mental grasp and nobleness of soul, as she rises above all these influences and gives her name, her enthusiasm, and her wealth to the unpopular project. Undaunted by the coldness, if not unfriendliness, of Ferdinand towards it, she boldly stood out alone and said, 'I undertake it for my own crown of Castile.' Like the daughter of Pharao, who lifted the helpless infant from the river's bank, and protected it and supported it until it grew to be the great leader of the down-trodden Israelites who conducted them across the desert to the promised land, so Isabella took from the brink of despair, in utter helplessness, this other Moses, and by her royal generosity enabled him to lead the way across the waste of waters for the poor and the oppressed and the liberty-loving people of every country and all time to this larger land of brighter promise. Womanhood has done much for humanity. The history of the human race is a story of woman's noble self-sacrifice and unappreciated work. Womanhood has rocked the cradle of the world and has taught its teachers, trained its heroes, and soothed its sorrows; has wept over its miseries, has been the sunshine of life; but look along the line of human effort to the beginning and you will fail to find of her sex one who has done more for the human family than the immortal Isabella of Castile. Her name will be in benediction as long as the imperishable glory of America.

"I cannot help rejoicing not only because Isabella the Catholic stands sponsor for the infant America, but also because Catholic France held in her friendly arms our own infant Republic when it was baptized on the battle-fields of the Revolution.

"First, then, we should sing a Te Deum in praise of him who in the beginning said, 'Let the dry land appear.' Then, looking back to the event over which we rejoice, we see Columbus and Isabella standing hand-in-hand, and above them God, his hands extended over both. Columbus, clad in the richness of nature's

royal gifts; Isabella, robed in the splendors of the best type of monarchy. Columbus—risen from the common people—a nobleman of nature; Isabella, a beautiful outgrowth of the purest aristocracy. Columbus representing the royalty of the New World, Isabella the royalty of the Old, with hands joined in enduring friendship, while God blesses them both."

* * *

Members of Reading Circles devoted to the study of history will read with interest the following letter, written evidently with a desire to arouse enthusiasm for our Catholic pioneers in America:

"The universal history of the church, her world-wide work, is so vast a field that Catholic Reading Circles can do no more than hastily travel over it. Then it is remote—covering a past of far-reaching antiquity. Our Catholic history, the wonderful growth of the faith, the transplanting of an old faith to new fields, is so near us in time, so close in location, that we cannot but be interested. Yet, while American Catholic history is limited in time and place, it is cosmopolitan in the elements that compose it. The wonderful commingling of nations, the culture and experience of the missionaries who founded the church, furnish abundant material for study. So, I should say to all Catholic Reading Circles: study your own history of America. Bring the enthusiasm of youth to the investigation of the works of men and women who trod the same land we now inhabit, and looked on the same mountains and rivers. We enjoy our comfortable churches—they worshipped in the wild forests. It is the very romance of history, the founding of our faith in this new world, whether you take the States of the North, with their phlegmatic Dutch settlers; Canada and the West, with their fiery-hearted French; the southern Colonies and California, with their courtly Spanish conquerors, it is all a wonderful, fascinating story, and full of those elements of adventure, danger, and final triumph that work the magic of fiction. No writers of romance conceived greater perils for their heroes than these same men—real men—suffered. It is a wonderful story, one to fascinate the mind, uplift the purpose, strengthen the faith of a comfort-loving age, and renew our gratitude for the great inheritance won for us by our fearless Catholic ancestors.

"In New York State the martyrdom of Father Jogues and his companions; in Virginia the slaying of Father Segura's little band. Here the tomahawk flourishes with as grand a gleam as in any novel; but its red stains are the blessed blood-drops of martyrs. Even the scalping, that cruel act of every Indian tragedy, is not wanting. Mark the distinction between these real tragedies and the mock-heroic pictures of savage life in fiction. These men of our faith, who suffered unto death, were not impelled by the vulgar greed of the trader and the Indian-fighter to go into the red man's territory. They were not rough pioneers building up fortune in the new land. They represented exquisite refinement, high intellect, and nobility of purpose. Generations of culture in the old-world civilization alone could produce such types. Read the letters they wrote—quaint as they seem to us now—in the flowing French, the courteous Spanish, the cordial English of Celt or Saxon, and contrast their natural dignity with the bombast of Indian or pioneer fiction.

"These men, cavaliers of France, hidalgos of Spain, noblemen of England and Ireland, priests and laymen, came from colleges and centres of culture to live simple, rough lives among the savages. With the grand gifts of faith they left, too, the impress of that gentler, fuller life they had forsaken.

"Forgive me if I have too long detained you dwelling on the picture revealed to us through the doors of our own native Catholic history. The beauty of the opening, ever-widening panorama must be my excuse; and the ideal it suggests will atone for the weakness of my description. To enjoy it at its best one must open wide the door. Having furnished some faint outline of the pleasure and profit in store for the Catholic clubs who follow invigorating excursions into our own past, it may not be amiss to add a few practical hints. Intellectual pursuits, whether begun in the solitude of one's own study or with pleasant, sympathetic stimulus of fellow-workers, are enjoyable in proportion to their earnestness and thoroughness. No half-hearted mental exertion brings any compensation; it is a

weariness of spirit. So begin by being thoroughly interested in whatever subject is taken up for the season's work; study it in all its details. Bring to bear all that touches on that line of thought. You will be surprised to find how much matter in the way of reference you can command when once your attention is fixed on a given subject. Books, newspaper and magazine articles will all seem to spring up everywhere with information to your hand. You will wonder at all that has been written on a subject that perhaps you have hardly ever before considered.

"If you have taken up the study of American Catholic history you can make it more local by studying the progress of the church in the State of New York. There is the settlement by the Dutch, the coming of the first missionaries, some account of the early dwellings, the topography of Manhattan Island, the manners and customs of the early settlers, the social enjoyments—music, dancing, meetings—the language spoken, wherein it differs from any spoken to-day, the laws that governed the people, the prevailing religion, the popular opinion, the forces that fostered or fettered the founding of Catholicity—all these could be studied, written about, or taught by extracts from the writers of those days. Should the history of your own State seem so local and familiar as to be wanting in interest, there are the chronicles of the Southern States and California teeming with romance and adventure, narratives of the early Florida and Mexican missions reflecting the old world grace and chivalry.

"For a general text-book there can be nothing better than Dr. Gilmary Shea's invaluable work. Besides, there are numerous histories of the different States. Once launched on this subject we find no lack of charts to guide us into varied streams. We come back from the study, having looked into the dauntless faces of the storm-tossed pioneers of early American Catholicity, and we follow our own smooth way with stronger faith, greater gratitude, and higher resolution.

"M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

"*Mobile, Ala.*"

* * *

The John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston, of which Miss Katherine E. Conway is president, has organized a course of lectures in aid of its library and reading-room fund. It is a most hopeful sign of growing strength and influence when a Reading Circle can undertake to secure an audience for these distinguished lecturers:

Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., Boston College: "Garcia Moreno, the Martyred President of Ecuador."

George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D.: "The Pole Star of American Literature."

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.: "The Irish Element in Modern English Literature."

All the lectures will be given in the new hall of the Knights of St. Rose, Worcester Street, Boston. The John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle was organized in October, 1889, and is the oldest of the Boston Reading Circles. It has had three seasons of earnest work, during which the members have strengthened themselves not only in things intellectual, but in Catholic feeling and steadfast enthusiasm for the present Catholic literary movement. The Circle has already the beginning of a good library, and its present enterprise is to add to this, and provide for itself a permanent reading-room.

* * *

We owe an apology to many of our correspondents for delay in answering their communications, as there is no salaried official to attend to such matters. Some of the questions asked require much time and research, and we are entirely dependent on volunteer service in our work for the diffusion of Catholic literature. Here is a letter which shows the work is appreciated:

"I approve most heartily, as every Christian must, of the design of the Columbian Reading Union. To-day we need to spread our faith in printed form more than ever before. There are many who can be reached in this way—earnest, truth-seeking people who have never had an opportunity to read a Catholic book. Catholics, as a rule, are close-mouthed before non-Catholics, for fear of ridicule or of being misunderstood. In many cases the non-Catholic child is early taught that Catholics are ignorant idolaters, blind, led by the priests. If you have not already written Catholic tracts and distributed them, I would suggest that the experiment be tried.

"LUCY AGNES HAYES.

"*New Bedford, Mass.*"

* * *

Four of the Catholic Reading Circles of Brooklyn—the St. James, the Loughlin, the Perboyre, and the Fransioli—formed a diocesan union Nov. 14, 1892, under the direction of Rev. W. E. Farrell. The members of the different Circles were well represented in the musical and literary programme prepared for the evening of Nov. 22. St. Peter's orchestra rendered some choice selections, under the personal direction of Rev. John Canmer. The paper on Columbus by Mr. R. T. Rea was a noble tribute to the heroism and faith of the great discoverer. From the early history of America he gathered many proofs that long before a Puritan set foot on Plymouth Rock civilization had been established on this continent by heroic Catholic pioneers and missionaries.

The St. Scholastica Reading Circle of Albany held a meeting entirely devoted to Columbus. Many selections were read from the articles that have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Besides the regular work appointed for the meetings this Circle has a *home study* for members. New features that have proved interesting are a summary of the news of the week and a review of the contents of some of the leading magazines.

There is a demand for handy volumes bearing on the history of the middle ages. Here is a suggestion for publishers from one of our correspondents: "There are four essays by Archbishop Spalding that I wish might be published in one small volume: *Literature and the Arts in the Middle Ages; Literature and the Catholic Clergy; Schools and Universities in the Dark Ages; The Origin of Libraries in Ancient and Modern Times.* Such a volume would be a treasure to Catholic teachers, and would also be a good antidote to some works that I could mention on the history of education."

The Notre Dame Reading Circle of Dayton, Ohio, is composed of young ladies formerly pupils of the Notre Dame Academy. Meetings are held twice a month. Rev. Father Neville attends one meeting each month, and gives the members a share in the benefits of his extensive reading. The Columbian programme sent to us from this Circle indicates a wide range of talent among the members.

M. C. M.



NEW BOOKS.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

How They Worked Their Way, and other Tales. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D.

Spiritual Crumbs for Hungry Little Souls; or, Simple Instructions on the Virtues, for the Children of the Catholic Church. By Mary E. Richardson.

Little Compliments of the Season, and other Tiny Rhymes for Tiny Readers. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Pustet, Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati:

Magister Choralis. A theoretical and practical Manual of Gregorian Chant, for the use of Clergy, Seminarists, Organists, Choir-masters. By Dr. F. X. Haberl. From the German by Right Rev. Dr. Donnelly.

Side-Switches of the Short Line. Jointly by Rev. J. W. Dean Book, Cannelton, Ind., and Rev. Thos. Jefferson Jenkins, St. Lawrence, Ky.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia:

The Lost Lode. By Christian Reid. *Stella's Discipline.* By F. X. L.

Brentano's, New York:

Magnificat. Illustrated by Frank M. Gregory.

Life of Chopin. (Petite Library.) By Edward Francis.

Chas. A. Rogers, Louisville, Ky.:

The Columbian Celebration at St. Louis Bertrand.

John A. Heilmann, Kansas City, Mo.:

On the Mission in Missouri, 1857–1868. By Right Rev. John Joseph Hogan.

J. W. Doré, London:

Best Dressed Man. A Gossip on Manners and Modes.

Cashman, Keating & Co., Boston:

The Catholic Doctrine of Faith and Morals, gathered from Sacred Scripture, Decrees of Councils, and approved Catechisms. By Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D.

Ginn & Co., Boston:

A French Reader. By Rev. Alphonse Dufour, S.J.

Geo. H. Ellis, Boston and New York:

The Evolution of Christianity. By M. J. Savage.

The Insight of Faith. By Henry Wilder Foote, Minister of King's Chapel.

Afterglow. By Frederic A. Hincley.

"*Members of One Body.*" Six Sermons. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York:

The Church in Relation to Sceptics. A Conversational Guide to Evidential Work. By Rev. Alex. J. Harrison, B.D.

McMillan & Co., New York and London:

Don Orsino. By F. Marion Crawford.

Franz Kirchheim, Mainz:

General-Register des "Katholik" vom jahre 1821 bis 1889. Von Johannes Stillbauer.

Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York:

A Perplexed Philosopher. By Henry George.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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LAVIGERIE, THE NEW ST. PAUL.*

"INVESTIGATE the ruins which everywhere strew the ground, you will discover in them, lying one above the other, the traces of great historic races; the remains of the highest and most varied civilization; the graves, the monuments, and the memorials of the most illustrious men; the scattered stones of the world-famed cities. What names are those of Carthage, Hippo, and Utica; of Scipio, Hannibal, Marius, Cato, Jugurtha, and Cæsar!

"But for us Christians there exist memories of a far more hallowed nature, sacred memories of the heroes of our faith, of their courage, their genius, and their sanctity. Grand indeed was the Church of Africa with her seven hundred bishops, her innumerable churches, her monasteries, her doctors. The soil was saturated with the blood of martyrs; the whole church rejoiced to listen, while a Cyprian and an Augustine unfolded dogmas and doctrines; and in the hour of persecution the courage of her delicate maidens surpassed that of hardy and intrepid men; the grottoes of her mountains and the oases of her deserts were perfumed by the virtues of her solitaries.

"Why hast thou fallen, great and illustrious church? Why have the stones of thy sanctuaries been scattered?"

Such was the way in which Charles Martial-Allemand Lavigerie expressed himself on taking possession of the Archiepiscopal See of Algiers in 1867.

* *Cardinal Lavigerie and African Slavery.* By Father Clarke, S.J.; *Blackwood's Magazine* (Sept., 1892), "Europe and Africa"; *Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race.* By Blyden.

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Within a year after this he had been to Rome, experienced a narrow escape from shipwreck, and in his own diocese went through the ordeal of two plagues—cholera and famine—which culminated in typhus. According to the official report, half a million died either from starvation or pestilence. This famine furnished the occasion for Lavigerie to speak to Christians throughout the world, calling on them to come to the rescue of their famishing fellow-creatures. And Catholic charity, true to its divine instinct, offered abundant help. Money came, but better still, volunteers flocked to Afric's sunny clime; priests and laymen, religious of many orders, ladies of rank, physicians and soldiers, all lent their energies to the work.

The archbishop's special labor seems to have been among the orphans. Starting with one, he soon had two thousand on his hands. His interview with the first, as narrated by himself, is touching:

"It was November, 1867, that the first one presented himself—a boy about ten years old. He was worn to a skeleton.

"'Where do you come from, my child?' I asked.

"'From the mountains, a long, long way off.'

"'What has become of your parents?'

"'My father is dead. My mother is in her gourbi' (a kind of hut formed of branches).

"'Why did you leave her?'

"'She told me there was no more bread for me there, that I must go away to the Christian villages; so I came here.'

"'What did you do on the way?'

"'In the day-time I ate the grass in the fields, and at night I hid in some hole lest the Arabs should see me; for people said that they would kill and eat me.'

"'And now where are you going?'

"'I do not know.'

"'Would you like to go to an Arab marabout?'

"'Oh, no, no! When I went to them they drove me away, and if I did not go off fast enough they set their dogs at me.'

"'Would you like to stay here with me?'

"'Oh, yes! I should like that.'

"'Well, then, come with me and I will take you into the house where my children are; you shall be one of them, and you shall be called by my name, Charles.'

"That same day I took him to the Lesser Seminary. He proved to be a charming child, docile and intelligent. The an-

swer he made me when, after the famine was over, I one day asked him whether he would not like to go and look for his mother, was worthy of the tact and warm-heartedness that are so strongly blended in the Arab character. He negatived my proposal most decidedly, and I inquired the reason.

"'Because,' he replied, 'I have found a father here who is both father and mother to me.'"

This child's story is a fair sample of all the rest. All who came were equally homeless, equally friendless; and some of them told tales so terrible as to make the missionaries shudder.

ARAB CHRISTIAN VILLAGES.

The outgrowth of these orphanages were the Arab Christian villages, which were first started in 1873. Writing about them the illustrious archbishop says:

"The villages are the salvation of our children. There, gathered together under the eye of the missioner, encouraging and helping one another by mutual example, they are sheltered from the dangers to which they would be exposed in any other part of the colony. The Christian village is an oasis in the desert; all around is sadly desolate and parched up by human passions. Here grow up not only my children but my grandchildren, for I have been for some years a grandfather, the greater part of the cottages being now enlivened with the presence of one or two, or even more, little ones. I wish you could come with me to visit the village of St. Cyprian, and see me surrounded by a crowd of little folk, who call me 'Grandpapa Bishop,' pull me by my cassock, and climb upon my knees to see if I have any goodies to distribute. I submit to all with joy and thank God, who has made use of the charity of the faithful to give life to so many innocent creatures destined to be some day the instruments of his wise designs. It is only in the church that these little ones sometimes give a small amount of trouble; for one cannot induce the mothers to leave them behind, nor can we coax the children, when there, to cease from their spontaneous cries of joy and wonder. But no matter; they give to God their unconscious homage, like the birds that chirp around us, and celebrate in their own way the infinite providence of their Creator."

But come now and visit the village. The houses stand apart, and are arranged in regular streets. They are humble, it is

true, but they are bright with cleanliness—one of the most attractive signs of civilization. Young plants of the eucalyptus display their verdure. A church, poor indeed but clean and spotless, like the other buildings which it overlooks, is surmounted by that sign of peaceful conquest, the cross, which is destined to give spiritual life to Africa, so long bent under the yoke of death. In front of the village there stretches a long garden divided into lots apportioned to the different families, and watered by two wells sunk in the soil; in the back there is a field, surrounded by a double mound of earth, within which are enclosed at night-time the oxen employed in tillage.

LAVIGERIE AS A MISSIONARY.

But the missionary side of the life of this great apostle is the most attractive. According to an estimate recently made, it is calculated that the vast area of the continent of Africa, consisting of 11,900,000 square miles, is now almost entirely under the proclaimed authority and sway of the European powers. Only 2,500,000 square miles are still to be accounted for. This partition of Africa has not been preceded by the clash of arms, nor is it the result of any great war. For weal or woe the whole of the Dark Continent is now within the European system, and forms, to all intents and purposes, an extension of the various European states over the broad spaces reaching from the Cape to Cairo. Since 1876 France has increased her African lands eightfold, Great Britain sevenfold, the Congo Free States of 1,000,000 square miles is a perfectly new creation, and both Germany and Italy have for the first time in their history taken up serious African responsibilities. Besides these, our own Liberia plays no mean part. Such a collocation of interests could hardly have been foreseen even a few years ago, and is scarcely yet realized in its full significance.

"Africa herself is forgotten, remaining in the mysterious background as the witch-power of history, attracting and repelling, puzzling and fascinating alternately. Carthage lies in ruins, with a curse upon the hand that would rebuild her; Zama is forgotten; and, age after age, the immovable Sphinx gazes over the desert sands with fixed eyes beneath the solemn canopy of cerulean night, a symbol of Africa herself, whose fortunes no man has told, whose thoughts no one has measured. Now and then, as 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,' the eye lights upon an abiding spot in her annals, and a green fertilizing oasis in the midst of oblivion, rescued from 'the

boundless contiguity' of the shadowless desert. Still there is no continuous thread in the labyrinth of her annals, no leading motives in her fortunes, no method in her policies. At one time it is a country fit only to breed lions for the amphitheatre, at another to breed slaves for Europe. Sitting, as it were, in a dark room, with dissolving views before us, we seem to look upon the incidents of history rather than upon history itself in the past annals of the African continent" (*Blackwood's Magazine*).

"The evangelization of this Africa Monsignor Lavigerie had chiefly at heart. From the moment he set foot on that coast he felt the need of a body of men specially devoted to the preaching of the faith of Christ to the natives. His diocesan clergy barely sufficed for the needs of the colony, and we are assured that they were impressed from their youth up with the idea that to hold any intercourse or establish any relations, even those of simple charity, with the natives would draw down upon them the displeasure of the authorities; hence they never attempted to acquire such mastery of the native tongue as would render intercourse possible" (Clarke's *Lavigerie*, page 90).

While the archbishop was full of these reflections, he was agreeably surprised to find that the rector of his seminary, who had passed forty years in Algeria, was of the same mind. "The Ancient Father," as this venerable priest was familiarly called, brought one day to the archbishop three of the seminarians, who offered themselves for the African missions. Monsignor Lavigerie accepted them, imparting his blessing to the kneeling four. Providence sent him guides for the new work in the persons of two priests, a Jesuit and a Sulpician, who had come to Algiers for their health and had asked to be given some work compatible with their weak state. A house was built, in which were installed these two fathers—one a type of St. Ignatius's faith and military spirit, and the other of the Venerable Olier's sacerdotal sanctity. It was the first novitiate of the Society of African Missions, which was formally approved by the Holy See in 1873. Although the mother-house of this new society was in his own diocese, Monsignor Lavigerie, in organizing a definite form of government, exempted it from the authority of the ordinary, viz., the Archbishop of Algiers. At the consecration of the chapel of the seminary Archbishop Lavigerie poured out his heart and wishes as follows:

"But now," he said, addressing his spiritual sons, "my con-

science will be at rest. My works will not perish, for I have placed them in your hands; you will continue them; nay, more, they will grow and multiply, for they no longer depend for support on the frail force of one whom a few steps may carry to the grave, but on the stalwart shoulders of a young and flourishing community. I can depart in peace, certain that the children we have received will not again become outcasts, that the poor we have befriended will not be forsaken, that the souls who cried to me for help will not cry to you in vain.

" . . . Ever keep in view the spirit and distinctive character of our society; lose sight of that, and the peculiar object of its creation disappears. This special end must be accomplished by special means. We must assume as much as possible the manners of the natives; we must speak their language, wear their garments, eat their food, in conformity to the example of the Apostle: 'become all things to all men, that we may save all.'

"But mission work in Algeria is far from being the chief object of our ambition. The aim and end of our apostolate is the evangelization of Africa—of that almost impenetrable interior whose dark depths are the last hiding-places of a brutal barbarism, where cannibalism still prevails, and slavery in its most degrading forms. To this work you have pledged yourselves by a solemn vow and promise, and I see you now waiting with impatience to enter the field of battle; your weapons deeds of charity, your shields gentleness and patience, your teaching that of example, your triumph the heroic sacrifice of your life" (Clarke's *Life*, page 95).

THE WORK BEGINS IN THE SAHARA DESERT.

It was in the Sahara that the missioners first established a footing; but, by the advice of Monsignor Lavigerie, they did not preach openly because of the intense opposition. "Our school and our drug-shop are our great strongholds," wrote one of the missionaries. Gratis they administered remedies for the physical ills of the poor Moslems, while they educated the rising generation. And soon the Arabs learned to love these fathers, whose French government they abhorred. The following description of Monsignor Lavigerie's first official visit to the Berbers is very entertaining:

"We went through several villages, passing sometimes below, sometimes above the houses, as our zigzag path led us. Ever and anon the women's faces would peep out from behind the

walls of their dwellings, regarding us half with alarm, half with curiosity. Some of the boldest children ventured a little way towards us; but if we took a single step in their direction, they instantly took to their heels, screaming at the top of their voices. We held out some *sous* to them from afar, as an incitement. This was a sore temptation. I remember one little fellow, about four or five years old, less timid than the rest, a very bundle of rags, one eye already gone, the other soon to disappear in its turn beneath the crust of dirt and the repulsive sores that covered his face; he longed for our *sous*, but still kept at a respectful distance.

"'Come along, then,' one of our party said to him; 'if you want them, come and get them.'

"The boy, whose single eye had in it all the cunning of the savage, stretched out his tiny hand and, pointing with his finger, said:

"'Ah! I know why you want me to come for the *sous;* you want to catch me and carry me off; throw them down on the road, and then I will pick them up.'

"We burst out laughing, as may be imagined, and threw him the coins, which he gathered up in a moment, and then sped away like an arrow from a bow, scaling with marvellous agility the precipitous rocks overhanging the village. The reason of the terror excited was afterwards explained to us. In order to prevent the boys and girls of the villages from holding any intercourse with the French, the Kabyles give them the most alarming accounts of the way in which we treat children. According to them, the French are a race of ogres who live on raw flesh, and greedily devour all children on whom they can lay hands. Our overtures of friendship, in the eyes of my little urchins, were a diabolical trap, laid for the purpose of providing a fresh dish for breakfast. We could not help laughing at the fright the poor little fellow had been in; but it was sad to think that the child, who had been taught to consider Christians as objects of terror, was himself a descendant of Christians who had loved the faith and suffered for it."

One of those who accompanied Monsignor Lavigerie on this journey thus describes his reception in a village:

"We went thither on foot, for the steep mountain paths are, as may well be imagined, quite impassable for carriages. After interminable windings among rocks, valleys, and trees, we came

in sight of the village whither we were bound, standing on a slight eminence. The archbishop had announced his visit beforehand, and at the entrance of the village all the men, headed by its venerable patriarch, were assembled to receive him in a house entirely open on the side which looked onto the road. The women and children were perched in all imaginable places—the ledges of the rocks, the roofs of the houses—every spot which afforded standing-room, where human feet could climb or human limbs could rest.

"Monsignor Lavigerie was in full canonicals, and was surrounded by the priests belonging to his suite. When he arrived within a short distance of the village, the men advanced in a body solemnly to meet him and bid him welcome. The aged patriarch who preceded them was the amin or major, the others were his council; for the Kabyles have retained a municipal form of government, after the model of the Roman, with public assemblies and popular elections. The building mentioned above was the forum, or, as they call it there, the djemmaa—a kind of town-hall, the meeting-place of all the male inhabitants of an age to carry arms. There affairs of local or general interest are discussed, transfer of land is effected, and all business of a civic or political nature transacted.

"The amin approached the archbishop, and with a stately and dignified gesture laid his hand lightly on the vestment, and then raised it respectfully to his lips.

"'May the blessing of God be with you all!' the archbishop said. And with one voice they all responded: 'May it be also with thee!'

"We then proceeded to the djemmaa—the first house, as we had said, at the entrance of the village; being completely open on two sides, it looked more like a shed than anything else. Against the two walls on the right and on the left were rows of stone seats rising above one another like the tiers of an amphitheatre. The place of honor was assigned to Monsignor Lavigerie; then each one took a seat where he pleased.

"'I have come to see you,' the archbishop began, addressing the amin, 'to show my affection for you. (Here all present simultaneously laid their hands, first on their heart, then on their forehead.) I have reason to love you, for we French are related to you; the same blood runs in our veins. Our forefathers were Romans, in part at least, as were yours; we are Christians, as you too once were. Look at me. I am a Christian bishop. Well, in days gone by, there were more than five hundred bishops

like me in Africa, all Kabyles, many of them illustrious men distinguished for their learning. All of your race were originally, Christians; but the Arabs came and ruthlessly slaughtered your bishops and priests, and compelled your ancestors to adopt their creed. Do you know all this?'

"A very voluble consultation took place among the audience, then the amin replied:

"'Yes, we know it; but you speak of a time long past. Our grandfathers have told us these things; but as for ourselves, we have seen nothing of them.'"

WOMEN BECOME MISSIONARIES.

In connection with the seminary the archbishop established the Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions. In heathen and Mohammedan countries women are secluded, and in consequence can be reached by women only. The wives and daughters of the men and boys whom Monsignor Lavigerie's missionaries were converting needed the sisters to take care of them. It took the prudent archbishop ten years to form this community of sisters, whose growth, however, was very great, while of their work Monsignor Lavigerie thus speaks:

"I have seen them in the midst of their work; I have seen them surrounded by a motley crowd of men and children, both Christians and Mohammedans, all clamoring for succor, begging them to cure their ailments, to relieve their poverty, kissing with the utmost veneration the habit they wear. I remember hearing one of our sisters say that once, while passing through the streets of a populous Eastern city, she was accosted by an old man, a Turk, who asked her, with a mixture of curiosity and respect: 'Tell me, sister, when you came down from heaven did you wear the same dress in which we see you now?'" (Clarke's *Lavigerie*, p. 108).

HE EDUCATES PRIESTS FOR THE ORIENTAL COMMUNIONS.

With the brief mention of his opening an hospital outside of Algiers for the Arabs, let us go on to the establishment of St. Ann's Apostolic School and Seminary, Jerusalem. The great primate had this work started for the purpose of training natives for the priesthood in the Melchite and Oriental communions. The following extracts are from a letter addressed by its rector, Rev. L. Federlin, to the director of the work of Eastern schools (*L'Ouvre d'Écoles de l'Orient*):

" . . . Last year I had the honor of conversing with you concerning the dangers of Catholics in the East from the influence of Russians and Protestants. I sketched in part the work which a native seminary could take in this battle against heresy and infidelity—this combat between truth and error. Then I expressed the hope that it might be our good fortune to furnish the first contingent to this army of the Lord. It is a great consolation to us now to know that God has granted this wish. Blessed be his name! . . . You will not be astonished to know that the beginning of this work has been of the humblest kind, whatever it may have already accomplished. It is always so with the works of God, but especially, it seems to me, with seminaries. It is a truth too often misunderstood in our days. Nowhere, but especially not in mission countries, should apostolic vocations be hurried. Besides the direct call from God, they need a long and thorough formation. It is only this year, then, that St. Ann has had its first ordination. Five of our seminarians having finished their theological studies, were thought worthy to receive Holy Orders. . . . In the meanwhile God had in store for us a bitter trial. In his inscrutable designs, he had resolved to call to himself one of the young Levites before he had ascended the holy altar. . . . On the 28th, at the earliest dawn of day, a great crowd filled the venerable basilica erected over the tomb of the Blessed Virgin, amongst them the faithful of all the different rites and of every religious community in and around Jerusalem, all being anxious to witness the touching ceremony and become partakers in our great joy. . . . After the chanting of the Gospel in Greek and Arabic, I took my place near the throne of Cardinal Lavigerie, our illustrious father, who at the command of Leo XIII. had established the Seminary of St. Ann. Although he could not be present in the flesh, yet he was with us in spirit, as is testified by the letter which I will enclose for your perusal:

"'MY BELOVED CHILDREN: Permit me to call you thus—though you do not yet know me personally, and thus far I have not had the pleasure of coming in immediate contact with you. But the charity of the Lord and that which it has inspired me to do for you through your masters, who are my beloved sons, has implanted in my heart a truly paternal love for each and every one, and my soul goes out in gratitude to Him who calls you now to enter into the sanctuary and ascend to the holy altar, the first-fruits of the Seminary of St. Ann.

"'How dearly would I love to assist at the ceremony, for I have always cherished a tender affection for your church and for

the Oriental Christians, and greatly desire to see you so increase in knowledge and virtue as to bring back the glory of past centuries. Indeed, the tears of joy flow freely from my eyes at the thought that this little seed planted by me will, by the grace of God, become a great tree, under whose thick and shady branches future generations shall come to find repose, guided by you, who will be their pastors. But though these tears may not be shed in your venerable sanctuary, so replete with memories of former greatness, yet far from you will they flow, mingled with fervent prayers to the Heart of Jesus and of his Immaculate Mother, under whose protection you have passed the most precious years of your lives.

"'With these sentiments do I extend in spirit my hands above your heads, in union with that venerable pontiff who will confer upon you the sacred rite of ordination, and at the same time will offer to God, if he thinks best, the few remaining years of my life to obtain for you the grace of becoming true apostles to your nation, and worthy laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.

"'The day of your ordination, my dear children, will be the happiest gift you could offer to the old cardinal who rejoices in the title of "your father."

"'To my paternal benediction I have the consolation of joining that of the Father of all the faithful, for I have obtained from the Holy Father the Pope, through his Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, a special blessing for you, because Leo XIII. tenderly loves the Eastern, and particularly our Melchite Church, and unites his wishes with mine that you may receive at your ordination all the plenitude of the gifts of God. With these prayers and wishes, my very dear children, I am only too happy to sign myself once more

"'Your father in Christ,

"'CHARLES CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

"'*Algiers, 3d Sept., 1890.*

"'*To the Greek Catholic students of St. Ann's Seminary, but especially to those who, having finished their course of studies, are about to receive Holy Orders.*'

" . . . This touching letter of the great Apostle of Africa was accompanied by the pontifical brief, in which His Holiness deigned to bless our work and urge it on with his precious encouragement. . . . Of one thing, though, I must speak, and that is of the outburst of joy on the part of all the Greek Catholics at the news of these ordinations, and the venerable patriarch expressed aloud the gratitude which filled his own heart and those of the people towards the seminary and to the beloved Cardinal Lavigerie. At Jerusalem also was the feeling most profound, and in that holy city were assembled in sepa-

rate groups the children of the church and representatives of its cut-off branches.

"To the first, these ordinations were an unmixed joy; for they were a new proof of Catholic union, and also of the jealous care with which our Holy Mother guards the ancient rites of the Oriental Church; but to our separated brethren, they were as the sound of the death-knell; for their Seminary of the Holy Cross, once so prosperous, is closed for lack of candidates, while St. Ann's goes on increasing in vigor and training native Levites in large numbers for the work before them. Oh! may our poor misguided brethren soon open their eyes and their hearts to the truth, and, returning to the faith of their fathers, take once more in the great Catholic family the brilliant place they once occupied. . . . After their ordination our pupils entered at once upon their new career, and now they are spreading abroad amongst their brethren the truths imbibed by them in the seminary. By this teaching they make our faith known. . . . It will not be long ere they are reinforced by the younger pupils who are now being trained for the Catholic Apostolate."

THE MISSIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

The greatest of all the illustrious Primate of Africa's labors was in Central Africa, which brought him face to face with the slave-trade.

"My spiritual sons have already gone forth to plant the standard of the Cross in distant regions. They are to be found in Tunis, amid the ruins of Carthage, on the spot where St. Louis of France breathed his last. They have established themselves at the Leptis of the ancients, and thence they have advanced by the old route into the desert—that desert which the resources and discoveries of civilization render no longer impassable, and the sands of which are dyed with the blood of their young and generous hearts. They are in Palestine, at Jerusalem, where they are constituted the guardians of a sanctuary dear to the Christian world on account of its historical associations and traditional interests. And lastly, what is most important of all, they have penetrated into the interior of Africa, and reached the barbarous lands surrounding the great lakes discovered by Livingstone and Stanley; there they form the nucleus of a great army, an army of peace, whose mission is to deliver the unhappy negro race from the thraldom under which they groan. It is my task to direct the tactics of these warriors and strengthen their hands in the distant lands where they are encamped; to provide them with their daily bread, the necessaries

of life. For this I must toil in the sweat of my brow; do not, therefore, begrudge me my leisure—a leisure which brings no lessening of labor. To you I can address the self-same words that were spoken to the faithful at Hippo: 'Nemo ergo invideat otio meo, quia otium meum magnum habet negotium'—Let no one begrudge me my rest from labor, for with me rest from labor means plenty of fresh work" (Clarke's *Life*).

The scramble for Africa is almost now a byword. The nations of Europe have deliberately divided the Dark Continent among themselves without as much as saying "By your leave" to the natives; the soldiers, too, of the Cross, in the peaceful way of Christ, have divided the country into spiritual kingdoms. Along the shores of the Mediterranean are the Franciscans; in Abyssinia, the Lazarists; in Senegambia and Senegal, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost; the African missionaries of Lyons are in Guinea, at the Cape, and in Dahomey; the missioners of Verona are in the country south of Egypt, lately overrun by the Mahdi; the Jesuits are on the island of Madagascar and neighboring islets; the Oblates of Mary at Natal. All along the shores of Africa there is no spot untrodden by the messengers of peace, whose errand is to bring that peace which surpasses all understanding to the unhappy progeny of Ham.

Pius IX., as he stood on the brink of the grave, gave the impetus to this outpouring of the Spirit. His eyes were weary in beholding the rising tide of irreligion in Europe, but they lit up with ardor and enthusiasm at the prospect of the great conquests to the Cross to be made among the one hundred million souls in Africa.

Among the obstacles enumerated by Lavigerie to the success of the evangelization of Africa pre-eminent mention is given to Mohammedanism, for in its train follow the evils of polygamy and slavery. With the efforts made to stamp out the latter the name of the great primate will ever be identified. His crusade throughout Europe was crowned with wonderful blessing. It is a matter of deep regret that his journeyings did not extend to America, for the abolition of slavery here furnished the key-note of what could be done with the infamous traffic on the Dark Continent.

THE WHITE FATHERS.

Cardinal Lavigerie believed that an armed force was necessary to accomplish his end; hence his military order—the Brothers of the Sahara—was started. France's generous heart is shown by the fact that over two thousand of her noble sons volunteered, although but fifty were accepted. Not long ago the first

novices were professed and the nascent knights of the desert sands are now in a fair way to second the arduous labors of the missionaries.

The headquarters of the Brothers of the Sahara are at Biskra, on the Algerian borders of the great desert. Impressive was the ceremony of profession made by the first batch of those warrior monks. Twelve in number, they were one and all of the French aristocracy and officers in the French army, two being lieutenant-colonels, while the best-known is Vicomte Guy de Brissac, once a well-known club-man in Parisian circles. A dramatic feature in the ceremony occurred when Cardinal Lavigerie led to the altar a little negro girl, barely nine years old, who had succeeded in escaping from a slave caravan which was crossing the desert a few miles distant. By accident the child standing at the altar dropped something. The aged cardinal, stooping over, picked it up. *It was the child's hand.* In sheer wantonness her captors had thus mutilated the poor little thing. Holding it aloft and pointing it southward with one hand, the Primate of Africa raised with the other the mangled stump of the child, so that all could see both. "*I would to God,*" he cried out, "*that all Europe could see this little hand. May it point out your line of march. En avant for God and humanity!*"

Notwithstanding its foulness, slavery has been the consecrated channel of Afric's touch on Christendom. Strange consecration! Had not the slave-trade arisen, the cordon round that unhappy country might have been drawn tight and fast even now. But the infamous traffic in human flesh was the commerce that brought Africa and Christendom together, making the slave-trade a prominent figure in national policies. To-day Africa may be termed civilization writ large upon the earth's face, not as a separate power, but as furnishing integral parts of the European governments, with the huge Congo Free State as a neutral ground, while Liberia represents our own country. And Africa is written, we may add, in letters of fire across the hills and vales of these United States. Our Negro question will tax the best energies of our statesmen and politicians to solve, while it will test to the utmost the strength of our Constitution. A weird spell negro slavery wields! A mysterious policy-shaping influence upon the destinies of nations is wafted from the hidden lakes of the Dark Continent's primeval forests. By the amendments, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, to the Constitution, the United States seemed anxious to smooth away the wrinkles from a criminal brow and to lead the slave to look forward in renewed

hope. It should prove a study of warm interest, had we the time, to search into the manifold effects of slavery on the moral and spiritual life of the North and South, Catholic and Protestant alike. But one after-effect stares us in the face: the former objects of our charity and the *protégés* of our philanthropists have multiplied and increased until they now constitute an *imperium in imperio.* A strange revenge slavery has brought us!

THE LATTER YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

Within the last ten years of his life came to Monsignor Lavigerie his two greatest honors—the Cardinalate and the Primacy of Africa. He received news of the former elevation in March, 1882, while at Carthage. The formalities incident thereto obliged him to go to Paris, and afterwards to Rome. En route homewards he stopped at Malta, where he baptized twelve negro youths, whom he had ransomed from slavery and had sent thither to study medicine, in view of joining them later on with his missionaries in the Apostolate of Central Africa. Shortly after this he offered the famous toast to the officers of the French Mediterranean squadron, which proved the forerunner of Leo XIII.'s stand so favorable to the Republic of France. About it Cardinal Lavigerie made the remark that no one read his pastorals, but a few words after dinner set the French world aglow.

The Primacy of Africa soon followed. The cardinal himself petitioned for the restoration of the See of Carthage. The name of Carthage reminds us how very nearly Rome had been conquered, and the course of history reversed. At the battle of Metaurus, when Hasdrubal was defeated, Hannibal seized his head, flung it into the trenches, exclaiming, in the words of Horace:

> "Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
> Mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
> Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
> Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto."

But Carthage dead speaks to us through the living voice of Pope Leo XIII., who graciously acceded to this proposal. In the bull of restoration he speaks of the regret with which the church ever views the relapse of a people once enlightened with the light of faith into the darkness of superstition and error, as has been the case with the inhabitants of Northern Africa. The African Church, so great and glorious in the early ages of Christianity, had long since ceased to be an example to the nations. Carthage, too, which had been amongst the first to receive the faith of Christ, had become a heap of ruins; Carthage,

whose name recalled the memories of so many saints and martyrs, so many bishops and doctors; of Perpetua and Felicitas, of Augustine, Tertullian, and Cyprian. Carthage had been the scene of much heroism and courage under the persecutions of proconsuls, the violence of Vandals, the merciless onslaught of Moslems; she had, moreover, until her final destruction, held unrivalled sway over the Church of Northern Africa, for hers was the metropolitan see, and to her authority seven hundred and fifty churches were subject.

From the day that the Arab sheik, waving his scimetar over his head, rode into the cathedral of Carthage shouting, "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet," twelve centuries had come and gone. And in its resurrected fane the undying strength of Catholicism is effectively proved. No longer will Cato's wail, "Carthago delenda est," resound; but Lavigerie's watchword, "Carthago vivificanda est," will lead on to greater victories.

No doubt the unhappy disasters at Uganda told on the already impaired health of the Cardinal of Africa. Although of so robust a build and so herculean a stature that he was likened to the famous Moses of the artist, yet a quarter of a century passed in the heats of that arid clime, and culminating in the ruin which overtook his missions in Central Africa, must have hastened his death. He was buried in his own cathedral of Carthage, in the tomb long ago prepared by himself, with an epitaph which has charmed the world by its simplicity.

The governor of Algeria recalled in his funeral discourse a saying of Cardinal Lavigerie which gives the key to the dead Primate's life: "I am the servant of a Master they could never shut up in a tomb." It was this energy—the expression of his love for souls—which led him on to undertake his numerous works. They will continue, for they are well founded. The African race owe him a lasting debt of gratitude which they will ever remember, for they are a grateful people. Far too few and too widely separated are their friends, that the unhappy people should forget any of them. Would to God that the negroes of America had in the Catholic Church of our land as devoted a champion and as successful a pleader! Then indeed the story of the church's relations to them might be well sung in a joyous key. To-day her note may but re-echo the wail of the Jews, who refused to sing by the waters of Babylon the songs of Sion:

"Quomodo cantabimus in terra aliena?"

Baltimore. J. R. SLATTERY.



CARDINAL LAVIGERIE,

AND HIS NATIVE MISSIONARIES.

TWO LITTLE ROMAN BEGGARS.



N the banks of the Tiber, not far from Rome, there is a mineral spring called Acqua Cetosa; and a little way beyond is, or was, a donkey-shed, in the loft of which, on a sack of corn-husks, slept the twin brothers, Tito and Cesare. They were allowed to sleep there by the man who owned the place because he had been a comrade of their father's, and because the boys were now homeless orphans, both father and mother gone.

During the first few months of their orphanhood they had earned their living by begging, which is not so easy a life as many imagine. It may not tire the muscles, but it makes the heart weary. When a scornful refusal is given, the heart becomes bitter as well as weary, and instead of a sad humility, is filled with revengeful hate.

Tito and Cesare were scarcely old enough to know what such hate is; but they were sometimes desperate. It was always foreigners, and particularly Americans, who spoke brutally to them, though some Americans were kind. Italians are always kind to the poor, even in refusing charity. "*Figlio mio*, I have no change to-day," they will say. In Spain also, when they cannot give, they refuse with courtesy and kindness. "Excuse me to-day, brother."

Such people have been taught charity and good manners. To them the poor are "God's poor."

After a time the twins found employment. They got permission to sell matches in the streets of Rome; and in the spring they sold violets. The matches were those dear little waxen ones put up in brightly-pictured boxes; and for some mysterious reason they do not there all stick together in a lump, as they do here. Perhaps it is because in those European countries they keep so many bees that they can afford to make their wax matches of wax.

While selling these the boys slept in Rome, in an old stage-coach in an old stable in a street so old that its pavements must have been pressed by the sandals of Julius Cæsar. There is some evidence also that it is the same street where that famous bore button-holed Horatius Flaccus, and got his portrait sketched for our delectation.

The hostler in this stable was another old comrade of the boys' father.

When they sold violets they slept in the donkey-shed up the Tiber. There they would rise as soon as day, eat a piece of bread, and run away to certain grassy banks and nooks they knew, where, from February to May, the ground was every morning all a blue mist with fragrant, long-stemmed violets.

One June day, the violet season being over, and the match-business dull, as they wandered disconsolately about the streets and squares of Rome, a foreign artist whom they knew met them, and gave them a fine commission. He wanted for the next day as many as they could bring him of a certain fragrant yellow flower that grows all about the Tiber. A princess of royal blood, passing through Rome on her way to Naples, was to visit his studio, and he was adorning it for her reception.

"'Come and see how I want to use the flowers," he said pleasantly; and the twins followed him, full of curiosity. They had seen the studios of painters, had even served as models once; but they knew nothing of sculptor's work; and this man was a sculptor.

They entered from the street through wide double doors, like stable-doors, a very large room on the ground-floor. Here two men in white linen blouses and paper caps were at work with chisel and mallet on two tall blocks of milk-white Carrara marble. Other blocks, large and small, lay or stood about.

One of the men touched lightly, taking off only a white dust from an arm and hand of the half-shaped figure he worked upon.

"There's a man inside the stone trying to get out," Cesare whispered to his brother. "Oh! I wish I could make a hand like that!"

The other workman chiseled off large pieces, his block being almost whole.

"It sounds like music," Tito said to Cesare.

"It does ring," the sculptor said, overhearing him. "I remember," he added, addressing his workman, "Giovanni Dupré saying that when he gave the last touches to one of his monuments before it was unveiled, the marble rang back like a bell when he struck it. Giovanni was a realist. His St. Francis, in Assisi, has got a little patch chiseled into his robe. Come, boys!"

As they went, Tito looked back and sang softly, in a sweet, clear voice, the very note the marble struck out.

"What a true voice you've got!" the sculptor exclaimed, stopping to look at the boy. "A bird's voice, too. You must sing to me some time."

Tito hung his head, and said nothing. He had forgotten that he was not in some grove by the Tiber mimicking a bird.

They went up a few steps and past the gray curtain over a wide door into the artist's work-room, where he stopped a moment to dismiss a model who was waiting for him, and wet the cloths on a clay figure that stood in the full light of a single broad window there.

"Oh!" said Cesare, "if I could only make them!"

From this room a stair led up to a lofty hall with an arched roof supported by pillars, where, scattered about, singly or in groups, was a company of snow-white figures. If Medusa had come suddenly upon an assembly of beautiful men, women, and children, and changed them all into stone with her first glance, they could not have looked at once more lifelike and more deathlike. The smile, the frown, the gesture, the position—all were petrified on the instant. There were roguish cupids, noble forms draped to their feet, praying forms, wrestlers—religion, intellect, strength, and gracefulness, all shaped in purest marble. Mingled with these, and setting them off, were colored draperies, plants, laurel-boughs, some high-backed chairs of carven oak, and a few pictures.

"Now see what I want," the sculptor said, and preceded the boys to a niche where a slender female shape stood on a pedestal. She had a beautiful smiling face; but there was something cruel and deceitful in her smile.

The name carved on her pedestal was CICUTA.

Now, the yellow-flowering branches that the sculptor wanted were of a shrub called *cicuta*, or hemlock, said to be the same plant with which Socrates was poisoned.

"I want to line the niche and half cover the pedestal with those flowers," the sculptor said. "Can you bring me enough for that?"

"Oh, yes!" Tito said.

Cesare could not hear the question. His eyes were flashing from object to object of the beautiful place, and his ears were ringing. "Oh, if I could make them! If I could make them!" he thought, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Perhaps," the artist said, "I may let you stay and see the princess. Who knows but she would give you something. People always take notice of twins. You would look well cheek to

cheek beside the pedestal, and half covered up with flowers. Now you may go."

Tito went directly, Cesare as though his feet stuck to the floor.

"If the princess should ask me to sing, I will," said Tito when they were outside.

"Oh, if I could make them! If I could make them!" murmured his brother.

That night they slept in the donkey-shed, and the next morning they were out at sunrise searching for and cutting long, flexible branches of the sweet-smelling flowers of the cicuta. Their plan was to tie these branches about them in a way they knew, to their legs, arms, neck, and waist, till they should be all covered but their feet, and look like two great gold-colored bouquets. Sometimes you may see in Italy a child dressed in this way, walking off like a plant that has left its roots for a ramble; or you may see a woman coming up into town from the fields with her whole person covered with long grass and poppies, only a pair of prettily-stepping feet visible.

The boys piled a great heap of flowers on a piece of smooth turf that crumbled down into the river. The Tiber is a dangerous river, and this was a very dangerous spot, for the current makes here a deep curve into the bank, whirling swiftly out again lower down. But the piece of clean turf was just what the boys wanted to lay their flowers on, and make their toilet on. They were getting the strings out of their pockets, thinking that they had flowers enough, when Cesare espied at a little distance some branches of cicuta so richly blooming as to seem carven in pure gold. He bade Tito go and get them.

"Go yourself!" said Tito.

He often complained that Cesare ordered him about too much. They had some sharp words about it now, but it ended in Tito going for the cicuta.

When at a little distance he turned and called back, "I don't have to cover my ears!"—then ran.

Cesare looked at him angrily, but did not move nor speak, though the taunt was a cruel one; for half of one of his ears had been bitten off by a dog years before, and he was at some pains to conceal the mutilation with his curly hair.

Tito came back presently with his arms full of the finest blossoms they had found that morning, and seeing how angry his brother looked, stood holding them before him as a shield.

"Why don't you throw them down?" asked Cesare roughly.

"You're not my master!" Tito replied in the same tone.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Cesare sprang upon him. Tito was between him and the river, and at that sudden onset he staggered backward, stumbled over the crumbling bank, and fell, he and his load of blossoms, with a splash, into the Tiber.

There was a momentary pause; then the swift current dragged him away, leaving Cesare almost paralyzed with horror. He had forgotten in his anger that the river was there.

The flowers spread themselves out on the water surrounding a white little face and disordered chestnut-colored hair, and two arms stretched wildly upward.

"Oh, put your arms down! Try to swim!" cried his brother, finding voice. "Swim across! Try hard! O Tito! Tito!"

A vine-covered branch that hung out over the water intercepted his gaze for a moment; then the golden mat of flowers came into sight again lower down. But the face and arms had disappeared.

Cesare's eyes, still staring, saw all the world grow dark, his heart seemed to turn over heavily and sink downward, and something struck him on the head. It was the ground as he fell. Then he lost consciousness.

Opening his eyes again, he first wondered where he was and how he came there. Then he thought, "Where's Tito?" And then, remembering all, he started up and began to search along the river-bank, staggering as he went, and calling his brother desperately. Tito *must* have escaped! He would not believe otherwise.

It was a day of full sunshine. The branches of the trees waved softly now and then, and in a thick grove a nightingale sang, though it was almost nine o'clock. All nature seemed to be at peace with a lovely harmony and brightness, and quite unconscious of the wretched child who, with wild eyes and tear-stained face, went running from place to place, searching, scarcely knowing what he was about, moaning with every breath, "Tito! O Tito!"

There was no answer. He ran half a mile down the bank, then came back to the place he had started from, and sat down by his heap of cicuta. Hope died out of his heart. It was vain, he knew, to search for one who had fallen into that strong writhing current, except to find a lifeless body far below. Nothing remained for him but to conceal what had happened, and try to keep out of jail. The day dragged itself away like a wounded

creature. Cesare passed it in wandering through the woods, and staring up and down the road. If he saw any one coming he hid himself. But he could not escape the birds which every moment looked at him with their sharp eyes, and said interrogatively, "Tito? Tito?"

At twilight Cesare started for the donkey-shed. As he climbed the ladder to the loft a sudden hope woke in his heart so sharply that it hurt. What if he should find Tito there asleep!

No! The sack of corn-husks was all his to sleep on, if he could sleep. They would never quarrel any more about the old gray blanket that was their sole covering. Sometimes they had disputed over it for sport, ending with a kiss. The twins always kissed each other good-night.

Cesare, weeping drearily, kissed his brother's end of the bolster, and put all the blanket at Tito's side of the bed, though he was himself shivering with a chill of fear and grief. For hours he lay and suffered, but at length sleep overcame him. He was just losing consciousness, when something cold and damp touched his forehead, as if a hand had been drawn across it.

He started up in affright. "Its Tito's ghost!" he thought and his heart thumped loudly against his side.

All was dark and still. Only the trees rustled outside, and from far away came the dull murmur of the Tiber. Cesare sat there till daylight, staring into the dark, and listening. Then he wrapped himself in the blanket and, utterly exhausted, went to sleep.

It was late when he got up and started for Rome. He begged a piece of bread by the way, and pulled some wild salad-leaves to eat with it. He was half-starved. Reaching the city, he was careful to avoid the places where he might have been recognized. Going from bridge to bridge, he clung to the railing, and stared down into the Tiber. He did not dare to ask a question, but whenever he saw several men talking together, he passed slowly close to them, looking another way, and listened to hear if they were talking of a little drowned boy that had been taken out of the Tiber, with a cicuta blossom clenched in his hand and another tangled in his hair.

When night came, he went to sleep in the old stage-coach. Bernardo, the hostler, would ask him no questions. The twins had always come and gone as unquestioned as two cats.

When the thoughts have dwelt long and constantly on a grief it becomes dull to them, as a stone loses its sharp edges

when running water has washed it about for a long time. The stone remains smooth, but when the weary mind has rested awhile, it wakes to find its grief as sharp as ever.

Cesare, having thought of nothing but his brother for so long a time, had become so dull and weary that he had scarcely curled himself up on the back seat of the old *diligenza* when he was sound asleep.

Deep in the night he was wakened by something like a cold hand drawn across his forehead. He started up, screaming.

All was dark and still.

Presently the door of a little room beside the stable opened and the hostler called out roughly, asking what the matter was.

"I—I had a bad dream," the boy stammered, comforted by the sound of a human voice.

"If you wake me again with your bad dreams I'll turn you into the street," said Bernardo, and shut his door with a slam.

Cesare sat up all the rest of the night on the back seat of the couch and stared through darkness at the front seat where his brother had always slept. When the day dawned he went out, begged something to eat, and got some matches to sell. The man he bought them of trusted him for a few boxes.

"But where is your brother?" the man asked.

"I don't know," said Cesare. "He's round somewhere."

Almost a week went past in this way. Every day the boy went about the city selling matches, and every night he spent in misery with the visitor who never failed to come.

At length, one night, instead of cowering in silence after that cold touch had waked him from his first sleep, he sat up and spoke. "I didn't mean to do it, Tito," he said. "And I'm sorry. Oh! I'm sorry. I never thought of the river being there. And, Tito, you didn't know how bad I feel about my ear. It spoils me. I'm like one of those old crumbly statues in a garden. I miss you so, Tito! If you were here you might have all my money. I don't care about it now."

And he sobbed bitterly.

Cesare did not know it, for he never looked into a mirror; but he was wasting away, consumed by a fever of grief, fear, and sleeplessness. He could scarcely swallow food, and sometimes such a faintness would come over him that he could not stand.

Otherwise, his affairs prospered, and now that he cared so little for money he earned more than ever before. People had begun to

make collections of such pictured match-boxes as he sold, especially such as carried out a series illustrating some story; and the very day after he spoke to his brother at night he filled two orders that gave what to him was a large profit. A lady had employed him to get her a whole set of the boxes having tiny photographs of Doré's illustrations of Dante's *Inferno;* and a gentleman who was making a humorous collection gave him twenty cents for a single box. The picture was of a man sitting on the floor, with a wine-flask on a bench beside him, and a tumbler half-full of wine tipping over in his hand. He was saying: "*Aveva ragione Galileo: la terra gira*" (Galileo was right: the earth goes round).

When night came, it seemed to him that he could not go back to the stage-coach. Perhaps if he should go to some place where he and his brother had never slept, Tito's hand would not find him out, he thought.

After wandering about for a while, he came to the Roman Forum. The great dark mass of the Colosseum loomed before him. He watched his opportunity when no one was near, and slipped into its shadow. The moon shone in from the south, and showed him a piece of smooth turf under one of the arches. She seemed to say: "Lie down there, little boy, and I will watch over you!"

She seemed to do more. She shadowed out a great cross above the dark excavations in the central space, and called up all round the ghosts of vanished Stations of the Cross where he had seen them stand, where he and Tito had gone one Good Friday with their mother to say the prayers. The boy recollected his neglected religion as he recollected his mother, and kneeling there in the moonlight, he said an Our Father and Hail Mary. Then, comforted, he lay down, put his cap under his head, and was asleep in a minute, in a deep, sweet sleep.

He woke but once in the night, and that was because a large walnut in his pocket hurt him. As he turned from it, he heard a sound of breathing not far away. It was a soft, regular breathing of one who slept.

Glad to have company, he slept again, and did not wake till dawn. The hand had not found him that night.

Cesare sighed, shook the dust from his cap, put it on, and was about going away, when he recollected the breathing he had heard, and looked about to see who his companion was. They might watch their chance to get out together.

The sleeper was dimly visible under an inner arch, and Ce-

sare made out the figure of a boy who lay with his face turned away, and one arm bent for a pillow under his head.

Cesare went softly nearer, then stopped, his heart giving a leap. He half turned back with an impulse of flight. But the air was all clear and bright about him, and the sky blue and full of sunshine above the dark Colosseum ring. He blessed himself, and went a step nearer. Yet another step, and he saw chestnut-colored ringlets like his own, and a fair profile showing pale against the dark sleeve it rested on. Then, with a gasp, he ran, he fell on his knees beside the sleeper.

It was Tito! He touched the hair, and it was real hair. He looked at the clothes. They were the real clothes of a poor little boy, such as Tito had worn. He bent and felt the soft breath fan his cheek, and whispered close to the sleeper's ear, "Tito!"

The boy stirred, and murmured drowsily, "Yes, Ces!"

Even in his sleep he knew that in all the world there was no one to kiss him but his brother.

At that word Cesare wept aloud for joy; and in a moment the twins were clasped in each other's arms.

"Did Bernardo know?" asked Cesare after a while.

"He only knew that I didn't want you to see me. I slept in the stage-box. I'm sorry I frightened you, Ces. I cried when you spoke the other night. I would have answered, but I thought it would frighten you more. I told Bern to tell you yesterday that I was coming, and I waited hidden to see how you would take it. I tried to find you. I went twice to the stable. The last time the door was shut. Then I came here. I'm sorry I frightened you, Ces!"

Cesare drew a handful of copper coins from his pocket—"You may have 'em all," he said; "and now tell me how you got out of the water."

Tito gazed with delight at the money. He had never had so much all his own.

"You remember the branch that hung out over the water just where we were?" he said. "I caught a twig of that, and drew myself out. I just barely got it. Then I ran for the shed, hung my clothes to dry in the sun, and went to bed while they dried. I slept almost all day. Then I got up and waited for you. I was behind the bunch of corn-stalks. I'm sorry I frightened you, Ces!"

Cesare took a large walnut from his pocket. It was the one that had waked him in the night.

"Take it!" he said. "And don't you want to swap knives with me, Tito? Mine is the best. And we'll go and get some breakfast. You shall have coffee with milk and sugar in it, and a white roll, and a little two-cent pat of butter with the wolf and twins stamped on it. You shall have everything that you want, Tito."

Tito had cracked the walnut between his little teeth that were like polished alabaster, and put half the kernel in his brother's mouth. He sprang up at the offer of this magnificent breakfast, the like of which he had never eaten in all his life, and the two, watching their chance, crept out into the street.

The bell of the Church of San Clemente close by was ringing for an early Mass. They went in, and, kneeling side by side on the ancient pavement, sent a glad Ave Maria upward, like two uniting wreaths of incense, from their happy hearts. Then, still on their knees, one said, "I'm sorry I pushed Tito!" and the other added, "I'm sorry I frightened Cesare." After which they blessed themselves, made a hurried genuflection to the altar, and went out.

The sun was just rising, and it threw their long shadows before them as they went toward the Capitol.

"Ces," said Tito, "let's catch our shadows."

They laughed, and started off hand-in-hand after the shadows that leaped before them up the steep way to the Campidoglio, their chase a swiftly passing figure of many a life-long pursuit these ancient walls had seen begin and disappear since first the morning light shone on their sombre stones.

But at the piazza a loud voice arrested their course.

"What! Castor and Pollux, just in time, even as at the battle of Lake Regillus, and careering like two young colts," said the voice; and their friend, the sculptor, stopped before them.

For a moment they looked at each other in silence, the boys somewhat embarrassed.

"Why did you break your promise to me?" asked the sculptor, assuming an air of severity.

"I fell into the Tiber," said Tito.

"How fortunate!" exclaimed the artist. "It saved me forty cents. The princess couldn't come, after all. But she is coming back, and the visit will be made to-morrow. Can I trust you this time? or will you fall into the Tiber again?"

"Oh! we will bring the flowers," said Cesare fervently. "You may be sure."

And they did bring them, and were half covered up in them

at the side of Cicuta's pedestal the next afternoon when the sculptor stood in the door to receive his royal visitor.

She was not a very young lady; but she was a very noble and gracious one; and she had been all her life so accustomed to seeing the finest works of art that her praise was of value.

"It is such a pleasure to be among so many beautiful objects," she said. "It must be quite an ideal life, Signore, that which you live."

A younger lady and a gentleman accompanied the princess, and walked quietly behind her while she went about with the artist, looking at everything. The lady was her companion, and the gentleman a Roman nobleman, a cousin of the princess.

They looked at the Cicuta last. The sculptor was half-afraid that if he took his visitors there first, his other marbles might not be found so interesting: for not only was the statue exquisite on its golden background, but the twins made the loveliest picture possible.

In fact, the princess had but given a glance at the Cicuta and pronounced her beautiful, when she saw the two dusky little masks framed in gold and leaning cheek to cheek against her pedestal.

"Why! what is that?" she exclaimed.

The twins had been told to lie quite still and keep their eyes closed; but Tito, at sound of that musical voice, could not help smiling very faintly.

"It's alive!" cried the princess, and bending, touched the cheek with a finger-tip.

It sank and dimpled under the light pressure, and two rows of small white teeth appeared. Lastly the eye-lashes trembled, and a pair of brilliant dark eyes were disclosed.

A very pretty scene was then enacted. The twins were taken out of their flowery bed, and made to talk, and tell their story. The lady leaned back in an arm-chair and grew serious as she listened to it all; for it was all told, even to the fall into the Tiber, and the finding in the Colosseum. Nor was the mode of telling less touching than the story itself. For it was a sort of duetto, where, one of the boys beginning to blame himself, the other took the word and excused him, going on with the story till interrupted in his turn; and as they talked they got nearer and nearer to each other, and ended with their arms around each other's shoulders.

But when Tito struck an attitude and sang for them, the

lady could but smile. The smile, however, soon lost its amusement, and became one of pleasant surprise.

He sang:

"Vedi che luna bianca!
Vedi che notte azzura!
Un' aura non sussura,
Non tremola uno stel."

Ending, they all applauded.

"Why, Enrico, the child ought to be a choir-singer!" the princess exclaimed to her cousin.

"So I was thinking," he said. "Leave it to me. There is always room for a voice like that."

"And what would you like to do?" the princess asked of Cesare.

His eyes filled with tears, and he trembled. "I want to stay with Tito," he almost sobbed.

"Don't fear! you shall not be separated," she said soothingly. "But what would you like to do while your brother is singing or learning to sing?"

"Listen to him!" said Cesare, still trembling.

"Dear child, no human being shall separate you from him!" the lady exclaimed. "A home shall be found where you can live together. But surely you would not wish to be idle while he is working. Is there nothing that you would like to be?"

His fears at rest, Cesare's thought detached itself from his brother. His bright eyes swept a glance around the sculptured forms of beauty that seemed to listen to their talk, and you would have said that the child grew taller.

"I want to be a sculptor!" he said briefly, and with a certain decision.

There was a moment of silence. The visitors had not, apparently, expected so ambitious a choice. Then the artist said:

"He has had that idea ever since he first came here. Who knows! If a home is provided for him, I will give him a chance to begin. I'd like to have the boy about the studio."

"Would you like that, my child?" asked the princess smiling. "You shall come here, be useful to this gentleman, see how he works, try to model with your own little hands, and have a fair chance to see if you can be a sculptor."

You have seen the sun come out after the rain, and strike

across some tremulous drop till it hung on stone or leaf like a diamond brilliant.

It might be said that this boy's soul was like such a drop at that moment. He stood erect in a trance of rapture, looking straight before him, the eyes a little uplifted, all glowing as if they saw some wondrous vision in the air.

He stood so for a moment, then, becoming conscious of his surroundings, he smiled, and blessed himself. It seemed to him that he had been praying. He had indeed entertained that divine spouse of prayer, the consenting response of God!

The princess stretched out her hand and drew the boy to her side, and her eyes sparkled as she turned to the sculptor.

"Put *that* into marble for me!" she exclaimed.

Mary Agnes Tincker.



THE NEW HOME-RULE BILL.

IRELAND is once more in an attitude of expectancy. Her fate trembles again in the scales of time; yet a wonderful calmness pervades her people. The bitter conflict of the past two years appears to have produced a chastening effect. The petty ebullitions of rancor which manifest themselves in isolated places furnish no true indication of the general mind.

If we take into account the circumstances of the fiery ordeal through which the country has passed, the wide-spread raking up of political passions, and the unscrupulous appeals to that sentiment of personal devotion which under different conditions would be an amiable weakness in the Irish character, it must be acknowledged that the country has emerged from the deplorable internecine conflict with credit and dignity.

Looking through Mr. John Morley's recent speeches, one is struck with the fact that an undercurrent of apprehension has been running in his mind regarding the reception which Mr. Gladstone's new proposals were likely to meet with from the small remnant of what may be termed the Irreconcilable party. It is not unlikely that Mr. Morley may be deceived into exaggerating the influence of this element. If a reasonable and honest offer to settle the long-standing quarrel with England be made by his government, this little knot of beaten politicians will not dare to stand in the way. They know the country would not brook such an attitude. They know in their souls that if, by any machinations of theirs, in conjunction with hostile English party combinations, they could succeed in wrecking a fair Home-Rule Bill, they would be regarded by the mass of their fellow-countrymen as traitors, and their names be handed down to posterity with an indelible stigma of infamy. No sophistry, however subtle, could excuse them. The will of the majority must be the ruling power in Ireland as well as elsewhere; and the will of the majority there now has declared for peace with honor. Ireland will not suffer any man or any clique to play the part of Erostratus in the new-reared fabric of her freedom.

All speculations regarding the outlines of the new constitution for Ireland upon which Mr. Gladstone's cabinet is engaged may be simply appraised as efforts of the imagination. The

time for the oracle to pronounce has not yet come; and statesmen engaged in such delicate work know how to screen it from prying eyes until the time is ripe for disclosure.

There is, however, no audacity in the assumption that the coming bill will be marked by no retrocession in point of generosity from the former proposed measure. Assurances on that score have been publicly made in terms as specific as regard for the oaths of cabinet ministers could allow. Mr. John Morley is certainly a minister who has earned a title for honesty, not only in opinion but in action. His words at Newcastle on the 8th of December last, when, at the peroration of his speech, he referred to the prevailing curiosity over the details of the new constitution, were clear and unequivocal. "I see every reason to hope," he declared, "that when the government faces the House of Commons in February, it will be with a scheme which Ireland ought to accept, and which Great Britain ought not and will not refuse." Nay, more; it will be such a scheme, he went on to opine, as must even silence the clamor of Irish malcontents. "There is every reason to hope" (these are his words) "that our policy will command the assent of all the English Liberal party, and of all those who are entitled—to whatever section they belong—to speak for the people of Ireland."

This is distinct enough. Mr. Morley is speaking from an informed mind. He knows the lines upon which the new bill is cast; he is aware of the radical defects of the former scheme; he is cognizant of the points upon which the Parnellites have been insisting as indispensable in any acceptable scheme of Home Rule; and he can pin them to their declarations, for they stand on record.

But there is more than this. The followers of Mr. Parnell cannot surely go beyond Mr. Parnell's own delimitations. The dead leader whom they are constantly invoking gave, in the name of his colleagues and the Irish people, his adhesion to the constitution which Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1886. Speaking on the second reading of the Home-Rule Bill, on June 7, 1886, Mr. Parnell said:

"I now repeat what I have already said, on the first reading of the measure, immediately after I heard the statement of the prime minister: that we look upon the provisions of the bill *as a final settlement of this question*, and that I believe that the Irish people have accepted it as such a settlement. Of course you may not believe me, but I can say no more. I think my words upon that occasion have been singularly justified by the

result. We have had this measure accepted in the sense I indicated by the leaders of every section of National opinion both in Ireland and outside Ireland. It has been so accepted in the United States of America, and by the Irish population in that country, with whose vengeance some honorable members are so fond of threatening us. Not a single dissentient voice has been raised against this bill by any Irishman—not by any Irishman holding National opinions—and I need scarcely remind the House that there are sections amongst Irish Nationalists just as much as there are even among the great Conservative party. I say that as far as it is possible for a nation to accept a measure cheerfully, freely, gladly, and without reservation as a final settlement—I say that the Irish people have shown that they have accepted this measure in that sense."

Such were Mr. Parnell's *ipsissima verba* on that momentous measure; the official organ of the Irish National party, *United Ireland*, in effect echoed his words. Objections were started regarding certain provisions of the bill, such as that establishing a national tribute for imperial purposes, and some minor features, but taking the bill as a whole, the entire National and Liberal press of Ireland welcomed it with one voice as a much larger and more sweeping readjustment than the most sanguine had expected.

The only whisper of dissent that was heard came from a few extreme members of the Physical Force party; but these found no public expression. The men who uttered them were extremists, whom nothing but total separation from Great Britain would satisfy. They never gave their support to Mr. Parnell while he was in accord with his colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party. It was only when an issue disastrous to the cause of Home Rule was raised by him that they threw in their lot with his enterprise. Their support or their antagonism, under present conditions, cannot count for much. It is only a matter of political exigency. They represent no substantial body of public opinion in Ireland just now.

Another shibboleth of posthumous Parnellism is "independence of all English political parties." This principle has at times expanded itself into rejection of any Home-Rule measure save such a one as Ireland herself may dictate, and even rejection of any measure proposed by Mr. Gladstone, who had come to be regarded as the arch-enemy of the late Mr. Parnell. But the enunciation of such doctrines, tentatively put forward, never found any popular favor; hence it became necessary to modify them, and the formula now is simply independence and an open

mind to treat with any party which will grant Home Rule on the terms the Parnellites demand. This was Mr. Parnell's own position, subsequent to the divorce court decree; antecedently to that he was of a different mind.

So lately as June, 1889, speaking at the Westminster Palace Hotel, after his interview with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, the then Irish leader used these words: "We are happy, and Ireland is happy, that the time has come when we can shake hands with Englishmen with the consciousness that in doing so we make no sacrifice of principle, of hope for the future of our country, and with the belief that Ireland, as she has trusted us in the past, both in Ireland and wherever the Irish race exists, will be justified by the results of the future in that trust which she has honored us by extending to us. They will entrust to that great statesman who will then be called to power—the only man of distinguished genius before the public—as his great final and crowning work, the task of finding some method in which might be entrusted to Ireland her own destinies while she also is privileged to take a share in the greater interests of the Empire. I am confident that Mr. Gladstone's genius will be equal to the task; that he will be powerful enough to reconcile and assuage the prejudices which still unhappily prevail to some extent; that he will be able to show his countrymen how the true interests of the nation and of imperial safety may be reconciled to the self-government of Ireland by her people, and that a great measure of Home Rule for our country will be the result—a measure which will be practically accepted by the great majority of the English people as a settlement of the Irish question—a measure which will be accepted by our own people as a sufficient solution."

This was the picture which Mr. Parnell painted barely a year and a half before the great cleavage, and what in the meanwhile had Mr. Gladstone done to change its roseate hues into the sombre tints which pervaded all Mr. Parnell's speeches after he had sought to wreck the movement? Nothing more than to declare his opinion that were Mr. Parnell to retain his leadership the chances of carrying a Home-Rule measure would be endangered. This was the head and front of his offending. It was not until then that Mr. Parnell discovered that Mr. Gladstone's assurances about the Irish constabulary, the judiciary, the retention of the Irish members in the imperial parliament, and the settlement of the land question in Ireland, were unsatisfactory. What passed between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell at Hawar-

den with reference to these important points does not much matter now; it is sufficient to know that they also formed vital elements in the construction of the first Home-Rule Bill, and that Mr. Parnell's acceptance of them, on behalf of his party and the Irish nation at large, is on record in the words quoted above, and it cannot be supposed for one moment that the new proposals of Mr. Gladstone differed, save in the one important particular of the settlement of the land question, from those embraced in the original bill.

It is well to bear these facts in mind in any endeavor to forecast the nature of the coming measure and the possibility of factious objections to some of its chief provisions. In one important respect it must necessarily differ from the Home-Rule Bill of 1886. This is in regard to the settlement of the land difficulty.

There is very strong reason to suppose that Mr. Gladstone would have been able to carry this bill had he not adopted the disastrous course of pinning the land bill to it as a concurrent and correlative measure. It was the outcry against sinking British capital in the risky security of Irish land, rather than any bogus fears about dismemberment of the empire, which brought about the fall of his government. Mr. Gladstone will be wiser now. He will not hazard the success of his second attempt by any such Mezentius-like experiment as linking a live measure to a moribund one. It needs no ghost from the grave to come and tell us that. The settlement of the knotty problem involved in the agrarian condition of Ireland will, in all probability, be left to the hands most fit to solve it—those of the Irish Parliament.

The task has been rendered somewhat easier now than it would have been then, by reason of the fact that the late Tory government, the members of which were at that time so virtuously indignant over the proposal to pledge British credit on the security of Irish land, were not very long in office ere they proceeded to so pledge it. Under the acts of Parliament known as the Ashbourne Act and the subsequent Purchase of Land Act, they devoted British credit to the extent of forty million pounds sterling to the purpose which they had previously denounced as risky. Mr. Gladstone did not ask for much more than this total. Under his land bill the cost of buying out the Irish landlords was estimated at only ten millions more. The sales effected under the two Tory Acts since then have been very large, and are taking place without intermission. Hence the difficulty of dealing with this branch of the Irish problem

has been vastly diminished since 1886. The evidence collected before the Evicted Tenants' Commission during the past couple of months must also help in facilitating a settlement of the question. Inexorable economic laws have already pronounced the doom of the present agrarian system in Ireland. Its existence is incompatible with the ability of the working population to live on their own soil. Hence an Irish Parliament will be fortified by the full sanction of existing facts and the moral sense of civilization in buying the anomaly out at its lowest market value.

Hence there is no gift of prophecy needed to anticipate that the scope of the new bill may be so enlarged as to enable the Irish Parliament and the Irish executive to deal with this great question of the agrarian difficulty on principles of equity and common sense. It is an Irish question pure and simple, and therefore properly within the purview of an Irish Home-Rule Bill.

About the preceding Home-Rule Bill itself, that portion of it which seemed most open to practical objection was the provision for what Mr. Gladstone styled "The Tribute" from Ireland. This tribute was Ireland's contribution to the imperial expenditure. This arrangement contemplated the payment by Ireland of a sum amounting to one-fifteenth of the gross amount paid by the imperial government for the maintenance of the army and navy, the interest on the national debt, and the civil service. This proportion, in addition to the cost of the Irish constabulary, would bring Ireland's annual liability for these charges up to a total of four millions six hundred and two thousand pounds. Against this there would be a set-off of one million three hundred thousand pounds excess of customs and excise dues over outlay. It is to be observed that under the Act of Union Ireland was decreed to pay only a proportion of two in fifteen of the whole imperial bill annually, that she was exempted from the payment of income-tax (which she is paying at present), and from liability for any national debt save her own (at that date only twenty-six millions, and it had been *only four millions before the Rebellion* in 1798). The proportion of Ireland's liability settled by the Act of Union was denounced by all the patriots as based upon a fraudulent account; and that unjust apportionment has been immensely aggravated from that day to this, when we compare the enormous advance of England in material wealth, and the no less enormous decay of Ireland's trade and resources and population. A committee was appointed during

the last Parliament to investigate the financial relations of Ireland to Great Britain; and it is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone's sense of justice may induce him to so modify this branch of the settlement as to give the Irish government and the Irish people fair play in the handling of their own resources.

Under the provisions of the same bill the appointment of the judges in Ireland was vested in the Irish government. This was one of the most important concessions in the bill, as under the existing system no abuse could be more flagrant than the present system of manning the Irish judicial bench. It has been almost invariably the rule that the soiled gown of the partisan advocate was exchanged for the ermine of the judge; and the partisan advocate became necessarily the partisan judge. The promotion of Mr. Peter O'Brien, the manipulator of the Gweedore prosecutions, is a living evidence of the system. For his successful prosecutions of the Donegal peasantry he was raised *per saltem* from the attorney-generalship to the post of lord chief-justice, with the addition of a baronetcy. The case of the infamous Keogh may also be pointed to as a fitting illustration of this scandalous system. It may be assumed that under the new *régime* all this would be attended to.

That hugh instrument of landlord tyranny conceived in the Machiavellian brain of Sir Robert Peel, known as the Royal Irish Constabulary, was, according to the previous Home-Rule Bill, to be suffered to undergo a gradual metamorphosis from a military espionage into a civil force, obedient to the home government, and not controlled, as heretofore, by an alien power. There would be no place for it in the new order; consequently it would, under the new constitution, be suffered to lapse by a slow process, and its place be taken by a peace force, the military establishment of the kingdom being held in undiminished strength as the guarantee of imperial supremacy.

The main essential of the former bill was the establishment of an Irish executive in Ireland, subject to parliamentary control, and responsible to the majority in Parliament. It was the absence of such a ministry which formed the canker in Grattan's Parliament, and left it at the mercy of the English minister and his satellites in Dublin Castle. Without such a ministry any home rule must prove only so much waste paper. The principle of parliamentary control will be fully recognized in the new measure, unless the English Liberal party intend to stultify themselves. Such a principle is of the very essence of free government; and the Irish Bill must be identical with the English constitution in this respect.

The prerogative of the crown in summoning and dissolving Parliament, as in the case of England, goes without question. In the Irish bill, however, the duration of each Parliament was limited to five years. This was a confession that the principle of septennial parliaments was an obsolete one. Possibly the new bill may mark a further step in advance by setting up the triennial system, or adopting the American plan of quadrennial parliaments as a golden mean.

Only one house of parliament was contemplated in the old bill; but this was composed of two "orders." The first "order" was to be made up of the Irish representative peers, who sit at present in the English House of Lords, together with a number of other representatives who were to be elected on a fancy franchise. The second "order" was to be made up of the Irish members of the House of Commons then sitting, together with as many more, who should be elected by the constituencies, the representation of each constituency to be doubled for that purpose. Both "orders" were to sit and vote in the one house.

The principle of hereditary legislators thus recognized was confessedly a vicious one, as the bill further provided that it was to cease after a certain time, and all members of the first "order" should be subject to the elective system. The Ireland of the future will essentially be a democratic Ireland, and it is to be hoped that the hereditary principle will find no recognition whatever in the coming bill. The lord-lieutenant was to continue to represent the crown in Ireland, but the character of his office was to be altered, inasmuch as it was not to be dependent on the fate of a ministry, as at present. Furthermore, there was to be no religious disqualification attaching to the holder of it, as there is now.

An objectionable feature in the old bill was the arming of the Irish Privy Council with power to decide upon all questions which might arise between the Irish Parliament and the crown touching the scope of the powers of Parliament. The Privy Council in Ireland has from time immemorial been a body entirely devoted to English interests, and there is no likelihood of its ever being able to cast its skin. A tribunal of three experienced jurisconsults from Ireland, England, and Scotland would be a far more satisfactory and equitable one as a court of high constitutional appeal.

The endowment of any form of religion was forbidden in the scheme. With Mr. Gladstone's record as a disestablisher of religious establishments no other decision could have been expected on such a point as this. The Catholic Church in Ire-

land will not quarrel with it. The bonds between its ministers and the laity would not be strengthened if the church were a state-aided one. There is a sacredness of affection between priests and people, fellow-sufferers through ages of persecution, which exists perhaps in no other country in the world. This bond of sympathy grew up under the voluntary system, and this very venerableness of the link ought to be enough to prevent all desire for a change.

On the question of education the conditions are different. Hitherto the Catholic population have been grievously handicapped in that most vital function. The previous bill very wisely provided that the hands of the Irish Parliament should be entirely unfettered in dealing with the future of education. Nothing has since occurred to suggest any reason for a change of policy on this head.

It is no easy task to revolutionize a country grown old and soul-sick in the ways of prescriptive tyranny, and this is what must be done, and done thoroughly, if the nation is to be preserved from crumbling to pieces. It is fast approaching that condition. After ninety years of government by the imperial Parliament it presents a spectacle of decay and beggary and depopulation which has no parallel in Christendom. Yet in the hour of its dissolution the country might be more dangerous far to its oppressor than it ever was in the days of its greatest vigor, and it is as much for the safety as for the credit of England that her statesmen see that such systems of rule as that which brought about the decadence of a brilliant and generous nation are not abreast of the times and ideas amid which we are moving.

The moment is most auspicious for making the essay. There is no difference of opinion amongst the bulk of the population on the subject of the acceptance of the bill. One mind characterizes priesthood and people. Not all the Keoghs or (Judge) O'Briens who ever trafficked with conscience for judges' wigs can ever persuade the world that in this unity there is any feeling of the kind which exists between a horse and its rider. That is an old-time calumny, and one of the greatest blessings which Home Rule will bring to Ireland will be the cessation of the system of making vitriolic partisan judges and disappointed "patriots" of the Keogh and O'Brien stamp the censors of men whose lives are as spotless as those of their judicial critics are besmirched.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

THE LAND OF THE SUN.

THE CITY OF THE ARGENTINE HILLS.

MORNING, which is ever in Mexico like a new creation of the earth, broke in resplendent beauty over the wide plain that surrounds Silao. The sun leaped from a couch of dazzling glory and spread his mantle of gold over the far-stretching expanse of the plateau, over the purple heights draped in soft mists of morning, over the lovely towers and shining domes of the town, and over the party that wended their way, followed by two porters laden with the impedimenta of travel, across the broad open space that lies between the hotel where they spent the night and the railway station whither they were bound.

Around the station were the booths of the venders of all manner of eatables, the usual throng of peddlers and beggars and squads of soldiers, for the military arm, which is strongly in evidence everywhere in Mexico, is nowhere more so than in Silao, which had once an unenviable reputation as a haunt of outlaws and bandits, and between which and Guanajuato, the rich mining city of the mountains beyond, runs a train that, carrying much bullion, is always guarded by a strong military escort.

It was seated in this train, half an hour later, that the travellers turned their faces toward the city, which Russell assured them was the most picturesque in Mexico and one of the most picturesque in the world, as it sits high on its great hill, the name of which in the Tarascan tongue signifies the Hill of the Frog, because here in ancient times the Tarascan Indians found a stone in the shape of a frog which they worshipped. Other men in later times have found here other stones which they worship with a no less ardent devotion—for famous among all the mines of Mexico stand the mines of Guanajuato.

As they moved off, passing in a great curve around Silao, they had a charming view of the town as it lay in the sunshine of early morning, its long, white walls encircling masses of feathery foliage, above which the slender, graceful minarets of its churches rose in the sparkling air. Then, in the golden light

that was making all the wide scene glorious, they sped across the level plain, green with its springing harvests, toward the massive heights that seemed as if they must bar all progress to the city that lay beyond. Their car was well filled with passengers of many and varied types. Grave, stately Mexican gentlemen; eager, restless, talkative Americans, discussing mines, intent upon speculations and investments; tourists of different nationalities, and groups of dark-eyed señoritas. The general, glancing around, remarked that the train for a local one seemed to be well filled.

"It always is," said Russell. "Guanajuato is a very rich and important place—the greatest mining centre in Mexico."

"And like Zacatécas, I suppose, it owes its existence to the mines," said Mrs. Langdon, looking at the mountains which began to reveal themselves in their ruggedness as the train approached.

"Undoubtedly," replied Travers. "Our guide-book says: 'The site of this city, with much surrounding land in what was a very barren place, was given by the Viceroy Don Antonio de Mendoza to Don Rodrigo Vazquez, one of the *conquistadores*, in recompense for his services in helping to win for his royal master the rich country of New Spain.' If silver was not discovered at that time," said the reader, interrupting himself, "Don Rodrigo could not have felt that his services were very well recompensed. But when silver was discovered, of course the aspect of things materially changed—which contains a moral that I need not elaborate. Silver was found, we are told, in 1548. It would be interesting to know how much the mines have produced from that time to this."

"An immense total," said Russell. "One mine alone—the Valenciana—according to Humboldt, produced in one year more than all the mines of Peru. Its yield up to the present time is estimated to have been eight hundred millions."

"Can one see that mine?" asked the general.

"You not only can but must—it will interest you in every way. And I think the ladies will also be interested in seeing it."

"We must take your word for that," said Dorothea a little sceptically. "Meanwhile, here we are among the mountains. Has any one observed what a fine highway runs parallel with our track, and what picturesque groups of people and burros we are passing?"

"The highway ought to be fine," remarked Travers. "We

are told that it was nearly a hundred years in building. As for the burros, they plainly indicate that all the freight of the country does not go by rail."

Troops of these small, patient animals were indeed passing along the road, laden with produce of all kinds; herdsmen came riding by with coiled lassoes at their pommels; the brown hills closed nearer; on their sides sheep and goats were nibbling scanty herbage; the highway swept over an arched stone bridge, where graceful trees drooped along the verge of the little stream that fretted over the rocks below, while from their slackened speed it was evident that the train was mounting a heavy grade. Higher and higher they climbed, rounding the abrupt and massive heights that seemed pressing forward to guard the way, and presently paused in a small valley at the mouth of a narrow, rocky pass.

"This is Marfil," said Russell, as every one rose with a simultaneous movement. "We go from here to Guanajuato—about three miles—by tramway. The *cañada* into which we enter is too narrow to admit of a railroad track."

Tram-cars, drawn by lively, able-bodied mules, awaited the passengers, who filled them speedily. They were soon in motion, and what Dorothea saw from the platform where she insisted upon standing, very much to the surprise and concern of various courteous Mexicans, was a narrow, winding defile between great precipitous heights, containing barely room enough for the highway (along one side of which the tramway was laid), and a very small stream carefully walled in its rocky bed. As for the town of Marfil, it clung, perched, hung, sometimes it seemed by grappling-hooks, to the almost perpendicular mountain sides—the heavy, Moorish houses, built with a solidity equal to that of the rocks on which they rested, looking as if nothing short of a convulsion of nature could detach them from their positions. In a nook of the closely enfolding heights the parish church stood, a Byzantine-like chapel of pink stone crowned a brown hill, and along the stream a succession of reduction works, enclosed in strong, bastioned walls, rose like forts.

"They look as if they were built to stand a siege!" said Dorothea.

"So they were," answered Russell. "Many has been the siege these mines have stood in times past. They have been sacked again and again. No city in Mexico has a more thrilling and bloody history than Guanajuato. Its riches have tempted the cupidity of armies as well as of banditti, and it has been

plundered until its recuperation proves more conclusively than anything else the immense resources of its mines."

"I am afraid you do not pay much attention to the information which I take pains to draw from Mr. Janvier's pages and give you," said Travers. "It has not been long since



THE STREETS CLIMB UPWARD.

I told you that the first settlement here was a fort at the place now called Marfil, erected by some Spanish adventurers to secure the silver they obtained from the mines. A little later the existing city was founded under the truly formidable name of the Villa y Real de Minas de Santa Fé de Guanajuato."

"The situation of the city must be as formidable as its

name," said Dorothea, observing that although the town of Marfil had now been left behind, they were still mounting upward and upward along the narrow pass, winding sharply around the rocky escarpments that appeared at times almost to close the way, with the great mountains frowning over them, and the little river, which in the rainy season is a roaring flood, flowing within its walled bed beside them. "One might be approaching a citadel, but a city—"

"It is citadel and city in one," said Russell. "This defile is its only outlet. It leads like a gateway to Guanajuato, which lies in a high, irregular basin, completely encircled by mountains. Ah!" as they dashed around another sharp curve—"here we are at the gates!"

A short pause, and then the tram-car began to wind its way into a city which seemed a dream of mediæval Europe and the Orient mingled, as it lay like a brilliant jewel in the midst of its rugged fastnesses, the amphitheatre of brown mountains which surround it framing the mass of glowing and varied color that its houses, castles, and churches present. A sea-shell-pink is perhaps the pervading tone of color, with many soft tints of amber and a malachite green, which is the hue of the beautifully variegated stone largely used for building. The deep, cup-shaped valley in which the town lies, affords hardly any level space; and the streets, therefore, climb upward—sometimes by stairways—in all directions, run along the terraced mountain sides, where the massive dwellings stand tier above tier and turn zigzag in a multiplicity of irregular ways. Advancing farther into the heart of this unique city, what pictures reveal themselves on all sides! Softly-tinted houses with balconies of sculptured stone and glimpses through open archways of courts, like a vision of Granada, with their slender pillars and graceful springing arches, their flowers and fountains and delicately frescoed walls; tiled domes iridescent as a peacock's neck; towers rich with carving that looked like a lacework of stone against the dazzling azure of the sky; and everywhere a throng of brightly-dressed people, of laden burros, of picturesque artisans working in the doors of their small, dark shops, of splendidly mounted cavaliers—in short, all the varied life and activity of a busy and prosperous city.

Passing through these glowing scenes, the car at length gained the Plaza de Mejia Mora—a small square set like an emerald in the midst of the many-tinted surroundings—and paused to allow its passengers to descend.

The greenness and beauty of this lovely spot was an unexpected pleasure to the eye, and after engaging rooms in the hotel that looked down upon its trees and shaded walks, the party set forth to enjoy the most enchanting sight-seeing they had yet known.

How can one hope to describe the scenes through which they wandered? Save in the hands of a consummate artist, words are poor instruments with which to paint such combinations of form and color as meet the gaze on every side as the feet pass through the winding ways of Guanajuato. The wealth drawn from the bosom of its great silver-bearing heights has found expression in the Moresque houses, rich with sculpture; in their exquisite courts and gardens, and in the splendid churches and public edifices; but there is not a foot of its twisting, irregular streets that is not richer still in lovely artistic effect, in vistas so full of vivid picturesqueness, as they climb upward toward the sky or lead downward to lower levels, that one can only pause to paint the scenes upon one's memory, and ask one's self by what spell this perfect mediæval city has been preserved untouched and unspoiled, to gladden one's eyes with its delightful beauty in the midst of the ugliness of the nineteenth century.

Up and down, among the bewildering network of streets, loitering under great archways, pausing for some vision of arcaded coolness wandering through the market-places where color seemed running riot, or climbing the platforms that lead to the great churches, the little group found everywhere fresh food for their enthusiasm and delight. It was Dorothea who stopped once and pointed over the intervening balustraded roofs to a superb tower of sculptured stone, thrown out against the deep-blue sky. "Let us find that church," she said. "It must be worth seeing."

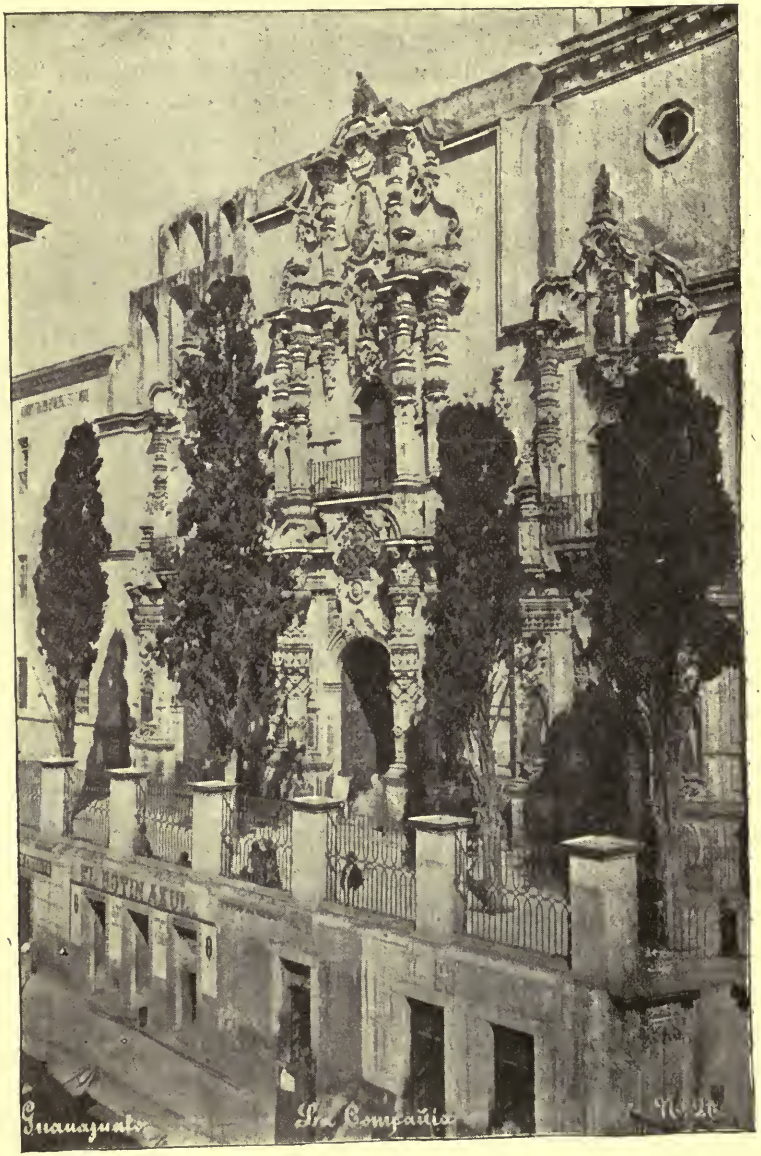
"That is the Compañia," said Russell. "As the name indicates, it is a Jesuit foundation. Confiscated, of course—but the church has been spared for religious use, although the great community house is occupied as a barracks or something of the kind."

"Confiscation is a very economical business—for the government," said the general in a sarcastic tone. "It saves the expense of erecting any buildings for public purposes. I have yet to see the first that has not been stolen from some religious order. What an infernal set of robbers—"

"Papa!"

"I use the term advisedly, my dear. I repeat, what an *in-*

fernal set of robbers this country seems to have been cursed with ever since it set up a government of its own!"



THE OLD JESUIT CHURCH.

"Such robbers," said Russell, "that it is wonderful any rights of property remain untouched, and that the people as a whole have been so little demoralized."

No less than eighty thousand dollars were spent in blasting out the level space upon which the splendid mass of the Compañia stands—a fact which will give some idea of the difficulties which have attended building in Guanajuato. Looking up at the great church proudly seated on its elevated platform, as one mounts the street leading to it, one has a sight as beautiful as it is imposing. Built of a pink stone which stands in exquisite contrast against brown mountain and sapphire sky, its richly decorated front is covered with elaborate sculpture. Over the central doorway stands the figure of the founder of the "all-conquering Company," other Jesuit saints fill the other niches, Faith, Hope, and Charity look down, the noble tower, rich in carving, rises above, and so far back that it looks as if it belonged to another building, the sunlight catches the gleaming tiles of the great dome.

Within something of disappointment awaited them. There can be no finer space and proportion than that which meets the eye on entering, but the interior was undergoing repairs which, from the nature of the work in progress, could not but be of long duration. In the apse of the sanctuary they found great blocks of stone on which the sculptors were at work in a faithful, artistic fashion beyond praise. There was nothing of pretence here. Every stroke of the chisel was guided by an eye trained to artistic perception, every wrought column was solid and firm, every arch as perfect in workmanship as in symmetry. They lingered long—interested in the work, admiring the result, questioning the men who were so courteously ready to answer, and whose delicate faces, lithe forms, and slender brown hands were so attractive to the eye.

Here also they found some fine old paintings, and when they presently emerged from the vast church—founded indeed on a rock, and rock-like in its splendid durability—into the narrow, picturesque street winding by, their attention was at once arrested by the great mass of another noble sanctuary.

"That is *la parróquia*—the parish church," said Russell. "It is generally taken by strangers for a cathedral, but Guanajuato is not the seat of a bishop."

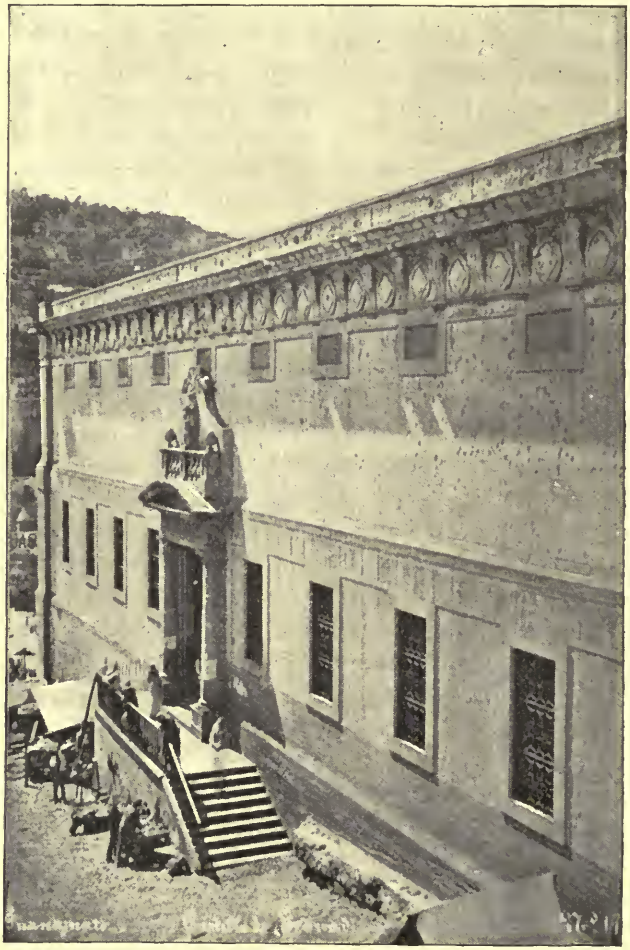
La parróquia is a very beautiful old church, as it, too, stands on its *lonja*, or high platform, above the streets that run up and down around it. This platform is surrounded by a twisted iron railing with stone pillars surmounted by curious urns and crosses, and approached by a sweeping flight of semicircular stone steps. On these steps a beggar sits and holds out a withered brown

hand for the alms which he asks *por amor de Dios;* a vender of pottery has established herself with all her wares around her, the graceful vessels with their glazed surface and decoration in brilliant tints making a mass of lovely color against the gray background of stone. The great doors of the church stand open. And here as elsewhere the interior is so simply and nobly conceived, the wide nave has such space, the arched roof such splendid height and upward sweep, that one loses sight of any unsatisfactory details in the beautiful effect of the whole, which is rich in carving and a gilding that has faded with time only enough to be harmonious, in soft lights and deep picturesque shadows, and above all in the sense of a peace so exalted that it falls like a touch of balm on the spirit. As through the ever-open portals figures come and go, gliding noiselessly across the floor, kneeling before shrines where beautiful old lamps of rare design have burned for ages, one feels how truly this church, and all like it throughout the land, has proved a sanctuary in the old mediæval sense—a spot where, through the terrible stress of war, the horror of revolution, the rough oppression and misrule, the spoliation, poverty and suffering, the people have come to lay down their burdens of anguish for a little while, to find a place of refuge from the racking torture of life, and to gather courage to endure with calm and steadfast patience unto the end. Such calmness, such pathetic patience one reads on many of these faces now, as they are seen for an instant in the shade of the great doorways before passing out to the dazzling world of light and color beyond.

It was a very dazzling world to the eyes of the group who presently left the cool, shadowy church, its dusky chapels and the richly decorated shrine where Nuestra Señora de Guanajuato stands, surrounded by lamps that have never ceased to burn in her honor since that distant day when Philip Second sent the little statue over sea and land as his gift to Guanajuato, and emerged into the outer sunlight. A charming little plaza, also elevated above the street and reached by flights of steps, is opposite the church. Here they went, to rest a little, to watch the throng of people passing constantly along the busy thoroughfares, and to decide what they should see and do next.

It was several hours later that they found themselves in what they unanimously declared to be the most charming spot they had yet seen. And indeed no one who has beheld the Presa de la Olla of Guanajuato will be likely to deny that it is one

of the most charming spots to be possibly seen anywhere. The valley in which the city lies widens a little at this its upper end, and here a stream of considerable size descending from the mountains has been confined in a succession of reservoirs built one below the other in a series of basins limpid, rock-



THE ALHÓNDIGA, FAMOUS IN THE BLOOD-STAINED ANNALS OF THE CITY.

lined, overhung on one side by beautiful gardens and picturesque residences, bordered on the other by the road that winds up the gorge, which is also lined by handsome homes, while the great mountains rise abruptly into towering heights on each hand and enhance by contrast the fairy-like aspect of the scene. Broad paths lead over the massive dams that confine the waters,

to the verdure-embowered houses that occupy the narrow space between the reservoirs and the precipitous cliffs rising behind them, their graceful arcades, frescoed in soft, lovely colors, reflected with almost startling distinctness in the mirror-like surface of the lakelets, together with the abundant deep-green foliage and gorgeously flowering shrubs that fringe their verges.

"Could anything be more exquisite!" cried Dorothea, pausing to contemplate one of these pictures—a vision of delicately painted arches almost hidden by overhanging vines and trees, birds singing in gilded cages, a tree laden with scarlet blossoms bending over the glassy surface of the water, a peacock displaying his magnificent tail on a low rock wall.

"They are pretty places," said the general, "but they give me an uncomfortable idea of dampness. Standing immediately on the water, with that mountain-like wall behind them, they are exceedingly suggestive of rheumatism."

"Oh, papa, how dreadfully prosaic!" said Dorothea with a laugh. "They seem to me enchanting—*casas de recreo* in the fullest sense, suggestive of all manner of fancies as charming as themselves."

"They do not suggest much of the serious business of life," observed Travers. "One can hardly imagine one's self doing anything in such a habitation except listening to a lady playing on a lute—and perhaps making love to her between whiles."

"How very tiresome to the lady that would be," said Miss Gresham with an air of innocent malice.

"They are certainly charming," said Mrs. Langdon. "But like papa, I wonder if there are not some possibilities of dampness about them."

"You must remember," said Russell, "that we are in a land of perpetual sunshine and nearly seven thousand feet above the sea. Dampness is almost an impossibility here."

So talking, they walked slowly up the winding roadway until they reached the end of the ascending gorge, where a plaza has been laid out in a garden full of flowers and all manner of tropical plants. Beyond and above it the great brown heights close like a wall, below the necklace of crystal lakes drops down in the midst of greenery, to the city glowing with sea-shell color, that lies in the heart of its deep valley and on the steep acclivities of its encircling hills.

"It is an entrancing place altogether," said Dorothea with a soft sigh of pleasure. "One could spend a long time here

without wearying. And now, Mr. Russell, where shall we go next?"

"Tell us, Russell," said Mr. Travers with an air of resignation. "Don't keep us in suspense. Miss Gresham looks pale with anxiety to know what exertion will next be required of her."

"Well," said Russell tentatively, "yonder is the Cerro de San Miguel. How would you like to climb up there, inspect the fort, and take in a fine view of Guanajuato?"

"Admirable!" exclaimed Dorothea—but it was evident that the rest of the party were not inclined to attempt the ascent of the great hill upon which they could see the frowning bastioned walls of the Fort of the Archangel. There was a moment's silence and then Mrs. Langdon said:

"I suppose Dorothea will regard us very contemptuously, but I think I express the sentiments of the majority when I ask, can you not suggest something a little more accessible?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Russell. "There is the Alhóndiga de Granaditas, so famous in the blood-stained annals of the place, which you have not yet seen. It is very accessible, being in the heart of the city."

"The Alhóndiga!—we must on no account overlook that," said the general. "It seems to be the most interesting historical object in Guanajuato. I was reading last night a description of the siege it stood when the city was captured by the revolutionists under Hidalgo, and again when retaken by the Spaniards. There is nothing in history to surpass the horrors of either siege—but especially of the first."

"I, too, was reading that description the other day," said Mrs. Langdon, "and the wholesale slaughter that followed the capture of the citadel by Hidalgo's forces was so horrible that I do not wonder the Spaniards sent his head to ornament a spike on the building, when they captured him. Remembering all the excesses he committed, I can feel no interest in his career, nor pity for his fate."

"In extenuation, one should recollect that his army was only an undisciplined mob of half-civilized Indians, very difficult to restrain," said Russell. "Only success, with its accompaniments of bloodshed and plunder, kept the mass of them with him. You know, after his final defeat near Guadalajara, they melted away like the mists of morning."

"He had the power, or at least he might have manifested

the will, to show some mercy to the Spanish garrison who had held the Alhóndiga with so much courage," said the general; "but they were butchered to the last man."

"The vengeance which the Spaniards took on Guanajuato was terrific," said Russell. "We are told that its streets literally ran with blood. But these are gruesome memories for such bright scenes. Shall we go and see the Alhóndiga? It is the city prison now, you know."

"I observe in the guide-book," said Travers, "a very sensible remark to the effect that 'in a Mexican prison are many creeping and hopping things which creep and hop from the unjust prisoners to the just visitors with most undesirable celerity.' So I think that I shall be satisfied with viewing the exterior of this famous building."

"I am sorry for any one," remarked Dorothea, "who in the midst of great historical associations, in a place where human endurance and human heroism have been displayed to their utmost limit, can think of anything so small as—"

"Creeping and hopping things?" asked her sister with a smile. "But although small, they are more to be dreaded than many much larger things; so I am inclined to decide also for the outside of the building. What do you say, Violet?"

"There is really little to be seen inside," said Russell. "The historical associations can be appreciated as well without as within, and the building is only worth entering for the view from the roof. That is very fine."

"Then," said Dorothea with decision, "I, for one, shall certainly see it, be the consequences what they may."

Travers looked at Mrs. Langdon with a laugh. "What is to be done?" he asked. "Shall we leave Russell and Miss Dorothea to risk the creeping and hopping things alone?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the general. "Not see a most interesting historical building because of such considerations—what nonsense!"

"Come," said Russell, also looking at Mrs. Langdon. "It is late enough for a good view from the roof, and I will warrant you against unpleasant consequences."

"Oh! in that case of course we will go," said she promptly, while Travers shrugged his shoulders slightly, as he fell back with Miss Gresham.

"I am really afraid of the result of this excursion on Russell's character," he confided to her. "The effect is not perceptible yet, but a man *must* become intolerable who is constantly

telling people what they should do, and being deferred to and obeyed."

"It is more Dorothea's fault than Mr. Russell's," said Miss Gresham. "If *she* would have some moderation we should not be dragged into so many impossible places! Now, this prison—I really don't think that I care for it at all."

"Then why trouble yourself to see it?" her companion inquired. "We shall pass the hotel on our way, and you can stop there."

"Shall *you?*" she asked.

"I? Oh, no!" he answered. "I am weak-minded enough to generally go with the majority."

"I suppose it is best," she said with a sigh, for the ways that lead to the Alhóndiga are steep, and the solitude of her chamber at the hotel was not inviting.

It is certainly the most impressive object in Guanajuato, this great Alhóndiga de Granaditas, as it stands on the higher ground of the city, looking far more like the citadel of war, into which fate transformed it, than the peaceful commercial exchange for which it was erected. Few forts have ever stood more terrible sieges, and the shot-marks with which its walls are covered testify to the fury of the cannonading which it has suffered. Scarred with these signs of battle, bathed in memories of blood, each corner bearing still the grisly spike on which the head of a revolutionary leader was affixed, it is a picture never to be forgotten as it dominates the beautiful city like a stern reminder of the terrible scenes which changed it into a very Inferno of horror.

Fresh from the pages of history, where these scenes are written, the little group stood for some time gazing at the walls which are the memorial of so much endurance on the one side and daring on the other, of courage and heroism, of dauntless defiance and passions unloosed to do the work of fiends.

"God forgive the man who, without gravest cause, brings the unspeakable horrors of war upon a country!" said the general very solemnly at length. "Only those who have seen war know what it is. And if, under its influence, men who have inherited the civilization of ages become savages, what can be expected of those who have close behind them an absolutely savage past? What these walls have witnessed may answer."

"They witnessed the worst scenes of all the revolution," said Russell. "As savagery always provokes savagery, one side rivalled the other in excesses of cruelty. As for Hidalgo—I have

not much admiration for his character, and scant sympathy for a priest who put himself at the head of anything certain to be so long and terrible as a war of revolution—but he must be granted patriotic intention and heroic courage."

"With him certainly the words were strikingly verified, that 'they who take the sword shall perish by the sword,'" said Margaret Langdon.

All eyes followed her own to the spike where that head once rested, the lips of which had uttered the Cry of Dolores—that stirring, heart-piercing cry which never died in the hearts of the people until Mexico had won the freedom that as yet has hardly proved a blessing to her. A plate let into the wall below the spike bears the simple name "Hidalgo," as at the other corners similar tablets bear the names of the other leaders whose heads were also displayed here—Allende, Jiménez, and Aldama.

But when they entered, and led by a courteous official found themselves on the roof of the building, it was easy to forget all memories of warfare and bloodshed in the contemplation of the scene spread before them. The encircling hills, on which the watchfires of Hidalgo's forces once burned, were now bathed in sunshine that wrapped like a mantle their great brown shoulders, which were dotted with mines surrounded by gray, bastioned, loop-holed walls, and mining villages out of which graceful church spires rose. At their feet the city lay in a mass of softly-mingled color, narrow streets winding through mediæval houses, plazas forming lovely bits of greenness, splendid towers thrown out against the sky, the noble sculptured façade of the Campañia standing proudly on its mountain platform, and the sea-green arches of the unfinished theatre catching the eye, while over all was spread a charm as subtle but as distinct as the sunset radiance which presently fell upon and glorified it, making the beautiful semi-Oriental picture of many-tinted buildings, of fretted spires and shining domes swim, as it were, in a sea of golden light for a few enchanted minutes before the purple twilight fell.

Christian Reid.



THE CHILDREN'S LAND.

I KNOW a land, a beautiful land,
Fairer than isles of the East,
Where the farthest hills are rainbow-spanned,
And mirth holds an endless feast;
Where tears are dried like the morning dew,
And joys are many, and griefs are few;
Where the old each day grows glad and new,
And life rings clear as a bell:
Oh! the land where the chimes speak sweet and true
Is the land where the children dwell!

There are beautiful lands where the rivers flow
Through valleys of ripened grain;
There are lands where armies of worshippers know
No God but the God of Gain.
The chink of gold is the song they sing,
And all their life-time harvesting
Are the glittering joys that gold may bring,
In measures they buy and sell;
But the land where love is the coin and king
Is the land where the children dwell!

They romp in troops through this beautiful land
From morning till set of sun,
And the Drowsy Fairies have sweet dreams planned
When the little tasks are done.
Here are no strivings for power and place,
The last are first in the mimic race,
All hearts are trusted, all life is grace,
And Peace sings "All goes well"—
For God walks daily with unveiled face
In the land where the children dwell!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

AN EDUCATIONAL BUREAU AND JOURNAL.

THAT strange paradox we call Life is ever bristling with serious problems. It is like the charged battery when negative and positive influences are brought to bear upon it. As by these very opposing forces the most magnificent effects are produced, so from the contending energies of man's brain and heart are developed some of the greatest results.

As we grope in a dim, uncertain way, after the lessons these problems teach we catch a glimpse of life's meaning, which, to many, is the greatest of all mysteries.

There is revealed the wondrous plan of creation, hoary with age, yet ever and again renewing its youth. True the creative act ceased when the Almighty beholding his work pronounced it good, yet the process of reproduction, of renovation still continues. From old ideas, principles, and symbols are wrought the new. This is true evolution as distinguished from its primitive meaning, which somewhat doubtfully credits Darwin with the brilliant idea that an immortal man can be evolved from a mortal monkey, or, as more recently suggested, that animated matter may be directly produced from the inanimate! Poverty-stricken Nature! Are her resources thus limited or exhausted, that man must come to the rescue? Such might be the inference from the views and theories of some of our latter-day sages.

Puzzling and baffling as seem many of these mysteries, the solution will come sooner or later through divine lights and inspirations given to man, as instruments, thus guiding all things to their destined end.

The heart of humanity, by its very longing, ever makes prophetic the great events of time. Long in travail and with much groaning have ignorance and oppression awaited their deliverance.

But oh! these birth-hours of history, what a glorious dawn do they ever foreshadow! The downfall of Constantinople, the uncrowning of its last Christian ruler, Constantine Palæologus, and the consequent extinction of the great Eastern Empire after a duration of eleven hundred and twenty-five years, followed by the dispersion of the Greeks through Europe—all this seemed certain disaster and ruin to civilization, yet proved quite other-

wise. Those very exiled Greeks became the true light-bearers, scattering broadcast their priceless treasures of science and art, literature and philosophy, waking to new life and vigor man's dormant faculties.

THE WORLD AWAKENS TO A NEW LIFE.

That same fifteenth century gave a new world to the old, and with it freedom—true liberty in a broader sense than had ever been dreamed of. The spirit of discovery and invention ran riot, inaugurated by the mariner's compass, which, with the printing-press and steam, opened unknown regions in the world of mind and matter.

Later on, by girdling our globe with the magic electric current, the prophecy of Puck was more than fulfilled. Philanthropy brooded over this new order of things; prejudices were softened, arbitration hushed the cannon's roar, put the sword in its scabbard, and spiked our guns on the battle-field. Brain proved more effective than brawn. Those triumvirs, printing, steam, and electricity, with their progeny of inventions, have done more in one decade for the world's progress than in three millenniums before, as Europe's greatest statesman declares. Religion, under varied forms and names, has found its true mission, that of united effort for the public good.

This was well illustrated in 1884, when the representatives of fourteen countries, including Catholics, Protestants, and a Mohammedan, met at Berlin to frame a constitution for the Congo Free State. What a comment upon previous methods! To-day Christian civilization no longer recognizes serfdom or slavery. A wider charity prevails, making of the human race one family, with God as Father, and Christ as Brother. Our own lives, too, become parcels of this great drama, ever renewing its marvels of seeming contradictions. Through all, how clearly do we see in the retrospect each event as the essential complement of all the others. The whole becomes a lucid, living argument, "with nature for the premises, and his creatures for the conclusions,"—this same nature being but "another name for an effect whose cause is God."

The seed-corn of future history is still in the great Master's hand, to be scattered in the fulness of time, when the earth is ready to receive it. Under what varied forms does this Divinity reveal itself—"Shaping our ends, rough-hew them how we may!" With that wondrous power of ubiquity it pervades our government, giving us liberty, as another tells us. Appear-

ing as the idealist in our literature, as the inventor in our more material life, as the friend of humanity in works of zeal and charity, ever the same Prince of Peace, His beneficent reign showers blessings manifold and universal.

A LARGER SPHERE OF ACTIVITY OPENS TO WOMEN.

Woman and her position, not the least among the world's problems to-day, must be met fairly and openly. In no better, surer way can she assert her claim to recognition by the wise and good than through an education enabling her to cope with man in efforts for a higher civilization. The few chances already given are fruitful in promise.

If, as we are told, "the object of teaching is to make men think, and the object of thinking to make men live," certainly a little more teaching and thinking would not come amiss for those making pedagogics a profession.

Teaching is character-building, the symmetrical development of manhood and womanhood. Knowledge thus imparted, or rather evolved, becomes the blessed germ of untold possibilities. Almost infinite wisdom seems necessary for such a mission. Given a marked fitness, special training, and unselfish devotion, supplemented by a healthy mind in a healthy body, behold a model teacher; then what results! How many can claim such a prestige?

WHAT TRUE EDUCATION MEANS.

Now we begin to see that instruction is not education, but requiring far more than "the give-and-take" method of question and answer, with the averaging accounts of monthly examinations, etc., needed, perhaps, as a stimulus, but "only that and nothing more." So both teacher and pupil should regard it, while they constantly aim farther and higher. It is the study of character in its many phases that will serve as the key-note in playing upon that "harp of a thousand strings"—child-life. Manners, habits, inclinations, and all the peccadilloes of human frailty must have their special restraint and culture. Here is the substantial part—the real pith of education.

Viewing this work in its true light, we see it not confined to youth, but beginning then, and ending—*never;* always and everywhere going on, well or ill, as influences may direct. A schoolroom is but the entrance-hall opening into those broader realms where, later on, the tools of knowledge, well sharpened and their uses understood, can be wielded with an effect that shall tell. The more fully this is realized, the more carefully will teachers

forecast the destiny of their pupils, directing the training as capacity and inclination may suggest; and this, too, from the very beginning when their first timid glance seems to ask, "Why am I here? What is to be done with me?" Give these young immortals an aim for the duty required; awaken an interest; rouse enthusiasm; thus keeping their little faculties ever on the alert; the end in view will prove worthy their best efforts, however simple. Daily, hourly hold this up to them as in a mirror, animating, encouraging every step taken as bringing them nearer and nearer to their ideals and to the success awaiting them.

It is united, systematic effort on the part of our Catholic teachers, whether secular or religious, that will give us an education not for one parish, religious order, or diocese, but, like a grand, free government, be "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Teachers' associations, normal and summer-schools are indispensable to success. The Catholic Educational Union, Columbian Reading Union, and the Summer-School have struck the right chord. Through channels such as these will flow a more definite purpose and give a charm to what must be a labor of love if success is won. That too-isolated work of the past will disappear, and with it those personal, perennial hobbies often used at the expense of the veriest principles of common sense. Exposed in the full light of other and brighter minds, such defects will be noted and corrected.

That word Union in the preceding titles is an almost certain guarantee of success. Combination, organization, so typical of the age, must be the method adopted. Working hand in hand, heart to heart, for one common end, success must follow. Individual work will tell thereby none the less—nay, rather the more. Receiving much, we should give of our very best, that failure may not be laid at our door.

The grand event of America's discovery, made possible by the patronage of Catholic sovereigns, encouraged and blessed by the great Cardinal Ximenes, aided by the dauntless faith of Juan Perez, and the generous aid of the Pinzons, all consummated by the indomitable courage and unwavering confidence of Columbus the Catholic, should arouse every son and daughter of the church, firing them with pride, patriotism, and gratitude. True to the traditions of their ancestors, they cannot, must not prove unworthy of so wondrous a heritage.

Probably never before, certainly never as now, by such a favorable combination of circumstances can Catholic women compete with other leaders in the field of human progress. The

various departments of the Columbian Exposition offer these advantages, making it the grandest school of human progress ever opened to eager, earnest students. The scholar, scientist, and inventor will there be typified in the marvels that his genius, skill, and research have embodied for the instruction and pleasure of the world. *Tolle et lege* the lessons there given. In grateful acknowledgment should the recipients contribute from their own resources to this the most worthy memorial ever offered as the united homage of the whole world to God for the gift of the Old to the New.

Our Holy Father, with his special benediction, gives every encouragement for the children of the church to prove their loyalty to their God, their faith, their country—a trinity one, eternal, inseparable, and universal. Here and now can we prove the integrity of our faith; there is and can be no middle ground for us. Concession is truly desirable for the promotion of peace and good-will; but let it never be at the expense of the very least principle of our holy faith. Nor need it. Each planet keeps its appointed orbit, moving therein peacefully and in perfect harmony with all the rest.

Thus shall it be with varying creeds and nationalities; each moving in its own circle, until a gradual yielding and blending of sentiments will give us facts and truths for opinions and theories. Then shall there be "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." The tide drifts towards this blessed haven, and sooner, perhaps, than we think will these favoring winds bring us safely to port.

ESTABLISH A TEACHERS' BUREAU.

As a means to this end, in connection with the Catholic Educational Exhibit at Chicago, under the able management of Brother Maurelian, could not a Teachers' Bureau be permanently established there? Let it be placed in the hands of the most zealous leaders of the profession, and fully equipped to do a great and beneficent work. Those pledged heart and soul to this enterprise, working for mutual good, aided by wise suggestions born of personal experience, will do much to smooth difficulties that retard the teacher's work. Active members of the profession can best settle that vexed question of religious and secular instruction in schools. Purest water comes directly from the fountain-head.

Suggestions will be gladly received, shaping course of study, discipline, requirements for teachers, etc., they being *ex-officio* members of the bureau. These observations duly reported at

headquarters, shall be open for discussion through a first-class Educational Journal, so indispensable for the work in hand; the latter proposal having already been anticipated by that prince of the church and of educators, Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria.

While distinctly Catholic, let both the bureau and its journal be distinctly American. Love for church and country must be mutual, each intensifying the other. This work, indeed, is a national affair; we realize it daily more and more. Our education gauges our civilization, and our civilization our education. Guided by such sentiments we will re-form our Republic on the basis of the old. Eliminating defects, a stronger, nobler character will mark its dealings at home and abroad.

In anticipation of such a boon, and emphasizing the idea that "prevention is better than cure," that civilization can do more to check crime than the hangman's rope, a sort of educational quarantine might not come amiss, making school attendance compulsory, thus eradicating from the body politic ignorance and vice, with its train of contagious evils.

Ohio and Colorado have taken hold of the matter in earnest, accepting no excuse for non-attendance on the score of indigence, since they furnish not only books but clothing for those unable to procure them. As much, perhaps, might be done for needy pupils in Catholic schools through the bureau. Its advantages will soon appear, both in morals and economics. But primarily this bureau will become a channel for the broader culture of Catholic teachers, through united effort, giving access to whatever is an advantage in their profession, evolving the best methods, and consequently the best results. The want of this unity has been the chief obstacle to success.

With the journal it will prove a combination in its best sense, teachers of both sexes being admitted to its privileges. Formerly such organizations, limited to man, left woman isolated, a prey to her whims, fancies, and what-nots. She could not intrude on man's domain and still preserve her prestige. Such was the verdict.

What, then, is woman's sphere? Its limits are boundless as the horizon, and as the vaulted arch of heaven. Wherever her ability and its needs can find a footing, there let her advance. True to the instincts of Christian womanhood, no barrier need check her progress. An innate sense of the fitness of things will be her safeguard. Such helpers as these are needed everywhere, and, thank God! not found wanting.

WHAT AN EDUCATIONAL BUREAU MIGHT DO.

Through the proposed bureau views and plans will harmonize, placing the teacher's work on a solid basis. Jealousies and rivalries must then cease. If your school is better than mine, gladly will I avail myself of its advantages; if I, too, have scored some good points, as readily will I return the favor. One heart and soul then animates the work.

Parochial schools will share in these benefits. Many of them in the larger cities do excellent work, hardly to be surpassed, but in some of the smaller parishes there is special need of just such light and aid as the bureau and journal can give. Did you know that 14,215,571 children are now under the instruction of 425,000 teachers in the public, private, and parochial schools of the United States? Many of these fall under the influence of Catholic teachers. In a decade or two they become the citizens of our Republic.

What a power, then, to-day in the hands of every educator! Our purpose and its fulfilment in this work seals the judgment of the Almighty for them and for us.

With even more emphasis might Frances Anne Kemble say to the teachers of to-day than to some young college graduates years ago:

> "A sacred burden is the life ye bear;
> Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
> Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
> Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
> But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

The proposed bureau will be a sort of Signal Service Corps, a beacon-light. Thrice blessed will be the aid and knowledge thereby gained. Much good wheat can be found when the chaff is thus well winnowed. To facilitate this work it could be under the control of a board of directors, composed of one from each diocese, the teachers thus conferring with their respective heads or delegates. A director-in-chief should have charge of the council thus formed, elected by its members, and in perfect sympathy with their views and plans.

One occupying such a position should be a representative Catholic citizen, with both elbows free, not hampered or guided by mere personal theories or self-interest, in no sense a crank, but, while open to conviction, yet working steadily and solely for the best interests of the organization.

With such a leader, just think what a world of good might be accomplished! Old fads and fancies would yield to better judgment and wisdom. Suggestions might, no doubt, conflict at times; but if the shoes pinch, we need another pair. This *I think, I believe,* "*big I and little you,*" might do well enough for the old woman who lived in a nut-shell, but we've rented a broader domain. Your knowledge, my friend, may be above the average, but hardly sufficient to eclipse the united wisdom of the hundreds and thousands to be enrolled in the bureau.

Our right reverend bishops and clergy will certainly give their sanction to and support most cordially an enterprise that must so directly promote the welfare of each diocese, at the same time relieving them of much care and responsibility. No important step will, of course, be taken without their hearty approval and co-operation.

Many schools in one diocese often defeat success, being too heavy a tax upon people who, as a class, have all they can do to keep their own pots boiling, without helping to feed their neighbors' fires.

To relieve such a burden, let college and academy be established *pro rata* the inhabitants and their bank accounts. Competition has had too much of the say-so in this matter. Entering a field already occupied, perhaps in a "booming" town, the party soon found itself pushing or pushed to the wall, even at the expense of the beautiful law of Christian charity. Rivalry may be admissible, within limits, in business transactions, but hardly in the matters we are discussing. Let Christian courtesy prevail. Not the survival of the strongest, but of the fittest. Do we not, through a mistaken zeal, or from self-interest, too often lose sight of this spirit of charity?

IS THIS PROPOSAL TOO IDEAL?

Justly proud that in numbers we lead other Christian organizations; that the great and good are continually added to our list of converts; that cathedrals, churches, and schools adorn our cities and crown the hillsides of our towns and villages;—well that it should be so; but what of the spirit animating these works of zeal and piety? And yet the great law of sympathetic union must prevail as the only type of Christian fellowship. Its effects are patent ethically in social and political matters; still more should they appear in higher, holier fields of labor. Some may urge there is too much idealism about our enterprise. Admitted—with a qualification, however. Ideals of man seldom be-

come much more than half a reality; yet for all this should we discard them *in toto?* They do a great, a blessed work; still greater, far more blessed, when the impulse, or, better still, the inspiration, which gave them being, by a hundred and a hundred times repeated effort, gives fuller shape and clearness to that ideal, making it a practical, vivid reality. Do we think less to-day of the ideals of famous inventors while reaping the benefits of their magic genius?

St. Vincent de Paul gave broad hints of this truth when he told his religious, the saintly Sisters of Charity, that their chapel would be the street, their communions acts of self-sacrifice by the bedside of some wretched victim of a loathsome contagious disease, their rest and recreations new labors. Here, then, in *duty* do we find the true essence and ideal of life, the most sacred offering of the creature to his Creator, a prayer reaching farther into heaven than any ever uttered by human lips, if at the expense of that duty.

This practical view of the teacher's work must prevail everywhere, in convent and secular schools. It is that which tells most effectively in the long run. Skilful grafting and pruning work wonders, fitting the pupils to deal with life as an affair above all others.

Unfortunately, many imagine a convent life to be purely ideal, a sentimental, up-in-the-clouds sort of existence. But the fact of the matter is, whether in or out of a convent, in this world of ours there is no genuine living on mere ideals, on moonshine, the odor of violets, etc. Nectar and ambrosia might answer for fabled gods and goddesses, but for brainy, great-hearted men and women, such as our age demands, something more substantial must be taken.

WE MUST HAVE IDEALS.

Rightly understood, ideals make us what we are. Let them be true, perfect, and holy, such in a measure must we become. Hence our standard of right and wrong varies with the dominant *motif;* therefore, the stronger, more abiding our faith in a Supreme Being, the higher will be that standard; like the guiding needle of the compass, it never varies from the wondrous magnet towards which it is so powerfully drawn.

A person with all the concentrated wisdom of Aristotle and his successors in philosophic science would count for no more, as far as a sense of obligation tells, than a South Sea Islander, each of whom seeks nothing higher than self-gratification. Remember still, the fountain rises no higher than its source.

We know many things are right and just, and may do them for that reason alone; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, unless actuated by a higher ideal, we won't, when interest calls us elsewhere.

A teacher's work demands the holiest of all such motives. If thus actuated, she wields a magic, irresistible power; always infectious, it must be transmitted to her pupils; such as she is, such will they become; in a measure her living photographs—not exteriorly alone, but her very heart, character, and life will be reproduced with unerring fidelity.

Is there a calling nobler, grander than this? Realizing it fully, our educators must be inspired, animated, electrified, if you will, by the purest aims and broadest views. They must throw zeal and fire into their work. Humdrum, routine method, year after year, won't do. As well might the pupils be put into a machine, which, by so many revolutions in a minute, produces a figure the exact counterpart of those it always has and always will evolve. No; none of this. The excellent work of others must not satisfy progressive teachers: still more, still better, will be the aim. Even their own work of to-day will not entirely meet the needs of to-morrow, which is ever advancing.

God alone can satisfy the highest of all ideals. Without him we are at sea minus sails, compass, and rudder. With him there is a spur to duty, a check to sin, strength and courage in temptation, light and comfort in the darkest hour. This being the animus of a teacher's life, her pupils cannot fail to be moulded into a higher type of manhood and womanhood. More correct views of good and ill, a delicate sense of honor, a tender regard for others' rights and the claims of justice will mark a character thus imbued with thoughts of God. This is true religion, which as its derivative meaning tells us, is a binding again of the soul to its divine Source. By those ignoring religion as the needed leaven of education, a certain kind of morality is urged and held up as all-sufficient for man's needs. But any morality that leaves out God as its basis, substance, and capstone, is no morality at all, but rather the "loose ends" of its shadow. The very thought of this Supreme Being as the propelling force of life, gives to it a grandeur and sublimity that shame all other lives, lowering them to the dead-level of self, their only aim.

RELIGION IS A STRIVING TO ATTAIN THE GREAT IDEAL.

This truth is revealed more clearly in individuals than in the mass, each one standing out a distinct type of his ideals. In the hurry and pressure of life's duties, entailing a somewhat mechanical routine, we are apt to fall into a sort of religious rut, unless roused by some shock or challenge from those not of our faith. Then we begin to look around and say, What do we believe anyway? We are sure of our creed; is it not our sheet-anchor, buckler, "helmet of salvation"? Certainly the church's doctrines are infallible. Do you ask for more? Yes, yes; a living, intelligent faith, enabling you "to give a reason for the hope that is in you," to meet at every point any objections hurled against that creed as old as its Founder.

For this close study is needed, with careful examination of the pros and cons, since there are many nice points and shades of meaning in Catholic doctrine that the faithful may readily take for granted, but not so easily admitted by our opponents, might become to them a stumbling-block—"a lion in the way."

We are often supposed to believe things which we do not, and to ignore much that is common to every creed of Christendom, and which we, too, cordially accept. Familiarity with such points will be of special service to teachers. Their pupils, if non-Catholics, can then plainly see that the church is not so dogmatic as some imagine; obliging her children to swallow its doctrines in one dose, to take everything in a lump because it is her dictum.

Hence, the more intelligence in your faith, the more charity there is towards all of whatsoever creed, and the more good accomplished. The beautiful law of reciprocity thus ever works out it own blessed results; in fact, *must be them*, or it is no creed, no Christianity. "Faith without works is dead"; and a dead faith, like a dead body, is worse than none at all.

To attain this the more readily, catechism instruction should not be a conning and recitation of dry dogmas and facts, but rather an interesting study of the beautiful life of the Christ-Child through every scene, from the "Gloria in Excelsis," as hymned by the angels on that first Christmas at Bethlehem, to the closing scenes of Calvary and the Ascension. Each of them will then become a living, breathing poem, replete with lessons of love and holiness for life, death, and eternity.

All these and other truths of our holy faith can be illustrated by incidents from daily life, making the impression still more

vivid. Its doctrines thus revealed as vital, practical truths must lead to lives of virtue.

The very stir and unrest in religious matters to-day is a good sign; it betokens an awakening to a truer sense of our position as Catholic Christians; that we are not such because of our ancestry, but from actual conviction of the truth; and if not the better Christians for this God-given faith, *it is high time we were!*

Catholic women, your ability and the needed opportunity for its outlet are not wanting; therefore do we the more earnestly herald and defend your cause, simply because by the very pressure laid upon us we cannot hold our peace.

Seeing wrong that must be righted, suffering pleading for relief, perhaps affecting your own flesh and blood, you, too, will be no longer silent. With others of your sex throughout the world, inflamed by the one desire of woman's advancement, you will seek and find this boon, through an education giving full scope to the powers of mind, to the better impulses of heart and soul. To effect this, an all-pervading spirit full of zeal and confidence must animate the work. Using another's metaphor, "Your cannon must be charged with ideas worthy of such a purpose."

So grand in their aim, so full of vim and fire must they be, that all obstacles shall be as if they were not. Triumphs, we know, are achieved only through struggles; the greatness of the one measures the glory of the other. It is not so much in the final achievement, as in the slow but certain step-by-step process, that at last crowns the work, and wreaths the victor with laurel.

These suggestions will serve as *pegs*, if you choose, upon which others may hang much valuable information. The bureau and its annex, the journal, being admirable channels for the same, we must have them—cannot do without them. Who says *I* first?

F. M. Edselas.

OVERBERG: A PIONEER IN MODERN PEDAGOGICS.

IN Councillor Schlosser's recollections of Goethe the great pantheistic poet is quoted as saying: "I feel myself ever anew, as though by some mysterious power, drawn toward those genuine Catholic natures which, having once acquired peace themselves in unswerving hope and faith, live at peace with others, doing good from no consideration other than that it comes natural to them, and that God so wills it. For such natures I cherish abiding reverence."

As known to every student of Goethe's life, it was in the house of the Princess Amalie Gallitzin that he had the opportunity of getting face to face with Catholics, and no one doubts that when speaking as quoted he had in mind, besides the princess herself, such men as the brilliant Fuerstenberg, vicar-general of Muenster, and the humble and retiring but none the less remarkable Bernhard Overberg. Of these two Overberg appears to me by far the more interesting.

He was born on May 1, 1754, in a village in the diocese of Osnabrueck, his father being a poor peddler. The parents were pious, and from earliest years imbued their son's mind with that filial trust in Providence which was never to leave him, not even in days of bitter trial. From the start the child did not appear a promising one. Not till in his fifth year did he learn to walk, and he had worn out eight A B C books before he was able to read. However, the boy early conceived a wish to become a priest, and accordingly read and prayed with double zeal, that he might be able to carry out this intention. He soon progressed in intellectual achievements, and at sixteen was sent to make his classical course at a Franciscan gymnasium. From there in 1774 he went to the episcopal seminary at Muenster. A characteristic incident, suggestive of his future career, dates from this time. His vacations he spent with his mother, who had been for some years a widow. Among the children in the neighborhood were some that had not been allowed to make their first Communion owing to the insufficiency of their knowledge. Their parents asked Overberg to instruct them, and so he did. At first he tried the customary method, giving the children

questions and answers from the catechism to learn by heart, and examining them the day following. But the children, poor of memory as they were, could not retain the answers, and for a while the young teacher thought this his first attempt destined to be a complete failure. Suddenly, however, it came to his mind to try another way, and having dropped the dry catechism he began to tell his pupils stories from the Bible. His peculiar talent for setting forth in words living pictures of biblical events and characters was here tested for the first time, and with a result than which none could have been more gratifying. The children brightened up, they listened attentively, and gave proofs of having caught both at the events related and the moral teachings these were to convey. Next fall the children were readily admitted to Holy Communion.

HE IS ORDAINED PRIEST.

Overberg was ordained in 1780. Fuerstenberg offered him the advantageous situation of tutor in a family of high rank, but the young priest had other aims in view, and declined. Shortly after he was appointed curate at Everswinkel, a little country place, where, besides his board, he received a salary of thirty dollars a year.

To the zeal with which he worked in the ministry both Protestants—as, for example, Professor Schuberth of Munich, who wrote Overberg's life—and Catholics have borne ample testimony. Particularly characteristic of the man were his constant efforts to make his sermons at once plain and impressive. Eloquence in the usual sense they had none, but occasionally he delivered them with a kind of dramatic effect. An old village smith, at whose shop the curate often called on his long walks, related the following: "Once he preached on the wedding garment. The wedding garment, said he, signifies a Christian's dignity, conferred upon us in baptism, which we are bound to preserve in order to render account of it before God on the day of judgment. Let us imagine ourselves standing before the throne of God, summoned to render that account! Now followed question upon question. What shall we answer? asked Overberg, and for a while remained silent. Then came, in a voice almost choked with tears, the sentence of the parable: 'And he answered not a word!' With that he took his biretta and left the pulpit. The congregation remained motionless in their pews for some time, and then went out one by one, without the usual chatting."

He begins his life's work.

As was to be expected, Overberg turned his attention particularly to the instruction of the young, which at his request was made over to him entirely by the pastor. The old method, consisting merely in lessons learned by heart and then repeated, had never satisfied him and was now done away with. In three years he acquired such a reputation as a catechist as to induce Monsignor Fuerstenberg to come unexpectedly on a Sunday afternoon in order to convince himself by personal observation as to the merits of Curate Overberg's method. The result was that he offered the young priest the place of teacher at the Normal School, and, moreover, compelled him to accept it.

Consequently, in March, 1783, Dean Overberg, as he was to be called henceforth, moved to Muenster, and took up his residence at the episcopal seminary.

Whatever may be said against the so-called enlightened period (*Aufklaerungs-Periode*) at the close of the last century and the beginning of this, we cannot refuse to sundry of its representatives the credit of having entertained a sincere belief in the efficacy of education, and of having made correspondingly strong efforts to bring it within the reach of all classes of society. Unfortunately, the educational questions were too often to these men so many mathematical problems, to be solved everywhere according to precisely the same rules, and with infallibly the same results. But where men like Fuerstenberg and the former curate of Everswinkel took the lead these less pleasant aspects of the educational movement were not perceptible, and results of enduring value were obtained. Needless to remark, that the rapid development of the natural sciences and the altogether altered situation of the masses have necessitated such changes in matters educational since the days of Bernhard Overberg, that we should be sadly at sea were we at the present day to be guided exclusively by such works as his *Guide* or *Manual*—justly famous at the time of their publication and long after. For us now to study those books would be simply waste of time, but we shall never regret having spent a while in the company of the man that wrote them, thus getting acquainted with what is far more interesting and elevating than a standard book—a standard character.

The task imposed upon Overberg was, so to speak, to teach school-masters the science of teaching in a two or three months'

course, which was to be gone through during autumn vacation. To this office was soon joined the school-inspectorship for the diocese.

HE IS MADE SCHOOL INSPECTOR.

When Overberg entered upon his duties there was no want of schools in Muenster; the country was rather crowded with them. But they were schools often by name only. The school-masters in the towns and large villages were generally persons who had gone through their course of studies at the gymnasium with a view to become priests, but had been obliged to give up either for want of ability, vocation, or for some other cause In the little villages the school was kept in winter by a day-laborer, who in summer worked in the fields. Instruction was limited to learning the catechism by rote and to reading, and it goes without saying that even in these branches the children were often sadly deficient. Writing was taught in a few schools only, arithmetic hardly in any. Even the better schools were mostly without writing-desks and often without a stove. In most of the small villages the school was in some out-building.

Here was work indeed for a conscientious man. Fortunately Overberg was equal to the task. And fortunately Fuerstenberg approved of every reform he proposed. School-houses were erected and the improvement of the school-masters was attended to in a very practical way. An increase of salary was assured to such as proved fit for their office by an examination, this examination being held every three years. Those who turned out deficient were required to attend the normal instruction until sufficiently advanced.

What sort of men Overberg had thus to make school-masters of within the compass of a few months may be easily gathered from what has been already said. Only too many of them had chosen their present occupation as a refuge from poverty. In the beginning Overberg gave all the instruction himself: in the forenoon from nine to twelve, and from two to five in the afternoon. The branches were general pedagogics, religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the spare time he took into his own room those who were exceedingly dull and ignorant, to help them on by private instruction.

Overberg would first put before his pupils the great dignity of a teacher's office, its influence, which extends even through eternity, and its corresponding importance. Terrifying he could be when drawing a picture of the havoc made by a

bad school-master, and the maledictions thereby heaped upon his head, but with greater length and evident satisfaction he would dwell upon the blessings a good teacher may earn, and the reward prepared for him here below as well as above. Once, while he was thus expounding the consequences of particular vices and virtues, and of certain mistakes in the management of children, an old country school-master, struck with the fidelity of the picture, burst out in his quaint Low-German dialect: "Mr. Overberg, that is exactly the way they do where I come from."

Dean Overberg was fond of a good joke, and laughter often followed his utterances. His delivery savored nothing of the pulpit, nor of the ordinary professor's chair; it was a good deal like ordinary conversation—one friend talking to another, or telling him a story.

HE TEACHES THE TEACHERS.

In the teaching of catechism he strongly advocated coming down to the level of ideas possessed by children. For example, a child should have its attention drawn first to the numerous benefits it receives from its parents, and to the superior power and knowledge that are theirs. Then it should be told to represent to itself God under the image of a father who, with infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, gives to men what all of them combined could not procure for themselves. The wonders of creation had always been to Overberg a mirror of the Divinity; his love of flowers and animals was proverbial among his friends. Mice became tame and domesticated in his room; he called the spiders his companions, and could but with sorrow see their ingenious webs being swept away. In this, as in some other points, Overberg's character was pleasantly akin to that of St. Francis of Assisi. He earnestly recommended to his pupils to make a study of God's creatures. He was of opinion that a school-master, particularly in the country, should frequently instruct his scholars in the open air and make them familiar with the manifold lessons of nature.

The method, high in favor with some educators, of imparting every kind of knowledge in the form of catechism, was not approved of by Overberg; this way of teaching too often, in his opinion, tending to elicit from the children answers on matters about which they cannot possibly possess any knowledge. Such cramming leaves the heart and the imagination altogether idle and neglected.

In teaching arithmetic the good dean particularly insisted that the children be made not only to understand the reason of what they were doing, but, if possible, to invent rules for themselves.

His pedagogical work was not limited to the school-masters only. As early as in the seventeenth century separate schools for girls, under the care of mistresses, were established in the towns and villages of the diocese of Muenster, but no provision had ever been made for the education of these mistresses. It was reserved for Overberg to open at the Normal School a course for school-mistresses, and to achieve as their educator a success considered by many even more signal than what he had attained with the men. In one of the official reports contained in Beckdorf's *Annual Register of the State of Education in Prussia* the following may be read: "In regard to the efficiency of the school-mistresses and their fulfilment of their duties, it is found by experience that, generally speaking, the girls' schools which are under the care of mistresses are in better condition than the masters' schools. More activity, more evidence of healthy life, greater attachment on the part of the children, are observable in the girls' schools.

In almost all the larger villages the school-children were divided according to sex; but this was not always the case in the hamlets. It then happened that in some of these, where means could not be raised to pay a master, female teachers, satisfied with a smaller stipend, were placed over schools to which boys and girls resorted together. The result was in every way a satisfactory one.

There was at Muenster a convent, commonly called the French convent, established during the Thirty Years' War by three French nuns who had been driven out of Lorraine. Having been appointed chaplain to the nuns, Overberg naturally came to take part in the instruction of the children in their school, although he was not under any obligation to do so. His rule was to visit the place thrice a week; the first time he taught arithmetic; the second, Bible history; the third, Christian doctrine. Sometimes he brought with him the school-masters from the Normal School that they might study his methods.

He used to have the children form a half-circle around him; then, after having greeted them with cheerful familiarity, he would bring forward some of the very little ones from behind the taller ones, place them in the first rank, and begin a talk with them on something quite familiar to them, and seemingly

with no connection with the subject-matter of the day. In a short time, however, he tied on, in a way surprising though natural, some point of the lesson, which thus appeared in a new light and in surroundings which must needs make it easily accessible for the children's intellect.

In Overberg's journal I find the following characteristic entry for July 6, 1790: "I know not when I have been able to speak with more warmth to the children of the French school than today. The majestic thunder, occurring at the very time of my instruction, and as if ordered by God's goodness, gloriously aided my description of the day of judgment. The doctrine of the last things must have in it something universally easy to comprehend and to interest, since the attention of the children can be kept riveted upon it with singular facility; and it appears to me to have an effect of peculiar force upon their will."

Of course the children loved their gentle instructor. On his arrival he was greeted with a shout of joy: "Mr. Overberg!" When he had been made Dean of Ueberwasser the school-mistresses told their pupils they must now say "Very Reverend Mr. Dean." This somehow unsettled the confidence of the little souls, and one of them who, heretofore, had been particularly forward in running to him, now stayed timidly behind. Noticing this he asked: "What is the matter? Have you forgotten me?" There was a moment's silence, and then probably the good man's smile was too enticing, for all of a sudden she shouted: "No, Mr. Overberg!" and rushed into his arms. Of course he told them to go on calling him *Mr.* Overberg.

He forms the character of Prince Gallitzin.

As already hinted, the form of Overberg's books is now antiquated, but in the course of this article enough has been said to show that the main trend of his educational efforts was modern in the best sense of the word. As a matter of fact, sundry reforms that are considered the boast of modern pedagogics were foreseen and prepared for by the Dean of Ueberwasser. Even among his contemporaries many acknowledged his great gifts, and soon his influence received an opportunity to make itself felt in wide circles. The name of Princess Amalie Gallitzin, the mother of the sainted apostle of West Pennsylvania, is a household word with American Catholics. They may some of them have read the characteristic anecdote how, when her son, just at the moment of his departure for America, suffering from one of his old attacks of indecision, turned back from the yawl

that was to carry him on board the ship, she seized his arm and with the words, "Dimitri, I blush for you!" urged him on with such a good will that he fell into the water and had to be fished up by the sailors. But probably only a few are aware that to Overberg's influence must chiefly be ascribed the high degree of Christian perfection attained by the princess, and that it was to him she afterward looked for consolation and succor when she and her absent son were overwhelmed with reproaches and troubles on account of the latter's decision of entering the priesthood. It is true that it was not until he had arrived in America that the young prince embraced the Catholic religion, and sought admittance into a seminary; yet no one doubted that the seed had been sown by his mother and her confessor. And it is easy to conceive the mingled feelings of anger and contempt with which the news was received by his European relatives and acquaintances, and most of all by his Voltairean father, thinking, as they did, that he had voluntarily abandoned all that was attractive and enviable in life.

HE INFLUENCES A LARGER CIRCLE.

It was Fuerstenberg that had recommended the princess to choose Overberg for her confessor, and for a while she was contented with his occasional visits; but soon she wished to enter on the same relations with him as existed between St. Vincent de Paul and Madame de Gondi; St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa; St. Francis de Sales and Jane Frances de Chantal. She longed for uninterrupted spiritual intercourse with this humble priest, at once so childlike and so wise. She was desirous of being perpetually under his direction. In one way only could this be effected—by Overberg's becoming a member of her household. For some time she refrained from submitting this project to him for decision, lest he might reject it altogether; but finally she took courage, and to her great joy she was not disappointed.

In 1789 "the dean" took up his residence in her palace at Muenster, and remained there for about seventeen years as her chaplain; and after her death, in 1806, for still three years more as the chaplain and confessor of her daughter.

In this princely home he soon saw gather a circle of men famous throughout Europe for learning and genius. High ecclesiastics; philosophers such as "the Sage of the North" Hamann, Hemsterhuis, and Jacobi; poets also, foremost among whom was Goethe, not to speak of sundry stars of lesser magnitude, brilliant in their day, but long since extinguished. All these sought

introduction into that Catholic household, and were often fair enough afterwards to confess that nowhere had they enjoyed such soothing comfort, such serene rest. There is no doubt that Overberg's daily intercourse with these eminent persons proved to him in several ways a boon. He in turn influenced the princess's friends, at least through her, whose soul he was day by day developing in the spiritual life. He and she had imposed it on themselves as a duty to warn each other of their respective faults and imperfections; they kept up a constant communion of prayer, and laid their affairs of conscience united before God.

A sentence which was found among the writings of the princess doubtless expressed her relations to Overberg: "The greatest and most indubitable evidence of true friendship is when two persons, in their most intimate prayer to God, can, without hesitation or doubt, without reflection or limitation, venture to say WE."

As stated above, Overberg still remained in the princely residence after the edifying death of the princess. This occurred in 1806, after many years' illness, replete with excruciating sufferings. In 1809 he was appointed president of the Episcopal Seminary, and consequently had to take up his domicile there. By this time he was, it is true, only fifty-five years old, but indefatigable labor had already weakened his bodily vigor and bent his frame. The thin locks around the bald crown of his head had become white, and his genial face had assumed a look of seriousness.

AS PRESIDENT OF THE BISHOP'S SEMINARY.

The seminarians attended lectures of theology at the Academy, while to the superiors of the Seminary was reserved their practical, ascetical, and liturgical training. To Overberg fell chiefly the ascetical part, and nowhere could he have been more truly in his element. His own striving for perfection had furnished him with a rich store of experience. From his close and untiring observation of himself, the record of which has been preserved in his diary, he knew the most hidden folds of the human heart. But he effected more by example than by word. Once a Protestant periodical, reviewing one of Overberg's pedagogical works, made use of the following words: "This book is the production of a man who, so we are informed, thinks and acts as he speaks and writes." In these words is revealed the secret of his astonishing success as teacher and as priest, as chaplain to the great of this world and as instructor of humble levites.

None was ever more careful than he to turn his every hour to account. Besides the duties imposed on him by the Seminary, he labored for many years as a counsellor on educational matters to the consistory, conducted the Normal School, preached, catechised, heard confessions, and visited the sick. He wrote an incredible number of letters to people applying for advice and on the most varied matters. Seminarians, school-masters, priests, children, penitents, persons of all sorts and conditions, from the town and from the country, came to him whenever they happened to want assistance or consolation. There were incessant knocks at his door, and he allowed all to enter; he laid aside his book or his pen, and spoke with each visitor in the kindest way.

His study contained a considerable collection of books, which he procured for the purpose of giving away as well as of lending, and odd pieces of furniture in so many shapes and colors as to make it evident to everybody that the furnishing of his apartment had been left entirely to chance. His meals he took with the students, seldom accepting invitations to dine out.

He strictly insisted on the observance of the rules of the Seminary. No wilful transgression of them, albeit in the slightest matter, was suffered to pass unreproved. He spoke on this subject quietly indeed, but with equal seriousness. Once, it is related, his zeal got the better of his usual temperate manner. Some of the older seminarians, soon to receive holy orders, had repeatedly broken the rules. In an address to the seminarians Overberg expressed himself severely about this, saying that they would have to make thorough satisfaction for their bad behavior before he could give them the testimonial of good conduct required for their ordination. "You know, gentlemen," he concluded, with unusual vehemence, "that I do everything to please you, but never will I tell a lie for that purpose!" However, this was an exceptional incident. In general order and discipline prevailed without any admonition being needed. Overberg's words were mostly consoling, encouraging, full of love. The seminarians could go to him for advice at all hours, and they were always sure of a kind reception. But probably it was when giving, after night prayers, the points for next morning's meditation that the power of his words and individuality impressed most deeply the minds of his young hearers. Many seminarians, who for years had heard him every evening, declared that they never went away unmoved. With his eyes turned downward, his hand on the desk, the venerable old man spoke a few sentences as simple as their tone was touching.

Of his life in the seminary anecdotes are told that to devotees of French literature recall such figures as Hugo's Bishop Myriel and the Benedictine Father in Paul Bourget's "A Saint," in *Pastels of Men*—a picture to my mind more beautiful than Hugo's, because more truly Catholic. Many things were stolen from him. One of the hangings in his antechamber was found cut off in the middle. He supposed that some woman in great distress to get a suit of clothes for her baby had done it, and so without further investigation he had what was left of the curtain removed, and paper pasted over the lower part of the window. Fully aware that nothing was safe in this room, he took pains that others should lose nothing there, and if he saw any of his visitors about leaving their hats there, he would remind them to bring them inside.

Once, in a very cold winter, a seminarian was with Overberg in his room when he caught sight of a beggar just passing out at the seminary gate with Overberg's coat. He pointed out the tramp to the president, and offered to run after him. "No, no!" said Overberg hastily, "let him go. I don't want the coat, and see how much he needs it."

HIS INNER LIFE.

This man, whom many would call too lenient towards others, treated himself with unrelenting severity. His diary abounds with self-reproach, directed especially against what he calls his vanity and lack of charity. He fancied that he took too keen a delight in his literary successes, and at times he was sorry for having indulged in impatience and harshness. For instance: "I sinned yesterday against the love of my neighbor, by speaking somewhat harshly with no good reason, and I sinned from impatience with the woman who complained that her child had been sent away from school. I should not have refused to listen to her." I need scarcely remark that, without being morbid or over-scrupulous, Overberg censured in himself as serious faults what to others seemed hardly, if at all, noticeable. In this there was no hypocrisy: doubtless he had his particular weaknesses and temptations like everybody else, only he became by constant and assiduous watching more and more able to perceive their slightest movements, and to check them at once. So it was with a tendency to melancholy of which he, like Frederick Ozanam, never wholly got rid, and which often gave rise to painful interior conflicts. Somewhere in his diary he says: "It has become manifest to me that it is a duty, not only to take care that we

do not distress others and disturb their pleasure and happiness by a disagreeable, peevish temper, but also to strive as much as possible, by showing a contented spirit, by kindness and cheerfulness, to cheer up others." To his success in this effort no end of witnesses have given testimony.

Still, he had been a great worker, and he was for more than half his life a great sufferer. Rheumatism of a very painful kind often kept him confined to his room; for a whole year he was unable to visit the schools. By his sedentary habits he brought upon himself a long-enduring internal disease, so that nobody need wonder that now and then he would feel tired and give vent to his feelings in exclamations like the following (from his diary): "O happy necessity of dying!—what would the world be without thee?"

HIS LATTER YEARS.

Howbeit it was not until many years after this had been penned that the "happy necessity" was to approach him, rapidly and, as it were, visibly. From about the year 1824 it is manifest, from utterances in his letters and other facts, that he thought his death near at hand. The increasing infirmities of age were not his only reasons for this belief. It appeared to him that his personal work had ceased to be pressingly needed. Long had he been aware how imperfect the training of the school-masters must needs continue to be, by reason of the short time allotted to their normal instruction. From the very beginning of his labors in the cause of education the establishment of a seminary for teachers had been the object of his most longing desires. But many things combined to cause delay; most of all, of course, the Napoleonic wars, and it was not until in 1825 that the seminary was opened at Bueren. In the fall of 1826 Overberg gave his last normal course, with his accustomed zeal; only his increasing ill-health had obliged him to leave the instruction in pedagogics to the vice-president, and to reserve for himself nothing but the religious lectures. During the course itself he was making the last preparations for his departure from this world. It was afterwards discovered that within this time he had either written out again or altered his will. On the 7th of November he concluded the course with the words, "Now let us put all things into the hands of our good God!" and in the evening he as usual gave out the points for next day's meditation. By a strange coincidence he found occasion that night to dwell once more on the subject which throughout his whole life

had been nearest to his heart—namely, the duty of a pastor often to visit the schools of his parish. He spoke with even more than usual feeling, and, contrary to his habit, sat down after having given the points, for some minutes enlarging further on his favorite idea.

The next morning his servant found him lying on the sofa, half-dressed, and in a fainting fit. Two doctors were sent for, but they did not consider the case serious. However, when toward evening he tried to get up he again fainted, and henceforth he remained in bed. The same evening he made his confession and received the last sacraments, evidently with deep emotion. Friends came to see him the day following. One of them had shortly before sent him some grapes. Mindful, as ever, of others more than of himself, Overberg pressed his hand and said in a low voice: "Don't worry; it was not your grapes that did it."

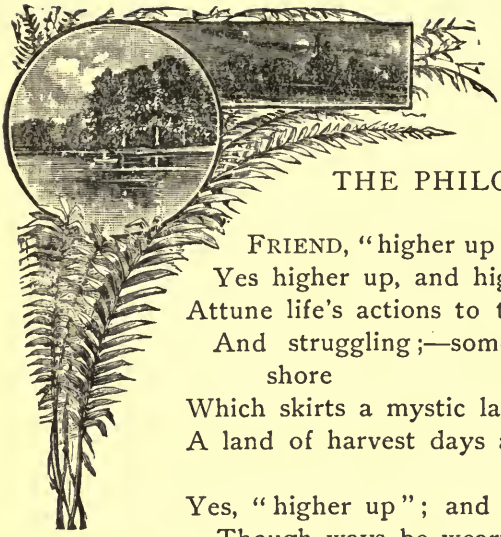
He expired in the afternoon. The last utterance ever heard from his lips was, in a whisper, some words from a well-known German hymn:

"Jesus, for Thee I live!
Jesus, for Thee I die!"

The funeral took place on Sunday, November 12. A procession composed of all ranks, conditions, and ages, from the highest ecclesiastical and civil authorities down to babies just able to walk, filed silently along the road from the seminary to the cemetery. Thirty-six seminarians, with lighted torches, surrounded the hearse.

Soon after Overberg's death a monument to his memory was set up in the seminary yard. It is still there: an obelisk with his name, Bernhard Overberg, and brief inscriptions commemorating his work. More eloquent than the obelisk itself is the fact that it was raised by contributions from an unusually large number of people, among whom were all the school-teachers and many poor people. At the death of this man, as throughout his life, heart spoke to hearts.

Joseph Alexander.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF STRIFE.

FRIEND, "higher up"—that is a motto true;
Yes higher up, and higher yet: aye more,
Attune life's actions to these phrases few
And struggling;—some time you will sight a shore
Which skirts a mystic land that lies us near,
A land of harvest days and harvest cheer.

Yes, "higher up"; and never cease to strive,
Though ways be weary and the landscape dim,
Though faltering hearts may somewhile fail to drive
The engine of the muscle, nerve, and limb;
The passion's impulses grow strong within
To cast the spirit down—yet strive; you'll win.

Up, higher yet; each triumph of the will
From time to time exalts the abstract soul,
If what we seek within life's weary mill
Is born of God's own Truth, and if the goal
And purpose of our reason's fight be pure
And consecrate to things that must endure.

Aim higher still! Although the ways beyond
Seem not now pregnant with a recompense,
God pays his debts in gen'rous drafts in hand,
And years are as but moments in his sense;
For with each triumph gained fresh strength is grown
That is God's spirit law, the debt he'll own.

DANIEL SPILLANE.



THE ROADWAY PASSES BETWEEN TWO GRACEFUL PILLARS.

MARYVILLE: A WELL-KNOWN CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART.

"ALL who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of the youth." Centuries ago Aristotle uttered the above sentiment. It is none the less true to-day. We must educate our youth toward the God that the spirit of the times is trying to argue out of existence.

In a recent number of *Harper's Magazine* Julian Ralph has a paper on "The New Growth of St. Louis." He treats exhaustively the wonderful enterprise, growth, and energy of that city; makes special mention of her enormous output of beer and tobacco, "catering to human weakness"; speaks of the parks that are the crowning glory of the city, and devotes *one line* to her schools and old, cultivated society.

To visit St. Louis, to write of her, and then to have no mention of her true "crowning glory," her educational institutions, is to all loyal hearts the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

Overlooking the bluffs of the Mississippi, conspicuously visible beyond the dense city atmosphere, rises the dome of one of these famous institutions—Maryville, a well-known Sacred Heart Convent. At night it is most picturesque. As the river-steamers pass up and down its hundreds of lights twinkle in the darkness, its glowing cross flashes out a triumphant message to the sky. Situated on a bend of the river south of the fair city of St. Louis, the broad, majestic Father of Waters sweeps by on either side. To the west, as far as eye can see, roll the vast reaches of the prairie, until the dim brown line of earth melts into the gray of the overhanging sky.

The name of Mother Barat is indissolubly linked with the Order of the Sacred Heart as its foundress, and although in her day there were some foundations of her community in this coun-



VIEW OF THE CHAPEL FROM THE DOOR.

try, yet she never came to our shores. We owe to the heroic Madame Duchesne, one of her noblest daughters, the extension and cultivation of what is to-day one of the most efficient educational orders in the United States. In 1818, shortly after our second war with England, when the new nation was beginning to feel her power, when she was just turning her attention to

the settlement of the great broad lands that lay between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains, Madame Duchesne obtained the dearest wish of her heart, and was sent on the American mission. The first years spent in America by this noble



THROUGH THE EXTENSIVE LAWNS TO THE CONVENT.

soul and her devoted daughters were full of the utmost hardships, crosses, trials, and disappointments. The growth and formation of the order in solitary regions, amidst primeval forests, amongst hostile or indifferent populations; the gradual advance of the work which was destined to take such deep root and extend far and wide in the New World, furnishes to us of the present luxurious era an example of what love of God can do when shining from the pure depths of a woman's zealous heart.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, as if conducted specially under that loving patronage, the little band of intrepid souls landed on the shores of the New World. The first settlement was at St. Charles, Mo. In 1827 was established in St. Louis what is now spoken of as the "old house." As the needs of

the community grew with the growth of the city, the boarding-school was transferred to the present site.

The drive out to Maryville is delightful. The roadway passes between two graceful white pillars which form the gateway, and winds toward the house, which is most imposing. It is of Milwaukee brick, has an extension of three hundred and fifty feet, with three wings running back about the same distance. Its many surrounding acres insure its dignified rural quietude for years to come, defying the encroachments of city sounds and influences, and with its wide lawns and overshadowing trees affords a most welcome and fitting retreat for the community and their charges.

Maryville had for its first superior Madame Galway. The present magnificent structure was erected under the supervision of Madame Gauthreux, who died in 1872. In the following September Madame Tucker was made first vicar, and in 1876 was removed to Chicago, where she founded the North Side Convent. Mother Boudreaux was in authority at Maryville from 1876 to 1879, when she was sent to New Zealand, where she died. In 1884 Mother O'Meara, who had been directress of studies, became superioress, and filled that office until she was sent to



THE PARLORS.

take charge of the new house at San Francisco. Mother Mahoney replaced her, but in 1891, failing in health, was compelled to resign, and was succeeded by Mother Goncie, who now presides over the Western vicariate.

The convent was not completed for some years; the buildings extended as they were needed. The first chapel was in the basement of the north wing, and would remind one of the catacombs. In 1882 the south wing was built, and contains the re-



FROM THE ORGAN GALLERY.

fectory, dormitory, and the present beautiful chapel, by many thought to be the handsomest convent-chapel in the United States. As one enters the front door, directly opposite across the hall is the entrance to the chapel. As the double door of heavy oak, with panels of clear glass, swings open a vision of

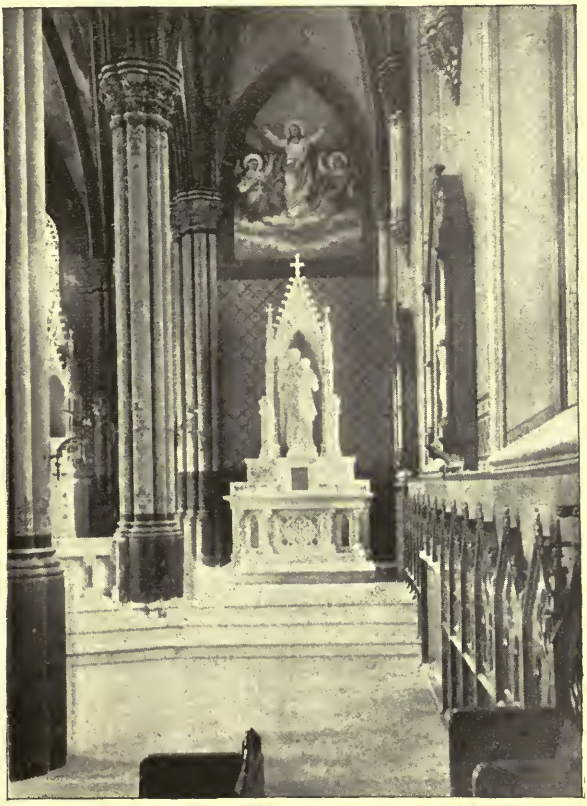
beauty is revealed. Architectural and artistic talent seem to vie with each other in making this chapel in some way a fit place for the Holy of Holies. The tiny, perpetual star-like lamp in the sanctuary leads us, as did that other star, directly to the feet of Him who lived and died for love of us. A few moments' silent adoration, and we turn to contemplate the beauties about us. The sunlight streams through the richly-colored windows and floods the entire chapel with radiance. The whole effect is a symphony of rich, harmonious color, blending with the ivory-



THE NUNS' CHOIR.

white tints of the Stations, and the cool gray tones of the frescoes which in deeper recesses furnish a darker background for the delicate Italian marbles. The gates opening into the sanctuary are of stripped brass, a wreath of delicate workmanship surrounding the sacred emblem of the order. The three altars

are of Italian marble of purely Gothic design. Above the high altar, on Mexican onyx pillars, stands a life-size statue of the Sacred Heart, one finger resting on that tender Heart, pointing to the way by which we all go to God the Father. Beneath is the tabernacle; the door is of hammered brass, lined with jewelled gold. The dome above the sanctuary shows a number of



ST. JOSEPH'S ALTAR.

angelic figures keeping ceaseless watch. The window above the altar is of the Immaculate Conception. The side altars are of the same beautiful design as the main altar. On the altar at the right stands a life-size statue of St. Joseph; at the left one of our Blessed Mother. All these altars and statues are gifts to Maryville from grateful friends. A most noticeable piece of lovely workmanship is the altar-rail of white marble, so delicately carved as to resemble exquisite lace-work. It is upheld by pillars of brown marble and onyx, and is a worthy guard to the

holy sanctuary within. Three marble steps lead up from the rail to the inlaid floor of the sanctuary.

The pews are of solid oak, plain but rich. The stalls for the community are ranged close to the wall and are of the same design as the altars. The two confessionals are on either side of the door, and near by is a beautiful marble holy-water font. Two organ-galleries are above the entrance, the lower one for the organ and choir; the upper, communicating with the infirmary, is for the exclusive use of invalids.

The windows, from Mayer Brothers, Munich, are perfect examples of the pictorial art in stained glass. The first window represents the Annunciation; then come the other windows in regular order surrounding that lovely interior, filling it with "dim religious light" dyed with the prismatic colors of their own deep glowing tints. The apparition of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque; the Nativity, a subject that appeals to every human heart, foreshadowing the Divine Tragedy, the close of which is shown in the window opposite; the Pietà, revealing that same Mother, thirty-three years older, with the dead Christ on her lap. At the end of the chapel is Christ Blessing Little Children, a beautiful window apt to be overlooked in one hurried visit, remarkable for the benign expression on our Lord's face as he looks with love at the little ones about his feet. The other windows contain single figures, two in each.

These windows, irrespective of their religious import, are works of art in the highest sense; they are made entirely of the finest English antique glass, and the cartoons were drawn by the artists of the Munich Academy. The color is rich and glowing, deep and bright without approaching gaudiness; the impression made is one of deep devotion. Here art is in its highest sense a handmaid to religion.

The Stations of the Cross are exceedingly beautiful; the figures, very near life-size, stand out in bold relief, and are entirely free from color, being of a creamy whiteness most refreshing to the eye. The entire chapel is a monument of sacred art, and was built under Mother O'Meara's supervision, was dedicated on May 2, 1889, and consecrated by Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque.

At the door we turned and looked back. A few black-robed figures knelt in silent communion with our Lord; the light was dying out of the stained windows, but in the fast gathering darkness the sanctuary lamp shone brighter than before. Such, I thought, is the light of faith, shining ever clearer in the darkening world of infidelity.

Before continuing our tour through the house and grounds, a few words as to the educational methods pursued at Maryville.

As in all Catholic educational systems, the aim is not only to cultivate the intellect, but a special study is made of that which must characterize all Christian education, the training of the



A MOST BEAUTIFUL ALTAR AND SANCTUARY.

heart. The child's three-fold nature is developed, not ignored. The ladies are continually supervising, in study hours and in recreation, and thus are constantly moulding the plastic child-nature with firm and gentle touches. The utmost simplicity is cultivated. Even non-Catholics testify that a pupil of the Sacred Heart is always recognizable by the quiet elegance of her manner.

Though English is the language of the institution, special attention is paid to foreign tongues. The Society of the Sacred Heart being cosmopolitan, has always a corps of teachers thoroughly versed in all the modern languages. In the departments of music, art, and science the ablest instructors are secured.

St. Luke's Academy, an adjunct of the Art Studio, forms one of the most interesting features of Maryville. Its members are recruited from the advanced students of the art class, who in the weekly lectures on the theory and history of art are made acquainted with the masterpieces of every age, by means of illustrations and reproductions of various kinds. The recent art exhibition given by the pupils would have done credit to any studio. The teacher in charge of the studio for many years was a German lady who studied in the art schools of Germany, and the one at present in charge is a grandniece of Gustave Doré.

The library contains over five thousand volumes, to which the pupils have access at all times under the wise supervision of their mistresses. Literature is taught with special care; from



THE STUDIO.

the fifth class up the pupils follow a systematic course of reading which includes American, ancient, modern, and mediæval history. Foreign literature is carefully and exhaustively treated. Translations are made from Schiller, Racine, and all the best poets, and critical and analytical essays are part of class-work. Philosophical lectures are delivered to the higher classes by the Rev. C. P. Smith and other learned professors. The best essay on these subjects as a digest of the lectures for the year takes the philosophy medal at the end of the term.

It has been said by those who do not approve of the advanced spirit of the times in regard to the education of woman,

that when a woman is educated beyond her sphere she is unqualified for her duties at the fireside or to lead a private home-life. We do not always realize that the education of woman means the education of the race. There is no knowledge of history or geography, no acquaintance with public affairs, no range of scientific study, that may not come into play in a mother's education of her children. The strong, subtle influence goes on in ever-widening circles that do not die away until their force is spent on the shores of eternity.

The system of education pursued by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart is one that, following as it does the plan of the Catholic Church, takes most careful account of the individual development of its subjects. Perhaps to the student herself is the full scope of this system best portrayed, and then not while within the class-room walls, but when she stands alone on the threshold of life, her school-days behind her for ever.

Were I asked to define the specific object of the training given in a convent of the Sacred Heart, I should answer: first, to give an exalted view of life to the women destined to live in the world; secondly, to foster in them a keen sense of personal responsibility. It has been said that this "exalted view of life" is not the best armor with which to equip the young soldier just starting out on life's low battle-ground. To my mind it is the recognition of the highest and best that God has given to the pure young soul. Give her ideals, and by her strife in living up to them she will raise herself and the weary, earth-bound souls around her.

Scarcely has the young girl entered upon the routine of daily studies in one of these convents when gradually, almost unconsciously, she realizes that a new dignity has come to her, a privilege that will ever be to her a seal of distinction—that of being a pupil of the Sacred Heart.

"Noblesse oblige" is now her standard and actuates every performance of her life. In later years, when the conflict comes concerning the things that are Cæsar's and the things that are His, when the world claims its own and the line of demarcation is not definitely drawn between *meum* and *tuum*, let the convent-bred woman but look to her standard. Therein is found the solution of all her difficulties. Within those convent walls she has laid a foundation for an education as broad as the world, she has acquired a power of discrimination by which she can assimilate all that is good in the life that lies around her, rejecting that which is hurtful to the purity of her soul.

If the Catholic woman of to-day would remain in the path suggested to her by her convent training, would continue her education along the lines laid out for her by that training, and mentally and morally finish the good work begun by her instructors, her supremacy would be vast enough to satisfy even those who seek so eagerly the advancement of her sex. By "right divine" she is the worthy sovereign of men's hearts and homes, and with her strong, well-trained hand rocking the cradle she can move the world.

As we stood on the porch with our gentle guide, it was dif-



A GROUP AT THE GROTTO.

ficult to realize that only eighteen years have passed since this was Withnell's Grove. What was then a natural wild has been cultivated to the fullest extent, making the surroundings of Maryville a noticeable part of its famous beauty. North of the building lies a magnificent grass-plot shaded by native oaks which thrive in the very shadow of town steeples. To the south lies the children's playground, from which comes the sound of happy voices making music in the still, cool air as their enthusiasm mounts high over an exciting game of tennis played by the best two sets in the school. These grounds extend to the "near woods." Close by is the shrine of Our Lady

of Lourdes, where very often may be seen nuns and pupils asking a blessing on their various occupations. Crossing a frail, narrow wooden bridge, we are in the "far woods," which are dark with the shade of the evergreen; to the right lie the pasture-land, garden, and orchard. Surrounding the grounds is a handsome gray stone wall, and directly in front of the main building is a beautiful terrace of the same material.

The main object of the madames is to make their charges happy, and, judging by the bright countenances of the pupils, they have not failed. Good manners are with them founded on true charity. Each individual character is studied and developed accordingly. Body, soul, and mind are trained in complete harmony. Such is the strong, sweet influence of these noble women on the minds and hearts of the girls who are to become the leaders of the social, literary, and home life of our Republic. Founded in France during the Reign of Terror, when the flame of religion in that unhappy country was all but stamped out by the iron heel of revolution, the order was established for the purpose of educating young womanhood, thus stemming the tide of infidelity sweeping over Catholic France. Here in our own independent America these spiritual daughters of saintly Mother Barat, by their own labor and example, *create* a royalty that recognizes among its members those only of mental and moral worth, and the solid education of whose children's children in the years to come will form a bulwark against the encroachments of all evil.

The old Sacred Heart Convent in St. Louis has a most interesting history. In its long register of names may be found representatives of the most distinguished families of St. Louis and the West. Among its former patrons are the Pratts, Mulanphys, Chouteaus, Maffitts, Benoists, Withnells, Haydels, Papins, Slevins, Sturgises, Ewings, Christies, and hundreds of others since 1827, thoroughly identified with the business and social interests of the city. The traditions of the school have not been broken; from the old house to the new another generation carries the familiar names and emulates the virtues of the mothers and grandmothers who, under the Sacred Heart's judicious training, have been instructed and fortified for the duties of life.

At the close of the scholastic year the students receive the rewards for close application and successful work. The highest prize awarded by the institution is the "Premium Excellence." It is bestowed on the young lady who obtains the prizes of suc-

cess and diligence in English studies, Christian Doctrine in the First Division, exemplary conduct, First Medallion, and First Ribbon of Merit, any one of these prizes being considered a great achievement in itself and sufficient for the ordinary schoolgirl. The prize of Excellence, therefore, is a proof of distinguished intellectual and moral qualities combined. The happy winner of its crown of gold laurel is allowed to give a holiday to her companions during the next year. During the twenty



MISS FLORIDA SPALDING.

years of Maryville's existence this premium has been awarded five times, the wearers of the golden laurel being Misses Laura Haydel, Josephine Erd, Mary Sturgis, Louise Keber, and in 1892 Clara Rosenfeld.

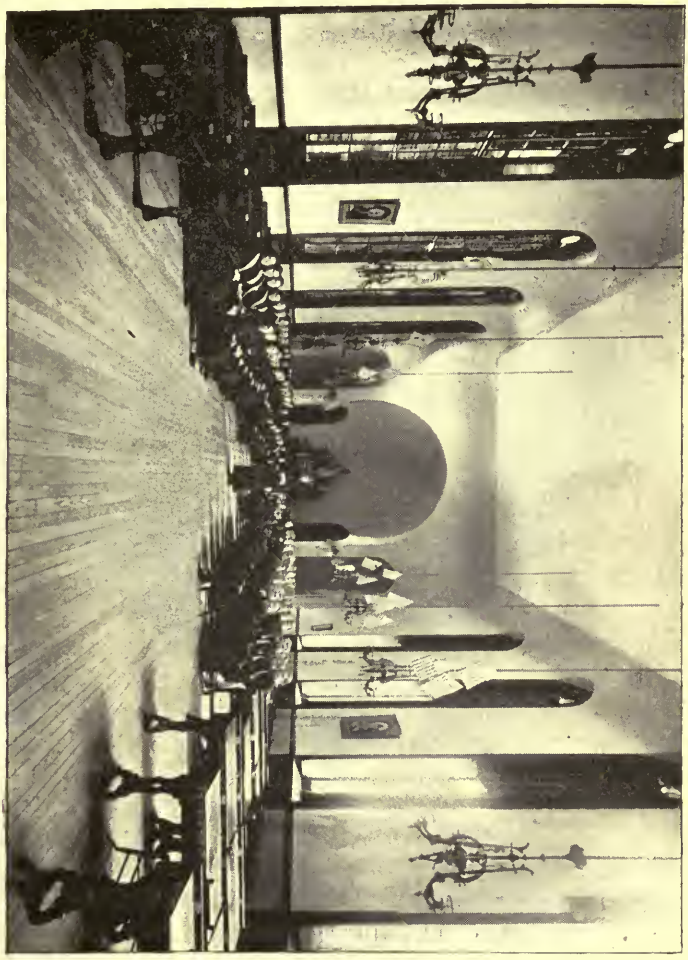
Miss Haydel is the niece of Dr. J. L. Haydel, of St. Louis, an old resident and distinguished physician. She married Dr. Le Beau, who has won prominence as an oculist.

Miss Erd, now Mrs. Joseph Schneider, resides in Monterey.

Miss Sturgis is the daughter of the late General S. D. Stur-

gis, one of the heroes of the Civil War; her brother, a gallant young soldier, was one of the victims in General Custer's ill-fated band. Miss Sturgis is a young woman of remarkable and brilliant talent as well as a noted society belle.

Miss Keber, daughter of Mr. M. Keber, of St. Louis, entered



THE STUDY HALL.

the Society of the Sacred Heart the day she was graduated, June, 1882. She was gifted in many ways and combined rare qualities not often found in one so young: a mature judgment, high order of intelligence, and saintly virtue. Her German parentage showed itself in a wonderful talent for music, and she was a distinguished performer on the organ, piano, and harp. After ten

years of religious life her career of usefulness was arrested by consumption, and after lingering for many months she died at Maryville, October 27, 1892.

Miss Clara Rosenfeld, of Pueblo, Colorado, is another winner of the Excellence prize whose strong character will leave its mark for good on the world around her. Her father was a physician of great promise, but being stricken with blindness while his



MISS CLARA ROSENFELD.

large family was still dependent, the care and training fell entirely into the hands of her noble, true-hearted mother, whose decease during her daughter's school-term threw a gloom over the girl's happiest period. Notwithstanding this great grief the term was finished most creditably to her instructors and herself, she taking the Excellence prize that for nine years had remained unwon. Her education was begun in the public schools of New York, but was completed and rounded into perfect harmony at Maryville.

Miss Louise Boislinière is another of those noble women who seem to understand that life is given to us as a trust, by means

of which we are to work for God's own children. Her father, Dr. Louis Boislinière, has been for years at the head of the medical faculty in St. Louis. Miss Boislinière, after graduating with high honors, coveted to be more than a mere society woman, though for that *rôle* her brilliant talents eminently fitted her. She has been the soul of every good work inaugurated in St. Louis for God's glory and the benefit of the poor; all the rich energies of her nature have been devoted to the promotion of his interests.

Miss Onahan, daughter of William Onahan, a prominent Chicago Catholic, distinguished speaker and writer, and secretary of the Catholic Congress in Baltimore, was a sometime pupil of this famous convent. Miss Onahan has inherited the strong intellectual tastes of her father's family, and has contributed many articles to magazines and reviews, and has a graceful, pretty style.

A graduate of Maryville in '91, Mary Florida Spalding, whose taste for literature is a birthright, coming as she does from the distinguished family of that name, has attracted considerable public attention by a successful competition opened to student authors of all schools, including public and classical colleges. The winning of first prize over the hundreds entered in the contest by this young girl of eighteen for a philosophical essay, entitled "Proofs of Creation," was a triumphant demonstration of convent education. In her letter of acknowledgment to the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, the journal awarding the prize, she generously gives the credit of success to her Alma Mater as "a logical result of a thorough system of mental training." Miss Spalding's future gave promise of a most successful literary career, but since that day of triumph this bright young life has been dedicated to the service of God. She entered the novitiate at St. Michael's, Louisiana, being the second of her family who has joined the Order of the Sacred Heart.

Such is the record of Maryville Convent, which "crowns" St. Louis and is honored all over the Christian educational world; such the record of one of the ideal sides of the great city that will do more for its real welfare than all of its material resources put together. The Sacred Heart religious are here carrying on the good work, blessed with the blessing of Christ.

"O hearts of love! O souls that turn,
Like sunflowers, to the pure and best,
To you the truth is manifest!"

A PEOPLE'S RANSOM.

THE existence of an association for the ransom of captives in England, of all places in the world, and in this latter part of the nineteenth century, of all conceivable periods of time, will no doubt appear to many persons to be a glaring and unaccountable anachronism.

But, after all, physical captivity is not the only form of slavery to which mankind is subjected, though it is unquestionably the one which appeals most forcibly to the sympathetic instincts of our nature. There is an intellectual and spiritual as well as a bodily yoke, and it is in respect of this mental species of serfdom that the British people—notwithstanding their proud boast that they "never will be slaves," in the ordinary acceptation of the word—offer a peculiarly appropriate field for the labors of the ransomer.

A SPIRITUAL CAPTIVITY.

The assertion may possibly shock the susceptibilities of the modern school of writers and thinkers; but to our mind there is a distinct analogy between the physical slavery which prevailed in the past, and which unhappily exists even at the present day among some of the more barbarous nations of the earth, and the mental condition, so far as religious doctrine is concerned, of the great mass of the civilized and enlightened peoples who are born without the faith. Like the hereditary captive, they are not personally responsible for their condition. They are born in the bondage into which their ancestors were bartered or driven many centuries ago; and it has never occurred to them to do otherwise than submit passively to the circumstances in which they have been brought up. In a word, they are the victims of that "invincible ignorance" which, paradoxical though it may appear, is at once the chief source of their evils and, in the eyes of theologians, their only hope of ultimate salvation. So far the analogy of the captive is complete.

But it is just at the very point where the similarity breaks off that the great difficulty in the way of emancipation is to be found. If the parallel were consistent throughout the work of

freeing these spiritual captives would be easy enough; but the great difficulty referred to lies principally in the fact that the captivity against which it is sought to contend has about it, in the eyes of the world, all the elements of apparent freedom. True it is the freedom of the sheep straying on the mountains, a prey to all the pitfalls and dangers that surround it, as compared with the gentle restraint imposed on the sheep that is tended within the fold; but in these days the shibboleth of liberty is always a sufficient recommendation in itself, and but rarely receives a really critical examination. All men do not discriminate between real and apparent liberty with the same clearness of perception as does Professor Ruskin. "I know not," says the great prose-poet, "if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labor for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty—liberty from care. . . . To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our lives at his disposal, is not slavery; often it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world."

THE GUILD OF OUR LADY OF RANSOM.

We have dwelt thus on the simile of the captive because it is on this figurative basis that an organization of English Catholics has sprung up within the past six years, and has already done a large amount of spiritual and practical work.

The task of redeeming our fellow-creatures from slavery of the physical order has always held a foremost place among acts of Christian philanthropy, and from the days of St. Gregory the Great to those of Leo XIII. the church has invariably set the seal of her approval upon such efforts; but, though the duty of breaking the bodily chains has thus been almost universally recognized, the far more imperative duty of destroying the fetters which keep men in the bondage of spiritual error has never, till now, formed the avowed object of concerted and systematic operation on the part of any large body of Catholics in England. Much, it is true, has been done by individuals, or by groups of individuals, towards attaining this desirable object. Father Ignatius Spencer, as Catholics need scarcely to be reminded, labored zealously during the greater part of his life to induce his co-religionists to pray for England's conversion. Others, too, have devoted themselves earnestly to the cause of the church; but their labors have been, for the most part, of a

sporadic character, and there has been but little approach to combined and continuous action.

Remembering the signal triumph of the Catholic Association in its great work of emancipating the Catholics of England, it is not surprising that the Catholic body, in the full enjoyment of their present freedom from persecution, should betake themselves to some similar combination of strength in the interests of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Catholic Association, in agitating for Catholic emancipation, strove for and accomplished that which many, even among Catholics themselves, regarded as a practical impossibility.

The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom has now sprung into existence, bent upon accomplishing the more ambitious, the more important, and the far more herculean work of Protestant emancipation; and we can only hope that their labors also will be crowned with success. In some respects the one organization may be regarded as the necessary outcome and corollary of the other, for Catholic emancipation was an obvious preliminary to the return of England to her old fidelity to the church. It was the first great step in the desired direction, and it was confidently hoped by Catholics that if once the church were allowed the free exercise of her sacred functions, and if her children were no longer under the ban of exclusion from the ordinary rights of citizenship, she would gradually but steadily win her way back to her old place in the hearts and consciences of the people. This was the hope of her friends, as it was the fear of her enemies, and the three-score years that have elapsed since the great act of liberation was passed have done something, at least, to confirm this anticipation. During the whole of that period the work of reconciliation has made visible progress; and it is but natural that Catholics, encouraged by the confidence which is the inevitable result of their success, should seek now, by means of some comprehensive and active organization, to hasten a work which is of such paramount and vital importance. Twenty years ago such an organization would have been impracticable, and if started would have had but little prospect of bearing fruit. To-day it is not only possible, but has been accepted without a murmur from the English community, save, indeed, from those scattered and diminishing sects who form, as it were, the smouldering embers of past persecutions, and who fear lest the operations of the guild may rob them of their last stray remnants of influence and authority.

FATHER PHILIP FLETCHER ORGANIZES THE GUILD.

The organization to which we are now about to refer in more detail owes both its first inception and its subsequent development mainly to the energy of Father Philip Fletcher, a priest and a convert, who has thrown himself into the work with a self-devotion that would do much even for an indifferent cause, and which, when given to so good and laudable an object, cannot well fail to be successful. Father Fletcher was formerly an Anglican curate at one of the "highest" of the Ritualistic churches of Brighton; and his conversion to Catholicism, occurring as it did almost simultaneously with that of his two colleagues in the Protestant ministry—now Fathers J. J. Greene, O.S.C., and H. M. Parker, S.J.—and over one hundred members of their flock, caused quite a sensation in the church circles of England's most fashionable watering-place. The story even runs that the remaining members of the congregation were so scared at this wholesale desertion by their brethren that they organized special services at which they offered up prayers that they, too, might not be converted to Rome.

Father Fletcher, from the moment when he realized the errors of Anglicanism and entered the one true church, set himself zealously to work to extend to others the blessings which he himself enjoyed. His feelings and aspirations in this matter are perhaps best expressed in his own words, addressed last year to a gathering of Belgian Catholics at Malines. "Thousands of my fellow-countrymen," he said, "have for three hundred years been victims of that terrible evil, the Reformation—and I was one of those victims; but through the mercy of God thirteen years ago I was led to the true church, and now I desire nothing better than to spend my life in doing all I can, with God's help, to bring others to the same happiness which I have found myself." This simple yet earnest declaration forms the key and secret of the movement out of which the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom has grown.

THE GROWTH OF THE GUILD.

But the organization of the guild was not all thought of at once. Like most other important works it has grown up from a very small and imperfect beginning, and, though it is still in little more than its infancy, it has already assumed a symmetry of form and largeness of dimensions that were not dreamt of at the time of its modest inauguration. Its operations at the out-

set were of an exclusively spiritual and of a wholly passive description, and its more vigorous and combative characteristics were altogether an after-thought, and were suggested instinctively by the remarkable and spontaneous development of the early design.

The first beginning was in the year 1886, when Father Fletcher, then working as a missionary priest at Uckfield, in Sussex, started an unpretentious little periodical devoted to the work of England's conversion, and especially to the commemoration of the fact that the Catholic Church was the ancient Church of the English people. For this pious little journal he adopted the appropriate name of "Faith of Our Fathers," having previously obtained the sanction of Cardinal Gibbons, who, like Father Faber before him, had already made use of the title for one of his works. Through the medium of this paper a confraternity was started called "The Union of Intercession," the members of which—just one hundred in number—undertook to offer daily prayers for the return of England to the faith. In 1887 Mr. Lister Drummond, a Catholic layman who from the first has entered heart and soul into the project, suggested to Father Fletcher that the Union of Intercession might be profitably and successfully expanded into an organization having a larger scope and undertaking work of a practical as well as of a spiritual nature. With this proposal Father Fletcher readily complied, and the result was the constitution of a guild upon lines that were at once poetic in their design and essentially business-like in their method of operation. The original idea remained the same, prayer for England's conversion being the first and most essential obligation of membership; but this no longer stood alone.

WHERE THE IDEA OF THE RANSOMER CAME FROM.

The guild, as we have already indicated, is based upon the analogy of the captive, and, with this thought in mind, its organizers, with a happy inspiration, adopted many of the forms and titles employed by the two great orders which devoted themselves in the thirteenth century to the special work of ransoming those in physical captivity. Thus the title of the guild is derived from the Order of Our Lady of Ransom (*Sancta Maria de Mercede*) for the redemption of captives, founded by St. Peter Nolasco in 1225, while most of its insignia are taken from the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives, founded about 1198 by St. John of Matha.

The supernatural incidents in the lives of these two saints were peculiarly suggestive to any one engaged in the formation of an association of this character. In the Breviary Legends we are told that St. John of Matha, when saying his first Mass, saw the vision of an angel dressed in a white robe, with a red and a blue cross on either side of the breast, while his hands, which were crossed before him, rested upon the heads of two captives, one a Christian and the other a Moor. From this the saint learned that he was destined for the redemption of captives, and at once began, in conjunction with St. Felix of Valois, to organize the Order of the Most Holy Trinity. The approval of Innocent III. was accorded to the work after a vision similar to that which had been seen by St. John had appeared to the Holy Father, and on the advice of the pope the white robe with the red and blue crosses was adopted as the habit of the new order. From this incident Father Fletcher has taken the badges for the three classes of Ransomers, the white cross, the red cross, and the blue cross.

The legend of St. Peter Nolasco was equally suggestive. Born in 1189, the heir to a large property, St. Peter, we are told, devoted himself early in life to the service of God, and when, at the age of twenty-five, he was sent to the court of Barcelona as tutor to the young Prince James, he was so moved with compassion by the condition of Spain under the Moors that he expended his entire fortune in ransoming slaves from captivity. Having in this way exhausted his own resources, he sought to fire others with a like enthusiasm, and to start an order for the redemption of slaves. Obstacles, however, presented themselves, and for some time threatened to defeat his project, when one day our Blessed Lady appeared in separate visions to St. Peter, to his confessor St. Raymund of Pennafort, and to the King of Aragon, and gave assurances of her powerful protection. From that moment the way became clear. The order was founded on August 10, 1223, and was confirmed by Pope Gregory IX. in 1225. It consisted of two sections—the friars, who followed the conventual rule, and the knights, who defended the coast and joined the choir when not on duty.

From this order Father Fletcher has not only taken the name of his guild, as well as the happy generic title of "Ransomer" which was given by St. Peter to those of his brethren who were appointed to go amongst the infidels for the purpose of ransoming Christian slaves, but he has also adopted much the same division in the character of the members, by having one

class whose duty is purely of a contemplative or spiritual character, and another who are both contemplative and active.

IT IS GIVEN AN ENGLISH COLORING.

But, though he has appropriated thus freely and judiciously some of the leading features of the two orders referred to, he has not by any means allowed all his ideas to be derived from a foreign source. The great aim of his work from the outset—as was sufficiently indicated by the title "Faith of our Fathers"—was to emphasize and popularize the old English Catholic tradition, and with this object still steadfastly in view, he has contrived ingeniously to blend with his relics of continental mediævalism more than one appropriate reminder of the firm faith that characterized our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. While naming his association after the order of St. Peter Nolasco, he gave it at the same time the essentially English title of Guild—a title which is inseparably associated with the philanthropic movements of the early English Church.

In the same way, in selecting a badge for the society he took the sacred device of the Five Wounds, which formed the banner of the zealous northern Catholics in their Pilgrimage of Grace, when, in the early part of the sixteenth century, they marched heroically into the field in defence of the ancient religion of their land. Thus, too, in prescribing the prayer for the daily use of Ransomers, he chose the simple and appropriate ejaculation of the Franciscan martyr, the V. Henry Heath, on the scaffold of Tyburn (1643): "Jesus, convert England. Jesus, have mercy on this country." This, with the Hail Mary and the aspirations, "Our Lady of Ransom, pray for us; St. Gregory, pray for us; Blessed English martyrs, pray for us," forms the daily office of the society. In placing the guild under the heavenly patronage of our Blessed Lady, St. Gregory, and the English martyrs, Father Fletcher was again mindful of the national as well as the Catholic character of his work. He did not forget that Britain was once styled "The Dowry of Mary," and he rightly recognized, also, that the names of St. Gregory—"the Apostle of England"—and the English martyrs should always command an especial veneration at the hands of the Catholics of Great Britain; for while the former was the cause of the peaceful invasion of the country in the sixth century by the apostles of the church, the latter resisted, even at the cost of their lives, the internal rebellion in the sixteenth century against her divine authority.

FATHER FLETCHER SHOWS THE SPIRIT OF THE MOVEMENT.

In writing, at the time when the guild was formed, of the general spirit of the movement and of its especial association with St. Gregory, Father Fletcher said:

"We would be Ransomers by prayer and by work, by charity and by sympathy, obtaining for those whom we would help the grace which alone can redeem them. Whither would we lead the captives when released? They are Christians; how, then, in captivity? There are other bonds besides those riveted by the Moors. There are the bonds of heresy, in which some are captives willingly, some unknowingly, some with yearnings for release. With these chains of heresy are interwoven others, of position, society, family, and the like, which render the escape even of the most anxious very difficult. Whither should they escape? There were English slaves once in the Roman market-place, who found in the successor of St. Peter their deliverer—not so much from the chains which bound their bodies as from the iron which entered their souls; not for themselves only, but for their countrymen also. True it was from paganism that St. Gregory delivered our Saxon forefathers then; now it is from an imperfect Christianity that the missionaries of the Vicar of Christ would release their fellow-countrymen, winning them back to that happy allegiance to the Holy See which brings with it true liberty, because peace of conscience resulting from definite teaching and means of grace. 'He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue' was the centurion's recommendation in the Gospel; how much more deeply is this true of St. Gregory, who indeed loved our Anglo-Saxon nation and built up the church for it. Let us take the words of St. Gregory, when he saw the English boys in the market-place, and apply them to our work. These boys, he was told, were Angles. ''Tis well,' said he, 'for they have an angel-like appearance, and such as they should be co-heirs of the angels in heaven.' We, too, know how good, how pious, how exemplary are numbers and numbers of those for whose conversion we pray; we feel how fit they are (more fit, we often feel, than we ourselves, apart from our faith) to be companions of the angels. Let this move us all the more to pray earnestly for them that they may gain admission to the full privileges of the communion of saints and angels. 'Where were they dwelling?' 'Deira,' was the reply. 'Well again,' said the saint. 'From wrath (*de ira*) delivered and called to the mercy of Christ.' There is no state so sadly exposed to the wrath of God as the state of wilful apostasy. That those in danger of falling into that state, that those who are already sitting in its deadly shadow may be delivered *de ira Dei*, from the wrath of God, must be one of the most earnest prayers of Ransomers. Finally, 'Who was their king?' 'Aelle.' Then he, alluding to the name, said, 'Alleluia! The praise of God their Creator must be sung in those parts.'"

AN OUTLINE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The above passage sums up tersely and effectively the spirit which animates the members of the guild. But, to turn now from first principles to details, it will be as well to give a rough outline of the constitution of the society. The members are divided into three separate grades, their classification being as follows:

(1) White Cross Ransomers (patron, St. Gregory), consisting of priests who offer the Holy Sacrifice, at least once a year, for the conversion of England and the other intentions of the guild.

(2) Red Cross Ransomers (patrons, the Blessed English martyrs), consisting of members who both *work* and *pray* for the objects of the guild. These are the officers or promoters, and have power to enroll others.

(3) Blue Cross Ransomers (patron, our Blessed Lady), consisting of members who pray for the objects of the guild. These undertake simply to say the prayer of the guild every day.

The general object of the work is set forth in one comprehensive sentence: "To ransom souls from the captivity of error in this world, and of Purgatory in the next"; and the means by which these great ends are to be attained are thus simply enumerated: (1) Holy Mass on the part of White Cross Ransomers; (2) Work on the part of Red Cross Ransomers; (3) Prayer on the part of all Ransomers. The special intentions for which prayers are to be offered are three in number, namely:

1) The conversion of our country in general, and of individuals in particular.

(2) The rescue of apostates and those in danger of apostasy.

(3) The forgotten dead, who, owing to the Reformation, or to being isolated converts, or other causes, are without special Masses and prayers.

Two books are kept by the guild in which are entered the names of "captives" to be ransomed, or of those whose emancipation has been secured. The former is entitled the "Intercession Book," and contains the names of those individuals for whose conversion special prayers are asked; the latter is styled the "Deo Gratias Book," and in it are placed the names of those who have come over to the church. The two volumes form, as it were, the spiritual ledger of the guild, and it not infrequently becomes the pleasing duty of its officers to transfer names from the debit to the credit account. Before turning to the more active operations of the movement, it is important to men-

tion that already more than one thousand priests have been enrolled as White Cross Ransomers—the late Cardinal Manning having headed the list—and thus over three thousand Masses are offered up annually for the conversion of England and kindred intentions. Regular Masses are also said for the working Ransomers, and every month the Holy Sacrifice is offered up for deceased members of the guild. The work of the society has been approved and blessed by Pope Leo XIII. (May 18, 1889) and by the English hierarchy, and the Holy Father has granted plenary indulgences (by brief dated June 18, 1889) on the following days: (1) Feast of the Holy Name (second Sunday after Epiphany); (2) Feast of our Lady of Ransom (September 24); (3) Feast of St. Gregory (March 12); (4) Day of admission; (5) To priests, for one Mass in the year said for the intentions of the guild.

A RANSOMER NOT ONLY PRAYS BUT WORKS.

Regarding it from its spiritual aspect alone, Catholics must readily admit that the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom is an excellent and useful institution. If it attempted nothing more than thus to storm Heaven with prayers, it might still claim that it was doing much to bring about the realization of its desires. But the guild is not content merely with this. Remembering St. Paul's description of faith without works, it has entered upon an active as well as a spiritual crusade. The hands of the prophet, it is true, are always upraised on the hill-top, but still at the same time a vigorous little army in the valley is incessantly waging battle with the modern Amalekites. From this it must not for a moment be imagined that the guild is in any sense a proselytizing agency. It does not seek to ransom captives against their will, or to use force in bringing about their conversions.

HE RECALLS THE MEMORIES OF CATHOLIC ENGLAND.

The influence which it exercises is mainly of an indirect character, and it only steps into the active arena of theological or historical controversy when forced to stand on the defensive and champion the church's cause against the attacks and falsehoods of her enemies. The indirect influence of the guild is exercised in a variety of ways, but chiefly by its persistent and praiseworthy efforts to cherish the old Catholic traditions of the English people. And in this work it has assuredly plenty of opportunities at hand. The old Catholic landmarks abound in every part of the country, in spite of three centuries of Protes-

tantism, and form imperishable records of England's former fidelity. The faith, it is true, of which they bear witness may have died out as a national sentiment, but the memories of it remain. For three hundred years they have stood before the English people like the sepulchres of a buried but never-to-be-forgotten past, and the circumstance that they should now be used as instruments and centres in the work of Catholic revival is pleasantly suggestive of the Resurrection. The old abbeys and shrines to which pilgrimages were formerly made, but which for many years have been the scenes only of picnics and excursion parties, are once again being put to their ancient uses. Under the auspices of the guild and kindred bodies many of these places have already been visited, and the practice is evidently growing in popularity. It can well be imagined that to the Catholic mind these historic spots afford opportunities for something more than mere antiquarian research. They are surrounded by memories which are indelibly recorded in the traditions of each locality, but which time and custom have been allowed to dull and obliterate, and it is well, therefore, that they should be periodically and publicly revived, for nothing but good can result from such a process. Among the more important pilgrimages instituted by the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom are those to the two ancient Catholic centres of York and Canterbury, as well as one to the tomb of St. Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, while the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham and the venerable city of St. Albans have also attracted the attention of the society.

But it is not only the memorials of pre-Reformation Catholicism that are made objects of veneration by members of the guild; there are other and not less hallowed monuments which are the actual creation of the Reformation itself. The persecution carried on by the reformers, so far from destroying, served rather to multiply these centres of Catholic devotion; for, while, in perverting the monasteries and other religious institutions to secular uses, they failed to stamp out the memories associated with them, they at the same time converted Tyburn and other scenes of ignominy into places of honor and reverence, so that, like the cross of old, the gallows was once more transformed into a rostrum. These places, too, are duly commemorated by the guild, as was sufficiently evidenced by the recent pilgrimage to York, when the one thousand pilgrims who attended, after reverently visiting the tomb of St. William in the Minster, marched in procession to York Tyburn, the scene of the deaths of fifty-

one of the English martyrs, and afterwards to the Old Bar Convent, where is preserved the hand of the Venerable Margaret Clitheroe.

ENGLAND'S TOLERANT SPIRIT.

It is significant of the change which has come over the spirit of English Protestantism that these demonstrations in the open streets, and even in buildings which are now devoted to the services of the state church, are not only regarded with an absence of hostility, but with evident sympathy and respect. The Protestant authorities of Canterbury Cathedral, York Minster, and Westminster Abbey, so far from evincing any objection to these exhibitions of Catholic piety within the historic buildings entrusted to their keeping, have, on the contrary, courteously granted every facility for the convenience of the visitors. Among the places of interest commemorated by the modern Canterbury Pilgrims we may mention the Dane John, where the Blessed John Stone was martyred; the ruins of St. Augustine's Monastery, within the grounds of the Anglican Missionary College; St. Martin's Church (the oldest in England), with the font where St. Augustine baptized King Ethelbert; St. Dunstan's Church, where, in the family vault of the Ropers, is preserved the head of Blessed Thomas More; and the ancient inns and hostelries used by the pilgrims of the early church. These demonstrations, which are now of annual recurrence, are inspired by the same spirit of simple devotion which characterized the pilgrimages of happier days, and it is something for the guild to boast of, that under its auspices the banners which bear witness to the ancient faith are now, for the first time since the Reformation, borne unmolested through the streets of Canterbury and York at the head of a procession of Catholic pilgrims, all wearing the badges of the society and singing the hymns of the church. And in this movement the guild has shown no mere insular spirit. It has given evidence of its true Catholicity by carrying its operations still farther afield, and inaugurating English pilgrimages to the grotto at Lourdes and to the shrine of Our Lady at Boulogne.

THE COMBATIVE PART OF THE MOVEMENT.

This systematic revival of pilgrimages forms, perhaps, the most agreeable, as it is certainly the most picturesque and effective, phase in the varied work of the guild. But there is another department which, if less pleasing in its immediate surroundings, is even more necessary, and this we have already described as

the combative part of the movement. In spite of the gratifying change which is to be noticed on almost every hand in the attitude of non-Catholic Englishmen towards their Catholic fellow-subjects, it would be idle to deny that there is still a considerable amount of bigotry and ignorance lying half-concealed beneath the surface, which is now and again fanned into a feeble flicker by some chance passing event. The foolish outburst of intolerance excited by the election of the present Catholic Lord Mayor of London is the most recent instance of this kind, and though it was unpleasant enough in itself, it may serve to attract the more general attention of the Catholic body to the insidious efforts which are still being made by various obscure sects to perpetuate the old calumnies against the church—calumnies which were once very widely credited by Protestants at a time when their knowledge of the Catholic faith depended almost solely upon hearsay, but which have been disdainfully rejected by a generation that has enjoyed the privilege of seeing and knowing the church in her true character.

With the spirit of bigotry in itself the guild is not directly concerned, for prejudice is not to be removed by controversy, neither are individuals to be convinced against their will. But what the guild does aim at (and what it does actually accomplish to a very considerable extent) is to counteract with the most homely and forcible weapons at its command the bitter anti-Catholic propaganda that is now being carried on. In this work it acts in cordial co-operation with the Catholic Truth Society. The church, like her Divine Founder, is ever the victim of false testimony from without and of treachery and apostasy from her own disciples, and so long as her enemies exhibit their old prejudiced credulity there will be no lack of persons able and willing to cultivate so promising and lucrative a field. With bigotry of the ordinary kind, as we have already intimated, the guild has no actual concern; for honest bigotry, no matter to what creed it may belong, and no matter how mistaken it may be in itself, is but an earnest and proof of sincerity, and must always command respect. But with the bigotry which is prompted before all things and above all things by malice, which makes unscrupulous use of notoriously discredited and discreditable instruments, which does not stop short even of suborning evidence which bears the stamp of falsehood upon its face—with such bigotry as this the guild undertakes to cope by means of a very simple and summary method. Its active members, derived largely from the artisan and middle classes, devote themselves to this work with a zeal and enthusiasm which is delightful to behold. They

shadow the footsteps of the various "escaped nuns," apostate priests, and other anti-Catholic lecturers, and circulate leaflets setting forth their true character and antecedents, and this in language so unmistakable that, if the statements were false, it could not fail to command heavy damages in a court of law. In most cases, too, pertinent questions are put to the lecturer by authorized members of the guild, with the object of eliciting the true teaching of the church on the subjects under treatment. Ransom lecturers, moreover, follow in the wake of their opponents with unerring regularity, so that the truth is propagated on the very heels of the falsehood, and thus the bane is immediately succeeded by the antidote. The importance of this mode of operations cannot well be exaggerated.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

Another useful part of the active work of the society is that which is called the "Watch Tower" or the "Apostolate of the Press." As Catholics in most countries are no doubt aware, false and often malicious statements with regard to Catholic teaching are constantly gaining currency through the correspondence columns of the newspapers, and are calculated to do an amount of harm which it is impossible to estimate and difficult to counteract. To meet this evil in the only possible and effectual way an ingenious system has been devised, in which all members of the guild, even those least learned in theology and history, can take an active part. All that the members of the Apostolate of the Press have to do is to undertake to occupy, for a stipulated period, the "watch tower" in their own particular district—that is to say, to make a close inspection during the period named of the various newspapers, and to forward any statements dealing with Catholic doctrine to the headquarters of the guild, from whence answers written by duly qualified persons are despatched. Occasionally, of course, the papers are not liberal-minded enough to insert the replies; but in the majority of cases the plan has been found to work exceedingly well.

Into the other and less important phases of the ransom work it is not necessary here to enter. Enough has been said to indicate the general nature of the movement and the varied character of its operations. Already, within the brief space of six years, it has placed over thirty-five thousand members upon its muster-roll, and has established more than one hundred and forty centres in different parts of Great Britain, besides opening branches in several other countries. The flourishing state of the society

may be gathered from the fact that it is able to support an excellent monthly organ devoted to the propagation of its principles, and that it has started a fund for the erection of a thanksgiving church in one of the most populous districts of London, the cost of the undertaking to be defrayed by the thank-offerings of converts.

THE GUILD WILL INTEREST US IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the United States, where we believe the guild has already obtained some slight foothold, this general exposition of its aims and methods may not, perhaps, be considered altogether inappropriate at the present time, when a proposal has been made for the establishment of a somewhat similar society having for its object the conversion of America. The position of the church in the two countries is, of course, widely different, as was very forcibly pointed out by Cardinal Manning not long before his death. The United States, the cardinal remarked, had, by the immigration of all the nations of Europe, received millions of Catholics into the unity of its church, whereas England could show nothing of the kind. In America, too, there were no traditionary obstacles, such as existed in England, and there was nothing to hinder the expansion of the church, save, indeed, a want of zeal—and zeal, his eminence added, had never been wanting. Yet, in spite of this undoubted difference, there is, we cannot help thinking, a sufficiently broad, general analogy between the cases of the two countries to justify something in the nature of united action. The vigorous methods of defence which are deemed expedient in England may not, of course, be needed on the opposite side of the Atlantic; but there is no reason why the Catholic peoples of the two worlds should not combine in the important work of spiritual intercession. They are both aiming at a common object, and in this first and most essential means of attaining it they will find themselves upon common and congenial ground. It is true they may approach the task with different sentiments and with somewhat conflicting emotions.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS SHOULD INAUGURATE THE SAME WORK.

American Catholics may well enter upon such a work as part —and the most noble part—of their general national progress; for each day they are encouraged by the reflection that their Church occupies a position which it has never occupied before; each day they see the spiritual horizon of their country expanding and brightening before them. With them there is no thought of harking back, no remembrance of past retrogression; their

course is one steady, unbroken advance. They have a distinct and remarkable improvement in their position to point to in the present, and this may well inspire them with an unbounded confidence in the future. With English Catholics, though their hope in the future is no less great, very different thoughts to these are likely to force themselves uppermost. True, as a national church they have a glorious past and noble traditions to look back upon, to which America can lay no claim; but the pride which such a record might very naturally excite is, unhappily, accompanied and overshadowed by the sense of humiliation which springs from the remembrance of their great national apostasy. *They* are not engaged in cultivating a rich and virgin soil such as that which is opening up before the missionaries of the West; they are seeking rather to reclaim from desolation a once fertile pasturage, which has been trampled into arid unproductiveness beneath the hoofs of a devastating army; and to do this they must first clear from the soil the stubborn tangle of bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance which has fastened upon it with the tenacity of evil weeds. It is no easy labor, and though they may not enter upon it with quite the light-heartedness of the Western pioneers, they at least bring to the task an earnest and inflexible determination, and already they have achieved a very considerable success. The position of the Catholic Church in England is to-day as unlike the position it occupied half a century back as the dawn is to night, or as springtime is to winter; and if this simile is to hold good to the end, if the church is to once more emerge into all the fulness of the summer's day, much indeed will depend upon the energy, the fervor, and the perseverance of the Catholic body itself. In recent times these qualities have never been wanting, though they may not always have had a convenient and suitable channel in which to exert themselves; it is gratifying, therefore, to find them now united in so practical and vigorous a movement as that which is being carried on by Father Fletcher and his zealous band of Ransomers. The principles of that movement have here been set forth in some little detail, but perhaps they are best summed up in the simple language of Father Faber:

> "Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
> Shall win our country back to thee;
> And through the truth that comes from God,
> England shall then indeed be free."

Henry Charles Kent.

Kensington, London, England.

THE WAY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.



'D rather be a Jew than a Catholic!"

I said it most vehemently, and most sincerely and seriously I meant it. For Jews I had considerable respect; I had nothing but abhorrence for Catholics. It was a religion for the ignorant and idiotic of mankind; no one with the slightest natural good sense, let alone culture and education, could possibly believe in the idolatrous usages of the Catholic Church. It was preposterous to try and make people believe that any one could adhere to the Church of Rome and be anything save an utterly despicable being.

Did I not have some Catholics among my friends? Of course not. Did I ever read any of their books? Oh! I knew plenty about them—in fact, all that was necessary; of course I had not read *Catholic* books! No, most decidedly; but I knew what very clever men had said concerning them. The Catholic faith was a religion in which a lot of unprincipled men, with an arch-villain called the pope at the head of them, experimented as to how far they could impose upon a set of unsuspecting imbeciles.

To-day the great majority of my friends are Protestants, some of whom, while politely repressing their opinions in my presence, hold exactly the views once held by me relative to the Catholic Church—the *Roman* Church they call it, rather begrudging us the title of "Catholic," since it has become fashionable for Episcopalians to style themselves "Catholics, but not *Roman* Catholics." I know others too tolerant or too indifferent about religion in general to be bigoted; but they all agree upon one question, "How *could* you turn Catholic?" One very frank individual put it thus: "How *can* you be a Catholic when you were once a *Christian?*"

Perhaps my conversion was slightly singular, for I began to study the Catholic faith merely to prove I should never accept it. I was a great admirer of Dr. ——, a prominent Presbyterian minister, and wished to "join" his church. My Presbyterianism was of the bluest sort, and I had no patience for people who were not Presbyterians. As for Episcopalians, I con-

demned them unhesitatingly. They were entirely too near the Catholics to be any good.

It was when my "joining the church" was close at hand that a relative of mine who was a Catholic—I had often fumed at the thought—calmly informed me that he would greatly like me to be one also, saying that I should certainly be convinced in the right direction if I examined into the teaching and gave the Catholic faith a fair chance, with my much-prized knowledge of the various Protestant denominations. I hotly resented the suggestion; at that time to tell me there was a possibility of my becoming a Catholic seemed an insult to my intelligence. Why, the very word *Catholic*, or any word pertaining to it, such as *Mass* or *Confession*, made me uneasy. My hatred was simply indescribable; that is why I feel a throb of sympathy for the most bigoted non-Catholic now. I know what it is like to have that bitter, incensed feeling about anything Catholic.

My stormy raving was met by the quiet assurance that I knew nothing of what I thought I knew a great deal. I was well up in all that the enemies of the church said. What did I know of her actual doctrines? For instance, I loudly ridiculed bobbing up and down—as I called genuflecting—before the altar. Did I know why the "bobbing up and down" was done? Certainly I did; in adoration of the statues and things. "As a matter of fact," said my relative, "that is not so; and the rest of your knowledge is about as accurate."

In the midst of my anger an idea flashed upon me. Yes, I would do it—study this complicated mechanism called a religion, and then meet my relative well armed and fairly matched. The idea was fascinating. Vengeance was near at hand; what joy it would be to defeat him!

Accordingly I started, through the kindness of Sister ——, entering an advanced class in the Sunday-school, where for a time to outward appearances things went smoothly enough, my mental attitude being unknown to the teacher. Perhaps it was a little bit odd that she never noticed I did not genuflect or make the sign of the Cross. However, I had been in the class about five months when the trouble came.

The teacher gave me the question, "What is the Blessed Eucharist?" I looked at her an instant, and then said: "I'm not going to say what is in that book, because I don't believe a word of it."

Miss —— was much amazed; as for my companions—well, I think they were shocked.

The next Sunday afternoon Sister —— asked me to walk in the convent-garden with her, and as gently as possible told me I could no longer attend the Sunday-school. She said a great many beautiful, noble things to me, and while I pitied her because she was a Papist, I had to admire her sincerely, and was utterly astounded at her liberal ideas, for I had always believed all Protestants were in the way to eternal perdition in the minds of Catholics. This dignified, clever, and undeniably pious woman told me to remain a Protestant always if I could be one in good faith, and that as Catholic or Protestant she would think just as much of me.

Of course I went no more to the Sunday-school; but neither could I resume attendance at the Presbyterian church, because from the afternoon I had walked in the convent-garden with Sister —— a horrible thought haunted me. *What if I were wrong in my Presbyterian convictions?* The possibility of such a state of affairs persistently presented itself. I had not the slightest belief in Catholic doctrines—I mean in those peculiarly Catholic—but I admitted that whoever was right, I was not quite positive it was myself. Perhaps the Episcopalians had the idea—perhaps the Baptists. Maybe, and this was alarming, it was Ingersoll who was right after all. Who claimed to be sure of anything? Ingersoll made positive assertions, and the Catholic Church—to be sure, this was one reason why I used to hate it—claimed there could not be more than one church founded by Christ, and, with marvellous audacity, claimed the honor of being the only true church.

Protestants, with an inconsistency which I felt to be only equalled by the daring impertinence of Rome, accepted variations of belief, while common-sense knew that if the Baptists were right, the Episcopalians were wrong; and where would the Quakers come in? A conviction slowly forced itself upon me: I should end either a believer in Ingersoll's views or what I had most despised in all the world—a Catholic.

A great deal of reading, a great deal of arguing, a very great deal of trouble, and I became absolutely certain, once and for ever, that I believed in the Blessed Trinity.

More struggle, more difficulty, and constantly a fiery controversy with a learned Catholic clergyman. I protested and objected, and made the most of the little that remained of my Presbyterianism. I was arguing against myself as well as against him, for in my own mental struggles the tumultuous crowd of thoughts always finished up with this: "There is a true church,

because Truth could not contradict itself. Which church has always claimed to be the true one?"

Gradually I gave in on some points; I accepted purgatory and confession. A few more stormy weeks and I only refused to believe two things: prayers to Mary and the saints, and the doctrine of the Real Presence.

I first prayed to Mary in this wise: "*If you can hear me*, obtain such and such for me." It was a sort of challenge to the Mother of Christ. The first thing I asked of her seemed well-nigh impossible; my health was in danger when I obtained a very evident answer to my prayers.

The Real Presence was the last stumbling-block. No, no, no, I could not believe that! Verily, it was a "hard saying." And yet that sixth chapter of St. John troubled me. I read it over and over, and I read explanations of it. I could not let it alone. The reiterated words of Christ, so obviously expressive: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood"—"Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood"—"My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." The hardness of the Jews going away; then the treachery of some of the disciples in following their example; the pathos of Jesus saying to the rest, "Will you also go away?" The generosity of faith in St. Peter when he answered, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou art Christ, the Son of God."

I could no longer put off my answer to that question, "Will you also go away?" The final conviction swept over me—I "believed" and was sure that I had found the truth. I made my First Communion just a year and two days from the date upon which I first entered the Sunday-school, a most obstinate and zealous little Protestant. That First Communion was six years ago. My Protestant friends varied a little in the time they prophesied I should remain a Catholic; some said six months, others a year, but I believe they now regard me as gone past recall. My change of belief called forth arguments, discussions, even reproaches; those who knew me during the time of the struggle simply let me alone. Later friendships are the ones which bring surprise and questions. Not without regret let me assert, that most people are in the state in which I used to be, knowing little of that which they wish to discuss, and bringing forward the most untrue and ridiculous statements. It is more strange to find that a great many do not know even their own side, being Episcopalians or Presbyterians merely because they were born so. Outside of a few ministers, I have not met any one

who really believes Calvin's teachings. Several have said to me, "Oh! I didn't know I was supposed to believe *that*," when I have spoken of some Presbyterian doctrine; and I have never found the Episcopalian who could reconcile himself to all the degrees of High, Broad, and Low Church without considering the dangerous developments of the Ritualistic body. For defence they can, as a rule, only make unfounded accusations. Fancy a clever, well-educated Protestant saying this: "You go to confession, and believe that paying for your sins makes everything all right." That neither I nor any other Catholics "pay" for sins was an astounding revelation. When I added that a real repentance was absolutely necessary for the validity of the sacrament, with an additional resolution of never falling again into the sins confessed, my friend looked very serious, and admitted that when thus explained confession seemed quite a solemn and good thing.

The idea of the pope is, of course, a great bugbear to my friends; some seem to be willing to yield almost all points except papal infallibility and authority. To be sure, nine-tenths of Protestants do not know what the infallibility of the pope means; but that goes for nothing; they think they do, and that settles the matter. Press them, and one finds that the most distinct of many confused and indistinct ideas is, that we believe all our popes are incapable of sin or human mistake. Tell them flatly a pope might be a sinner, and see them stare. Add that in private and personal matters the popes are liable to make mistakes just as we are all apt to make them, for it is most decidedly true that any one may fall, as many a one in the world has fallen. Rather more meekly they may then ask, "Well, what does infallibility mean?" Concisely it means this: Infallibility is an assistance of the Holy Ghost which secures the pope from error when, as Visible Head of the church—Christ being the Invisible Head—he defines a doctrine belonging to faith or morals. Protestants may dissect this, and twist it, and fuss over it; if they are really in earnest the more they exercise themselves with it the better; they are likely to ultimately acknowledge, even though scornfully, as many have done to me: "Yes, I see now; and it is really quite necessary to have a supreme and unquestioned authority to preserve unity of belief." This, however, only amounts to admiring the government of the church as a human scheme; its divine institution—St. Peter's commission received directly from Christ—they ignore completely. I wonder if some or many Protestants have a sort

of undefined but desperate aversion towards St. Peter? I used to have. "The gates of hell shall not prevail"; "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I shall build my church"; "I will give to thee the keys of heaven"; "Feed my lambs"—as a devout Presbyterian I certainly reverenced the Bible as much as I now do as a Catholic; but I used to hurry over these words; I did not like them—nor St. Peter.

Not long ago I read in a daily paper that some one said in many Ritualistic churches all that remained to be done in order to cross the line to the Roman Church was to kiss the pope's sandal. What if some day Episcopalians grow weary of their shades of difference, their constant varying among themselves, and elect to have an Episcopalian pope—possibly called by some other title? Such a thing is possible, and not entirely improbable. I wonder where the contested point would then lie? Perhaps, merely in the fashionableness of believing in an English or an American chief bishop, instead of the one in Rome. For fashion has much to do in this case.

A charming girl once said: "I don't care if the Catholics are right; if they are to be in heaven, I don't want to go there. I am not in the habit of associating with such common, rough people." There are many poor, rough Catholics, truly; there are also many of the poor who are certainly not Catholics. Where are they? Positively not in the churches where they are supposed to belong. No; as a minister said quite recently, Protestants build palace-churches for people who live in palaces. Who said, "The poor ye have always with you"? To remember those words of Christ is enough to make us quarrel over who shall have most of the poor. It is dangerous to scorn the poor who stream in and out of the Catholic churches. They are a rather startling proof that in the church Christ's words are amply fulfilled.

There is one accusation brought against me very frequently and very animatedly—that I call my friends "heretics" in my heart, and believe that only Catholics will ever get to heaven. I do neither the one nor the other. There was a learned doctor of the church—we call him "St." Augustine, and ask his intercession before God—who lived several centuries ago, and who wrote in those far-off days when persecution and frequent martyrdom might have embittered the Christians, that any one who firmly believed what he professed to believe, and was not a Christian merely because he had never had an opportunity of becoming convinced, really had the spirit of the Church, in that

his own convictions were sincere, and was *no heretic*. I am perfectly sure that a great many Protestants are in good faith, and that a great many Catholics are a disgrace to the name. And yet I believe that a fair study into Catholic doctrines and institutions should convince every one of their truth and beauty. If Protestants are not afraid of such a result why do they shun the experiment? Why do they accuse and malign, and never investigate? They take up the study of Buddhism, of Spiritualism, of Theosophy; they say that some of Mohammed's words are charming, and marvel at the wisdom of Confucius. Catholic teaching they utterly despise and leave scornfully alone. Is it just? Do they forget that Christ came unto his own and his own received him not? — and now they will not receive his church; they will not give it a hearing, one small chance with all they know about the sects. Let them look into the matter a little, even though only for amusement as they take up Buddhism and the rest; the amusement may change to grave interest, and later they may say with truth "to be loved needs only to be seen." They need not start at once at the deepest and hardest of theological books; let them read a little book called *The Faith of Our Fathers;* it is direct, simple, and it wastes no words. I read the preface first, commencing it dubiously; it appealed irresistibly, and I rapidly read on until I had finished. Later I studied and pondered a great many more books, but I suggest only this one, because to read it is no great undertaking for any one, and having read it, it will very likely create a most excellent curiosity to read further and seek for more information concerning the church which exercises a world-wide influence.

I shall close with these words of St. Augustine: "Too late have I known thee, Beauty ever ancient and ever new." They express a great deal of what I feel; but there are older and grander words: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, . . . and in Jesus Christ, his Son. . . . I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

Outcry against Free Trade in England.—It is somewhat remarkable that just as the United States have taken so decided a step in the direction of Free Trade as was involved in the election of Mr. Cleveland, Great Britain should show signs of wavering in what to many is almost a sacred cause. Such, however, is the case, for although it is the custom of leading politicians to declare protection to be completely outside of the region of practical politics, and for the press in its most magisterial manner to pronounce it an economic heresy, the tokens of a revulsion of feeling in its favor are too clear for any one not prepossessed by foregone conclusions to ignore. From one end of the kingdom to the other large numbers of farmers have declared it to be the only remedy for the long-continued depression under which agriculture has been suffering for many years, and which has culminated this year in an almost unparalleled catastrophe, due to the fact that while the crops were destroyed the amount of foreign grain imported made prices lower than ever before. In December a conference was held in London to direct public attention to this grave condition of agricultural affairs, at which representatives of every interest connected with the cultivation of land—land-owners, tenant-farmers, and agricultural laborers—were present, and which formed, in the judgment of those even who disapproved of its outcome, the largest and most representative gathering that has ever been assembled in Great Britain. Many remedies for existing evils were discussed, but the only one which called forth almost enthusiastic approbation was the proposal that competing imports should pay a duty not less than the rates and taxes levied on home productions.

Protection and Bread.—Protection, therefore, is advocated by a large majority of those engaged in what is even now the largest and most important of British industries; nor are its

supporters confined to those who are dependent upon agriculture. The Sheffield operatives have sent to Parliament for many years one of the most ardent advocates of protection, and within the last few weeks the representative assembly of active Conservative politicians has passed a resolution in favor of that modified form of protection advocated by the Imperial Federation Trade League. The argument on the other side urged by practical politicians—an argument which they look upon as demonstrative and conclusive—is that the working-classes will not tolerate an increase of the price of food. But from certain facts which are being brought to light in the public prints there seems to be grave reason for doubting whether the public benefits at all by the reduced price of wheat, and for thinking that all the advantages derived from this low price go into the pockets of middlemen—bakers and millers. What the profits of private traders amount to it is difficult to say, but within the last few weeks a company for making bread which is obliged to publish its accounts declared a dividend of 37½ per cent. At the present time wheat is 27*s.* a quarter, and the price of the quartern loaf is 5½*d.* In 1852, while wheat was 60*s.* a quarter, the price of the quartern loaf was no more; in fact, was just the same. Where has the difference gone? It may not be generally known, but it is the fact, that from 1267 to 1836 the price of bread was regulated by statute according to the varying price of wheat. At the latter date the price was thrown open to competition, with the result that at the present time, and at the existing cost of wheat, bread under free competition costs 5½*d.* which under the assize of bread would have cost 2½*d.* The average Briton must be very much more self-sacrificing than is generally thought if he continues to allow his principal industry to be brought to the verge of ruin when he does not himself derive any advantage thereby, nor is it to be wondered at, considering the ways of bakers, that among the first steps toward state socialism which has been heretofore taken by the cities of Paris, Brussels, and Ghent has been the opening of municipal bakeries for the supply of cheap and unadulterated bread.

State-assisted Industries in Australia.—If attention is given to what is being done in Australia to enable its farmers and dairymen to compete with the British farmers in the home market, no one can wonder that the patience of the latter should be almost exhausted. In his eyes it is hard enough that he

should have to compete with the private enterprise of the whole world, but when his competitors are endowed by the state and receive from it all possible assistance in order to enable them to underbid him at home it passes endurance. The action taken by the Australian colonies is of interest, also, to the student of political economy, inasmuch as it shows how far modern states, untrammelled by long-established traditions, have departed from the old ideas of orthodox economists. A few years ago the trade in dairy products of Australia with England was practically non-existent; in 1891–92 it amounted to nearly five millions of pounds from a single colony. This result is entirely due to the governments of various colonies having actively taken in hand the organization of the trade. The colony of Victoria devoted more than a million dollars to the giving of bonuses to agricultural industries, and especially to the exporters of butter. Before its exportation its own officials tested the quality, and stopped all that was not sufficiently good. In order to educate the people in the art of butter-making it established a travelling dairy, and sent it round from place to place with expert teachers to give instruction to all who would take the trouble to acquire it. Dairy-schools too were established in every province with nominal fees. The factory system of creameries, which has done so much for Denmark and which is now working well in Ireland, was introduced. All railway charges for transporting the cream from the country to the seaport are also defrayed by the state. The ship-owners co-operate by reducing freight to the lowest possible amount. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the British farmer grumbles and that he is willing to banish to the stars the political economy of the day. Whether he and the aggrieved in other trades will succeed in their efforts is very doubtful, for although England is the only country in the world which remains loyal to free-trade principles, the defenders of these principles regard them as almost as sacred as religious truths—perhaps, if the truth were told, as even more sacred and certain. In any case the struggle cannot but be interesting for many reasons.

Bimetallism advocated by Archbishop Walsh.—After protection, a remedy which met with a large amount of support from the distressed agriculturists assembled in conference was Bimetallism. And here it is worthy of notice how in the political arrangements of the present time this abstruse and difficult question—a question so abstruse and difficult as to render it doubt-

ful whether one man in ten thousand is able to form a reliable judgment upon the matter on its own merits and in view of the interests of the state as a whole—must practically be decided by the majority of votes. It is to be hoped that this majority will, at least, have the sense to recognize that it cannot always judge for itself, and to choose wise and skilful guides. A remarkable point in this connection is, that along with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chaplin, the minister for agriculture of the former Unionist government, there are found as supporters of the bimetallic proposals Archbishop Walsh, the champion *par excellence* of the tenant-farmers of Ireland, whose exposition, according to Mr. Chaplin, constituted one of the ablest and clearest and most convincing statements which have been made public on the subject, and a member of the opposed class in Ireland in the person of one of the representatives of the Indian government at the Brussels Conference, Sir Guilford Molesworth, an Irish landlord. The latter's explanation of the relation between bimetallism and the agrarian question in Ireland we subjoin on account of its lucid explanation not only of this particular question but of the whole subject. "Archbishop Walsh," said Sir G. Molesworth, "is quite right. I have myself held for many years that the Irish difficulty is due in a very great measure to the appreciation of gold. In my own case I have suffered far more from this cause than from agitation or disaffection among the tenantry. During the last twenty years the population of the world demanding gold for monetary purposes has quadrupled, while international trade demanding gold has trebled, with the result that since 1871 it has gone up nearly fifty per cent. Now look what this means for an agricultural country like Ireland. A farmer has contracted to pay a certain rent—that is, so many sovereigns per annum—but the purchasing power of sovereigns has enormously increased; consequently, he has to raise so much more produce to earn his rent. The landlord suffers also, since mortgages and all other contracts have similarly to be satisfied in an appreciated standard. The expenditure upon the land has been reduced all round, till it becomes foul and poor, while the poorer lands go out of cultivation altogether. The substantial reductions in rents made during the last ten years are inadequate because, though involving enormous sacrifices on the part of the landlords in many instances, they have not kept pace with the appreciation of gold." Large as is the support which the bimetallic proposals are thus receiving, the opponents, we think, are the more powerful, consisting as they do of the capitalist

merchants and bankers who carry on the commerce of the world; but as in the former case so in this, the contest will be not merely interesting but of great importance.

The London County Council and Fair Wages.—The proceedings of the London County Council ought to be carefully studied by all who are interested in current social and economical questions; not so much on account of the size and importance of the place of which it is the ruling authority—although London has a larger population than that of several European kingdoms—but because of the ardor with which the predominant party is entering upon what would generally be styled Socialistic schemes. *Fiant experimenta in corpore*, we will not say *vili* but *alieno*, and by watching we shall be able to profit by the results, good or bad. As we have already mentioned, in consequence of its having required a fair-wages clause to be inserted in all contracts, very few tenders were made for the works to be executed; thereupon the council decided itself to carry out the works (at least some of them) without any intervention; and it has appointed a committee for the purpose of supervising, securing plant, and the requisite material for this purpose. A large number of workmen will, therefore, be in the immediate control and pay of the council; and, in fact, the council, if all its projects succeed, will soon be the largest employer of labor in the world; and the question has arisen, Who is to settle the amount of wages? Hitherto employers have had at least a right to be heard on this point; but the council has resolved that in its own case it is to be left to the employed to settle their own wages and hours; for a resolution has been passed that the minimum rate of pay in each department shall be the rate decreed by the trades-unions and in practice obtained, and there is nothing to prevent the formation of one great trades-union of the employees of the council. This trades-union would, under this resolution, be able to exact as high wages as it pleased, or at least as the rate-payers would be likely to suffer. This proposal was adopted by the council notwithstanding the opposition of a part even of the Progressive party, headed by the well-known political economist, Sir Thomas Farrer. Another point which lends interest to the proceedings of the London County Council is the composition of the body itself. Mr. Frederick Harrison pronounces it the most composite elective body of which English history can show an example. Not even party rage has ever ventured to hint a

suspicion of jobbery, and thus its experiments are to be looked upon as disinterested, even if mistaken, efforts to form an ideal London. According to Mr. Harrison, "about one-eighth of the council are members of the legislature; about a tenth have hereditary titles, or are immediately connected with historic families; three ducal houses are represented; it counts two Knights of the Garter; the foreign secretary, and several other members of the government; peers, baronets, land-owners, bankers, brokers, merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, dealers of all kinds, and a dozen workmen in different trades." We may add that there are two Catholics among the members; but as one, the Duke of Norfolk, is a Moderate, and the other, Mr. Costelloe, is a Progressive, they neutralize one the other.

The Attitude of Protestantism towards the Poor.—One of the questions which is exciting a good deal of interest and discussion at the present time is the attitude, past and present, of the various Protestant religious bodies towards the poor. To our mind one of the most conclusive tokens that the Establishment is not the Church of our Lord, but a highly respectable human institution, is the degraded state into which, notwithstanding its vast revenues, the poor have been allowed to fall both in the country and in the towns. But while it has been generally recognized that the Church of England is the church of the well-to-do, it has been equally generally believed that the Dissenters had won the hearts of the lower classes. At the meeting, however, recently held in Bradford of the Congregational Union one of the most prominent leaders of the labor party, Mr. Keir Hardie, was allowed to address the assembled ministers, and he frankly and without reserve revealed to them the opinions which working-men have formed of these churches. He said that they looked upon the Christianity of the schools as dead. The labor party had turned its back upon the Church because the Church had turned its back on Christ. In their meetings, he said, they pandered to the respectability of their congregations. The ministers who heard Mr. Hardie were so exasperated that they would not allow him to proceed, and cried him down, although the American delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian synod held two years ago in London explicitly declared, and almost gloried in the fact, that their mission was to the rich and cultured, and that they left the poor to the care of the Catholic Church. The Rev. H. P. Hughes made a remarkable statement to the same effect at the conference held at Grin-

delwald this autumn. He declared that he believed that neither the highest nor the lowest classes had ever been truly converted to Protestantism, the only class of which it had laid real hold being the middle class. However both the Establishment and the Dissenters are bestirring themselves now in emulation of the true Church of Christ.

Practically Protestants do not favor Religious Education.—In our notes on the effects of secular education published last December we spoke in condemnatory terms of the action of Nonconformists in this matter. What was then said requires, we are glad to say, a little, although but a little, modification. This consists in the fact that the Mr. Hughes whom we have just mentioned (who is a leading Methodist minister) has publicly declared that he does not hesitate to say that the most awful mistake that the Nonconformists of England made was when they accepted a secular platform for national education. The same authority tells us that, "as a matter of fact to-day, all the great Nonconformist bodies of England have now, by express vote of their assemblies, repudiated the secular position altogether." Had these utterances resulted in practical action on the part of the Nonconformist bodies we should have had to make a considerable retractation. Unfortunately there are no evidences of such a change. The religious dissenters are dominated by the political dissenters, and the practical influence of the various bodies is still used to promote and to extend purely secular education. And when we turn to Ireland the same thing must be said of what was formerly the Establishment there, and which is supposed to be, we presume, a "branch" of the Church, along with the Establishment in England. This is shown by the action recently taken by this body with reference to the proposed change in the rules of the Board of National Education. The moment the majority of the commissioners voted in favor of allowing complete freedom of religious instruction, and of the retention of sacred emblems in the schools, the disestablished church, along with Protestants of every denomination, rose up in arms as one man and, true to their name, protested. Deputations went to the lord-lieutenant and implored him not to allow such a change to be made, and, we are sorry to say, gained their point. It almost seems as if, while many Protestants are willing to say true things about the necessity of religious instruction, the real practical work is left to the Catholic Church alone.

Secular Education Disastrous in India.—Among the countries which are experiencing the evil effects of purely secular education, India, in the opinion of competent judges, must be included. In this case it is not elementary education which is affected, but the higher studies. The universities which were opened by the government were established on a purely secular basis. No attempt at religious teaching, or even at moral teaching on the basis of religion, is permitted. The utmost that has been proposed has been "a moral text-book," and even this has not been found capable of general adoption by the keenly-opposed creeds and religious sects represented in every lecture-room of an Indian Government College. Several years ago the results were recognized as disastrous by a government commission appointed to inquire into the education afforded by the colleges. The young men educated in them were losing faith in their native religious systems, and were not receiving any definite instruction to take their place; were, in fact, becoming sceptics in religion and suffering the necessary consequences in morals. Quite recently, in view of these evils, the lieutenant-governor of Bengal has issued an appeal to the professors in the colleges to use their utmost efforts to secure by their personal influence and example what cannot be attempted in the colleges under the sanction of religion. He wishes the professors to bear in mind that their relations with their students do not begin and end in the lecture-room, and that they should strive to gain an influence over them which shall be potent for good during all their lives.

No Irreligious Education in Natal.—The experience thus gathered of the unsatisfactory results of a purely secular education has, we are glad to see, not been thrown away upon those who have the direction of affairs in another part of the British Empire. A committee appointed by the governor of Natal has reported to the Council of Education of that colony, and the report has been adopted by that body, that, after receiving and considering a quantity of evidence it had finally decided against the proposed appointment of public or secular schools for the natives. This they did because they were convinced by the evidence that the work was better done by the schools of the missionaries, and also more economically. The testimony against secular education pure and simple was almost unanimous, and therefore, with a real liberalism which is wanting among many so-called Liberals in other parts of the world, the committee recognized

that it was not desirable for the government unduly to control or direct the religion of the people.

The State of Politics in Various European Countries.—It may, perhaps, be interesting to take a rapid glance at the political position of the chief European countries at the beginning of the new year, and to indicate the principal questions which have to be solved. In England the Liberal party is in power, with Mr. Gladstone as premier. His majority, however, is only forty, and is made up of a number of somewhat independent groups, consisting of Radicals who sympathize more or less warmly with Mr. Labouchere, Parnellites, anti-Parnellites, Welsh members and labor members, to say nothing of a very small number who have hitherto been Gladstonians pure and simple, but who are now threatening a "cave." Home Rule, of course, is the great question of the day, but a large amount of social legislation will be attempted.——It seems hardly worth while to say anything about France, for the situation there changes so frequently that anything written one week may not be true the next. However, at the moment of writing a ministry is in power which is drawn, like all the ministries for the past two years, from the Opportunist Republicans. This is one of eight parties in which the French legislature rejoices. Monarchists, Bonapartists, Boulangists, and Independents make up the Right. The Left, which has the majority, consists of Opportunists, Moderates, Radicals, and Social Radicals. The question which not merely the present ministry, but the Republic itself, has to settle is the exceedingly elementary one, "to be or not to be"; and this naturally puts into the background proposed ameliorations of the social order.——In Germany the ministry does not depend for its existence upon the will of the legislature, but it naturally wishes to receive the support of one or more of the political parties. At the present time, however, all parties are, for different reasons, disinclined to vote for government measures. As in France so in Germany, there are some eight or nine groups, of which the Centre, or Catholic party, is the strongest. Conservatives, Imperialists, National Liberals, German Liberals, Social Democrats, People's-Party men, Alsace-Lorrainers, Poles, and finally seven "Wild-men," form the happy family which the German government must manage if it wishes to pass its proposals into law. Of these proposals the increase of the army is the most urgent. Its fate depends upon the votes of the Catholic party, the leaders of which have clearly indi-

cated their intention to refuse to add to the burdens of their already over-taxed fellow-countrymen.——In Austria the Conservative cabinet of Count Taaffe retains the power which it has held for thirteen years. The Reichsrath, which it leads and in a measure controls, is divided into sixteen parties, the names of which we spare our readers. In Hungary the number of parties is more reasonable. Liberals, Independents, the Croatian delegates, and the Nationalists complete the list. A new ministry has lately come into power of a more liberal and anti-Catholic spirit than its predecessor. It is said to be pledged to the introduction of compulsory civil marriage, while the dual monarchy, as a whole, is on the point of adopting gold coinage in place of the current paper.——While Russia is not troubled by open political parties, yet, like all autocrats, the czar has now one, now another set of self-chosen counsellors, and at the present time the peace party is said to be the one to which he is most inclined to listen.——Spain has recently exchanged a Conservative for a Liberal government, Señor Canovas having made way yet once more for Señor Sagasta. Like Portugal, Spain finds all its energies and efforts barely sufficient to secure the payment of its debts.——The task of Italy, on account of its vain efforts to pose as one of the great powers, and to keep up the preposterous army necessary for maintaining its position in the Triple Alliance, is identical with that of Spain and Portugal. As for its political parties, seeing that place and emolument for themselves are the predominating and controlling objects of the thoughts and aspirations of existing Italian legislators, it is not worth while to give even their names. And, to conclude, the work of revising her constitution upon which Belgium has entered has not yet been accomplished, nor, so elaborate and intricate are the proceedings, is it easy to indicate at what stage it has arrived. We believe, however, that the Conservative ministry, which still holds its place against the attacks of the Liberals, will soon bring the work to a happy conclusion.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE field of Roman patrician life, so long and so worthily occupied, almost monopolized, in fact, by Mr. Marion Crawford, has been very successfully entered of late by the Marchesa Theodoli, who very gracefully dedicates her novel to her American co-laborer and predecessor. Though she occupies a different portion of that field, the friends of the Saracinescas and Sant' Ilarios will have no difficulty in recognizing the Astallis and Casales as fruits of the same soil, cultivated by an equally painstaking and accustomed hand. In the present novel,* the author has given a vivid and very timely picture of the struggle between old and new in the Rome of our day—that old which has so blended its own prejudices and preconceptions with a truth which is eternal that it knows not how to distinguish them, but sees in every blow at its ancient prerogatives an attack on all that in itself is venerable and holy—and that new which recognizes that only essentials can be clung to successfully in a world which God continually vivifies and renews. The picture of life in the Astalli palace is a very interesting one, drawn faithfully, one feels persuaded, and by a hand both kindly and impartial. Of the two girls, Lavinia is wonderfully like some of Mr. Crawford's own heroines in the sincerity, simplicity, and depth of her passion, but she passes through a growth and educational development by means of it which distinguish her from any of them that we recall. The story of Bianca, Lavinia's twin, is hardly less interesting, certainly not less well managed. Hers is a struggle to follow her own religious vocation to the active life of a Sister of Charity, against the determination of her parents to force her into a Carmelite convent. The study of the Princess Astalli, devout, unbending, so truly charitable that no human misery, physical suffering, or sinfulness came within her reach "without receiving consolation, help, and material assistance," and yet so incapable of understanding that anything can justly conflict with her supposed parental rights, even the church itself of which she deems herself the most devoted adherent, is especially suggestive. Some of her talks with Don Antonio, surely the best priest one has met in a novel for many a day,

* *Under Pressure.* By the Marchesa Theodoli. New York: Macmillan & Co.

are especially worth reading. It would be unfair to outline the story, which is one any novel-reader will find entertaining, and which to many who would not care for the love-story, will be interesting for the sake of the questions it brings up and the glimpses it gives of a type of mind and a social and semi-religious attitude now fast passing away, to give place, as one believes and hopes, to one more in accordance with those signs of the times which are the indications of God's will for our own days. The spirit of the author, as this book displays it, is both intelligent and religious.

An excellent novel from every point of view is Miss Whitby's *In the Suntime of Her Youth.** Amusing, well-written, and entertaining, it is also wholesome in all its lessons, direct and indirect. The author, though anything rather than didactic, has a moral to enforce by illustration—a moral which one would hardly exaggerate by describing as the final cause of the existence of good women novelists. What better, what more needed lesson can an upright woman of intelligence and experience impart to those of her own sex who are still able to profit by it, than that marriage without love, through whatever motives contracted, is a mistake so deadly, even when merely a mistake, that no temptation can fully excuse, and no plea of seeming duty actually justify it? The first lesson should not end here, however, unless it be followed by a second, inculcating the truth, too often forgotten nowadays, both in life and fiction, that a duty springs from what was in itself an error; that a loveless marriage is not a wholly irremediable evil, and that its yoke may and must be borne with unflinching patience. Miss Whitby has steered her bark very cleverly through the shoals and reefs on which so many otherwise skilful story-tellers have wrecked all their chances of real usefulness. Though there is a point in her tale where the hackneyed novel-reader begins to suspect danger ahead, that risk is quickly passed—shown, rather, to have existed in his fancy only. The tale is an English one, and told with a freshness, a gay, pleasant humor, and a sustained power which are unusual and refreshing. The characters are all distinctly drawn, and some of them, little "Precautia" for instance, with her quick tongue, sharp enough to entertain, not sharp enough to wound, and Elspeth with her straightforward candor, her single-hearted love, her hot temper, her inability to be "unselfish" enough to marry for the sake of other people, are wonderfully lifelike, as well as attractive, from first to last. Altogether,

* *In the Suntime of Her Youth.* By Beatrice Whitby. New York: Appleton & Co.

the book will add much to Miss Whitby's already well-established reputation.

Another very readable novel is Mrs. Alick Macleod's Australian story, *The Silent Sea*.* In this the reader will find almost everything except a moral, although he will be far enough from finding it either immoral or unmoral on that account. The charm of the story lies chiefly in the exquisite portrayal of Doris, and the surroundings of her childhood and quickly, yet not too quickly, terminated youth. The book is full of incident, however, and the business of the gold mine, the study of Trevaskis the engineer, and the queer story of Victor and his elderly, persistent, and finally victorious admirer, are told in a way whose interest can never be said to flag, although it can hardly be called absorbing. It is very well written in point of style.

Christian Reid's fine story of *The Lost Lode*, and another by F. X. L., called *Stella's Discipline*, have been bound up together, and form one of the attractive-looking volumes of H. L. Kilner's "Catholic Library." They differ much in point of style, but will both prove entertaining, and both point useful lessons. But they will hardly appeal with equal force to the same class of readers. There is something in the delicate remoteness of Christian Reid's style, when she is at her best, as we think her in this story, which must make her work rather trying as a companion-piece to that of other writers.

Tom Playfair and *Percy Wynn* have a very successful follower in *Harry Dee*,† wherein their author shows again his comprehension of and sympathy with the school-boy mind and aspirations. He has hit off very happily the characteristics of his young heroes; his book would really have the air of being written by a boy and for boys, were it not for an occasional bit of word-painting which looks suspicious. Still it cannot fail to be read by them with hearty interest. The chapter concerning the baseball game will by itself command all their suffrages. The book has better things in it, though.

A story so well-constructed and at the same time so innocuous as Mr. Payn's *Stumble on the Threshold*‡ always gives pleasure—a pleasure comparable to that afforded by the inspection of a well-built modern house with its plumbing and heating arrangements just what they should be, its materials solid, its

* *The Silent Sea.* By Mrs. Alick Macleod. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† *Harry Dee; or, Making it Out.* By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

‡ *A Stumble on the Threshold.* By James Payn. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

closets ample and in just the right places. Such a house pleases irrespective of its outlook. One can dispense with a view at a pinch, but he wants his floors substantial and his doors and windows warranted not to creak. It is always safe to entrust to Mr. Payn the contract both as architect and builder for such a house of the mind, wherein a not extravagant fancy may be snug and comfortable. He has taken the measure of his public; he knows they object almost equally to the turrets and cupolas and flying buttresses of one school of imaginative fiction and the dungeons, pest-houses, and dissecting-rooms of another. He is himself the best illustration of his famous thesis that novel-writing is a profession like any other, to which any one possessing the sound intelligence and good judgment necessary for average success in law or medicine may be trained. His original equipment has not changed perceptibly, but his technique has improved greatly since he won his first recognition from the public he has ever since retained.

His present story relates the adventures of three students of Cambridge University, who are close friends, although one of them in whom the reader is expected to take most interest is much beneath the others in social position. All three are seriously in love with the same young girl, and she is engaged to one of them when the quartette come before the curtain. There is no lack of life-likeness in Mr. Payn's presentation of his characters. These students affect one like real men; their talk and their actions have the same persuasive quality of genuineness, and although one of them is the victim at first sight of a hopeless, pure, and life-long passion which never feeds itself after the first moment on the fancy of fruition. Mr. Payn has succeeded in imposing even so rare a phenomenon as this upon his reader's credulity. Ella Martin, too, though she is only silhouetted on his pages, has the same quality of genuine substance. One feels that she is all there, and is grateful that she is used for effect only, since what Mr. Payn wants of her is merely to supply the *raison-d'être* of his study of Blythe and Needham. She is a good girl and honestly in love with her betrothed, whom she finally marries; nevertheless she works dire havoc with his friends, exposes the true inner stuff of each, and becomes the central figure of what narrowly escapes being a tragedy, and does afford occasion for a murder trial conducted according to the established precedents of fiction. There is plenty of honest entertainment to be found in this novel and not an ounce of harm.

There is a good deal of human nature of the rougher sort in

the collection of sketches* wherein we make a first acquaintance of Mr. Opie Read. They are rich in scraps of dialogue that might have been taken down by a phonograph, so natural and life-like that, standing alone, they would persuade to a belief that we have here a new writer of native force in process of evolution. Unfortunately, they lead with surprising uniformity to flat disappointment or to crudities that shock but do not promise.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has done so much good in a modest way with his untiring pen, has produced in his *Layman's Day* † a thoroughly practical and most insinuatingly suggestive little book which cannot but be useful. He is a sort of lay Faber, a good guide to those "Easy Ways of Divine Love" which are not after all so easy that the best of us, who have daily cares and business to attend to, do not need constant reminders to walk in them without faltering. There is great wisdom packed with equal skill and brevity into this handy and attractive itinerary of the daily journey from morning to evening on the road that leads to life eternal.

Another life ‡ has appeared (there were already five) of Nicholas Ferrar, a deacon of the Established Church of England in the reign of Charles I., when he founded a sort of Protestant religious house, composed entirely of members of his own family. The latter fact is probably a unique one in the history of such foundations. The establishment, moreover, did not outlive his family; but an interest has long attached to it, chiefly, perhaps, in the minds of the Ritualistic section of the Anglican Church on account of its apparent foreshadowing of somewhat similar ones in these later times. Nicholas Ferrar himself seems not to have been a specially interesting person, save on the devotional side of his character. He was deeply religious, but he was not wide-minded nor clear-sighted. He thought it possible to leap the chasm between the sixteenth and the sixth centuries, and establish a private causeway of his own across them by which he might return in safety, carrying back whatever seemed useful or desirable, while ignoring all the rest. When what the Puritans of his day called his "Arminian Nunnery" was attacked, he thought to avert danger from it by avowing his con-

* *Miss Madam, and Other Sketches.* By Opie Read. Chicago and New York: F. T. Neely & Co.

† *The Layman's Day; or, Jewels of Practical Piety.* By Percy Fitzgerald. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Nicholas Ferrar, His Household and His Friends.* Edited by the Rev. T. T. Carter M.A. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

victions that the Pope was Antichrist. His biographer says that his acquaintance with foreign devotional writings appears to have been extensive, and proves it by showing that he translated a treatise by the Jesuit Lessius, on The Temperate Man. He was fonder, however, of some less orthodox writers, and valued Lessius as he did the famous centenarian Cornaro, that is to say as an ascetic rather than a spiritual guide. His biographer remarks of him :

"He hated popery with the solid hatred which was nourished by Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. He believed that the Pope was Antichrist ; when asked what he would do if by any chance the Mass was celebrated in his house, he is said to have replied that he would pull down that room and build another."

Such declarations were not sufficient to save a house in which it was known that there were not only two women who had vowed to God a perpetual virginity, but also that great enormity, an organ. Nine years after its founder's death the establishment at Little Gidding was sacked by Cromwell's soldiers, its inmates having fled in time from outrage or murder. Peckard thus describes the conduct of the soldiery :

"These military zealots, in the rage of what they called reformation, ransacked both the church and the house. In doing which they expressed a particular spite against the organ. This they broke in pieces, of which they made a large fire, and thereat roasted several of Mr. Ferrar's sheep, which they had killed in his grounds. This done, they seized all the plate, furniture, and provision which they could conveniently carry away. And in this general devastation perished those works of Mr. Nicholas Ferrar which merited a better fate."

There were, indeed, works accomplished at Little Gidding in the way of Concordances and Harmonies of the Gospels and other parts of Holy Scripture which were eminently well worth the doing. One of the most interesting chapters of the present life is devoted to these Concordances, of which a noteworthy specimen is given. The family at Little Gidding themselves bound these volumes, of which the text was part in script, part in type, and sold them when that was possible, using the purchase money to continue their costly work. Charles I. had two of them, a Harmony of the Gospels and a Harmony of the Books of Kings and Chronicles, the latter prepared by the monarch's express desire. Both of these are now in the British Museum. Ferrar himself was a thorough Englishman of a narrow type, practical not speculative, and neither capable of origi-

nal thought nor of apprehending the true points in controversy between Rome and the so-called Reform. He accepted as true all that he had been taught by parents who had not improbably relinquished the ancient faith through fear of persecution, and having been told that the changes wrought by Henry and his immediate successors had merely restored the church of his own island to primitive purity, his devout and ascetic temperament inclined him to those austerities practised in primitive times. Though he was clearly capable of domineering somewhat harshly on occasion, his personal charm must have been great and his sincerity undoubted, since he prevailed not merely on his aged mother but on a household of married brothers and sisters to abide with him for life in almost monastic discipline and privation, for the sole end of serving God in greater purity and perfection. His work was not lasting, nor is this record of it particularly interesting, save as a monument of narrow but well-meaning and sincere lives in a time and a country which had much need but small appreciation of their peculiar virtues.

Mr. MacDonald's work on Criminology,* with an introduction by Professor Lombroso, the Italian "founder" of the so-called science, relates to a subject interesting not merely to scholars, but to ordinary thoughtful men. A somewhat careful perusal of his bulky volume has not, however, resulted in inducing a persuasion that his treatment of the subject is either fundamental or truly suggestive. It is a medley of detached facts, thrown together without apparent system, and with no thread of philosophy to bind them together save the hint that Lombroso considers crime to be "a return to the primitive and barbarous state of our ancestors, the criminal being a savage born into modern civilization." The author's preparation for the work is said to have consisted in a course of studies in various universities in the United States and abroad—a condition of things which, so far as his use of his vernacular is concerned, can hardly be said to reflect great honor on those institutions. His work is completed by an extensive and exhaustive bibliography of the best books and articles on crime in several languages.

I.—THE CHURCH IN RELATION TO SCEPTICS.†

For twenty years the author of this work has been engaged in giving what are called "Evidential" missions throughout

* *Criminology.* By Arthur MacDonald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

† *The Church in Relation to Sceptics:* a Conversational Guide to Evidential Work. By the Rev. Alex. I. Harrison, B.D. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Great Britain, of which the object is to answer the objections to the truth of Christianity which have for the time being the most influence; and to do so in a manner suitable to the average hearer, rather than for the professed student. Mr. Harrison is, therefore, a practical and experienced man. His present work is more immediately addressed to the clergy. It is not meant to be a formal treatise on Christian evidences; its object is rather to help the clergy to use the knowledge which they have or are supposed to have already attained. For—to use the author's words—"It is not enough to have a well-furnished armory. One must know how to handle the weapons, and also what weapons to handle. It is just here that my experience may be of service to others." Unbelievers are not treated as opponents who are to be pulverized, but as men who are to be won to the truth by the solution of their difficulties. On the other hand, the common habit of setting up modern sceptics as types of moral goodness does not meet with the author's approbation; for he asks, How can a man who, whether in good or in bad faith does not as a matter of fact fulfil his duties to God be considered a perfectly good man? Duties remain, although they may not be recognized; and the man who does not perceive his duty, even inculpably, should not be put upon a level with those who both perceive and strive to fulfil. Unbelief is a wrong done to God and to Christ, and as such it should be dealt with in the spirit of love for the wrong-doer.

We commend this book to our readers as the work of a man thoroughly in earnest and zealous for the truth, well acquainted with modern forms of unbelief, and fully equipped by his learning, logical powers, and sympathy for opponents to win over to the truth those who have fallen into error. Should any one wish for proof of this, let him read the presentation of the arguments against atheistic-agnostic secularism, as given in pages 87 to 97. For ourselves, it is only fair to say that we have never met with a more cogent and masterly statement of the case.

2.—WILD FLOWERS FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.*

The charm of these graceful outpourings of the mind and heart of one who has chosen "the better part" consists chiefly in their happy, appropriate expression of the lessons of the Chris-

**Wild Flowers from the Mountain Side. Poems and Dramas.* By "Mercedes." Third edition. St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa.

tian virtues they are intended to convey. In these days, when poets and other artists for the most part labor for excellence alone in depicting nature and human life with photographic fidelity, and that too seldom revealing anything higher and nobler than their sensuous forms, it is refreshing to find one who presents us with their spiritual, divine sense. All these flowers glow with a delicate color and exhale that singularly pure fragrance which betray their culture in a consecrated atmosphere. Our copy is one in bridal dress, and as a gift-book nothing would be more suitable.

3.—A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.*

The volume which we are perusing contains a keen and subtle criticism of the history of events in England before the ecclesiastical revolution under Henry VIII., and by gathering up and arranging the threads the author weaves into a beautiful tapestry picture the designs of God's providence among the Anglo Saxons. The causes of the rebellion of the sixteenth century are clearly shown to be the native-born independence of the Anglo-Saxons, their devotion to their rulers from a religious stand-point, the weakening of the faith consequent on the decimation of the clergy by the plague, and the numerous abuses in the ecclesiastical polity of the two centuries preceding. The points are well and fearlessly made, and sustained with not a little vigor and strength.

4.—THE WORK OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.†

These are the latest issues of the Catholic Truth Society. They are both good practical pamphlets. With these comes the Corresponding Secretary's Eleventh Quarterly Report, which shows that the energy with which the members of the society entered on their missionary work is unabated. During the past quarter there were printed twenty-four thousand pamphlets. The amount of good done through the wide distribution of these numerous pamphlets is simply unmeasurable.

* *The Church in England, A.D.* 30–1509. Mary H. Allies. Benziger Bros.

† *Thoughts from Lacordaire.—The Mass:* The Proper Form of Christian Worship. The Catholic Truth Society of America, St. Paul, Minn.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE send out our special Golden Jubilee number this month in a new dress, to do more than ordinary honor to our Holy Father on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration to the episcopal office, and we would be unworthy sons of the greatest and best of fathers if we did not join our voice in the vast chorus of praise and congratulation that is going up from all parts of Christendom, and join in a striking, prominent way, for we in this country have more than ordinary reason to praise the divine Life-giver that he has permitted Leo to live through so many years of benefit to the Church and to humanity.

In the fifty years of his episcopate Leo has done many great things, but his latest and kindest act is to the Church in the United States in the appointment of Monsignor Satolli as his own personal and permanent representative. The special favor is shown not only in the establishment of a permanent Apostolic Delegate here, which office rounds out and completes the organization of the Church in the United States, but, and more especially, this favor is manifested in the selection of one who has been a life-long friend, who has the Holy Father's confidence in the fullest way, and who, besides his eminent qualities as a learned theologian and profound canonist, more nearly represents the mind and policy of Rome than any other living personage.

The mission of Leo in these latter years is the infusing of a Christian element into the movement of the nations of the world toward more democratic institutions. With the clear and practised eye of a great statesman he has seen that there has been a change in the basis of power; that it is no longer dynasties or ruling families that mould the destinies of nations, but the power is from below, from among the common people. The state of unrest, the now and then harsh breathings of revolution, the ferment of the socialistic movement, the reaching out of the masses of the people for their God-given rights—all these

are indications of the awakening unto a new life of a being of wonderful energy and of tremendous vitality. It is the mission of Leo to baptize and Christianize this new energy, to bring the Church on her natural side in touch with the legitimate aspirations of the masses towards greater knowledge and a broader liberty, and thus, by ingratiating herself into the convictions and entwining herself into the affections of the people, to pursue her divine mission of saving mankind.

We are obliged to apologize for the non-appearance of Father Ryder's article on the much-mooted question of the extent of the inspiration of Scripture. Unavoidable delays have made it too late for this number, but we can promise it definitely for March. The articles are thoroughly exhaustive, and will form a valuable contribution to the discussion of a question which is now exciting so much attention. They will be remarkable not only for the ability and learning of the writer, but particularly for that special quality of fairness which recalls the characteristic excellence of Cardinal Newman and which was one great source of his wonderful influence.

It may not be out of place in these "Notes" to call attention to the article on the "Educational Bureau." It is from the pen of one of our brightest educators, and may be suggestive of some practical organization either in connection with the World's Fair or the Summer-School.

As many inquiries have been made concerning the proper method of introducing Congregational singing, Father Young has prepared a tract entitled, *Congregational Singing: How to establish it. What to do, and what not to do.* This tract, together with a specimen copy of the *Order of Divine Praise and Prayer*, will be sent by the Columbus Publishing Co. on receipt of ten cents.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BROTHER MAURELIAN and Commissioner Harris are justly entitled to the credit of having convinced the World's Fair directors that the needs of the educational exhibit required a new building, for which the appropriation of $120,000 was delayed till December 7, 1892.

As the lady managers of the woman's building have announced no plan of doing honor to the royal patroness of Columbus, we venture to suggest that the department of the education building which will contain the exhibit of our schools and academies of Catholic girls should in some way be designed to perpetuate the glorious memory of Isabella.

An important feature of the Catholic educational exhibit will be the Columbian library of Catholic authors whose works are now published in the English language. This is a significant recognition of the work undertaken by the Columbian Reading Union which will be gladly welcomed by our members, who for over three years have been gathering data for a complete list of Catholic authors. Our researches have proved that no private library or institution of learning in the United States has a *complete collection* of books by Catholic authors published in the United States. The librarian of Congress at Washington no doubt received a copy of every book, but as yet no one has succeeded in making a complete list, or in getting funds to meet the expenses involved in its publication. The catalogues of publishers are most unreliable. It is considered a safe estimate to say that the Catholic authors whose works are published in English number not less than two thousand; their books—including translations—would make a library of at least ten thousand volumes.

We sincerely hope that the Columbian library will be worthy of the World's Fair. Brother Maurelian appeals to living authors, publishers, relatives and friends of deceased authors to send specimens of their books to the Manager of Catholic Educational Exhibit, Wabash Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

The American Book Co. has issued a new edition, with most attractive pictures and autographs of famous authors, of Cathcart's *Literary Reader*. It contains typical selections of English literature, from Shakspere to the present time, chronologically arranged, with biographical sketches, and numerous critical notes. The book was first issued in 1874, and was designed to provide a way of acquiring a fair knowledge for those unable to pursue a special course in literature. Among the writers of the nineteenth century we find no mention of our celebrated Catholic representatives, who are second to none in literary excellence. Cardinal Newman's name is not even mentioned. We hope that these glaring omissions will be supplied in the next edition, so that the book, which has many merits, may be acceptable to Catholic readers.

Mr. Cathcart's statement that Shakspere was one of the proprietors of the

Blackfriars Theatre in 1589 is inaccurate. It is based upon the substance of a document intruded into the Public Record Office in London, in some unexplained way, and upon which the keeper of the records some years ago affixed an endorsement calling attention to its ungenuine character. The careful researches made by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps show clearly that none of the Lord Chamberlain's company of players, to which Shakspere belonged, were occupants of the Blackfriars until the surrender of the lease made to Evans, who was the manager of a company of boys in 1596, by James Burbage, who bought the property for a theatre in that year. Of course this statement does not include Underwood and Field, who were members of Evans's company as boys, but growing up to be men, were subsequently taken into the King's Players. Until Evans's lease was taken up by the sons of James Burbage, certainly after the year 1603, Shakspere and his fellows played only at "The Theatre," in Shoreditch, and at "The Globe," in Maiden Lane, Southwark, which was the same theatre torn down on the night of the 26th of December, 1598, and carried across the Thames to be re-erected and renamed. It is positively shown by genuine documents discovered and published by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps that Shakspere had no ownership or share in the profits of the theatrical business until the Burbages admitted him to an interest in the Globe in 1598-9.

* * *

Miss Eliza Allen Starr has been honored by a letter from Pope Leo approving the object of the Queen Isabella Association. The letter has been engraved on paper resembling the original, and may be purchased as a souvenir:

POPE LEO XIII.

TO THE QUEEN ISABELLA ASSOCIATION.

Most Illustrious Lady:

It gratifies me to announce to you that the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. has received with great satisfaction the information conveyed to him through your ladyship's missive of October 12, that a numerous association of ladies has been formed which has taken the name of "The Queen Isabella Association," and it has in view to honor that illustrious patron of Columbus by erecting a statue of bronze in Chicago, near the place of the Exposition. The Holy Father, justly appreciating the noble mind and piety of that exalted woman, and the merits she acquired toward religion and the entire human race by seconding the great discoverer in his designs, cannot but approve the purpose of the association over which you preside, and it is therefore, in rendering to you (whom he paternally blesses) and to all the associates the merited praise, that he wishes, with all his great heart, that their enterprise may have a splendid and happy success.

In conveying to your ladyship the above sentiments of the Holy Father I rejoice to express the sentiments of my own distinguished esteem, with which I am your ladyship's most devotedly,

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Rome, November 1, 1892.

MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR, Chicago.

* * *

The Queen Isabella Association has now been endorsed by commendatory letters from the Pope, Cardinal Gibbons and ten archbishops, and over fifty bishops, abbots, and superiors of religious communities. Such a general expression of approval all along the line should be sufficient indication of the universal de-

sire among Catholics to secure public honors in America for Queen Isabella. The members of the association which has taken her name are to be congratulated on the many signs of public interest exhibited since the formation of their organization, August 17, 1889. By their efforts a statue fund of $25,000 was established in shares of $5 each. The Queen Isabella statue by the renowned sculptor, Miss Harriet Hosmer, will belong to the owners of these shares at the close of the World's Fair, subject absolutely to their control and disposal. The permanent location of the statue will be determined by the vote of the shareholders, who represent various religious denominations. Any one desiring to get more particulars relating to the Queen Isabella Association may apply to the secretary, Mrs. Clare Hanson Mohun, 70 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Sorosis has a committee appointed to assist the board of women managers of the State of New York in preparing an account of work done by women in literary clubs and classes. This classification is intended to include Reading Circles. Reports are to be type-written upon paper nine inches square, and sent to Mrs. Phœbe A. Hanaford, 47 West Twelfth Street, New York City. At a cost of three dollars each leather covers will be provided, bearing the seal and motto of the Empire State, in artistic design approved by Mrs. Candace Wheeler of the Associated Artists. Under three sections the desired information may be arranged, viz.:

1. Account of origin; scheme and purpose of work; any interesting particulars as to development and success.

2. Noted occasions, with programmes.

3. Four representative papers which have been already presented to the club.

Our best wishes are extended to the members of Sorosis having this matter in charge. We hope that Reading Circles will be well represented, though some of them are managed solely for the members. No accounts of their meetings can be got for publication to aid the public advancement of the cause.

* * *

The Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn provided a rare literary treat for members and guests at the Pouch Gallery, January 4. Much interest was awakened by the Rev. John M. Kiely's talk on Tennyson. He reminded his audience that when Tennyson's first volume of poems appeared, sixty years ago, it was so roughly handled by the critics that nothing from the young poet was again published until ten years afterward. Then the literary public of England admitted his genius, and "Locksley Hall," "Morte d'Arthur," "The May Queen," and "The Two Voices," which followed in quick succession, completed Tennyson's triumph over the professional critics. His fame rests mainly on "The Idylls of the King," which with "Enoch Arden," "The Lover's Tale," and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," comprise the laureate's great works. He was not a very voluminous writer, but what he did was well done. No poet ever wrote less twaddle, less "sweet things," so few verses that you tire of. Tennyson, however, was recognized as somewhat of a crank. He abhorred interviewers, loved seclusion, loathed obtruders, despised newsmongers, was not uneasy if he insulted the inquisitive, and generally wished to be let alone. He was a kind of harmless misanthrope, cooping himself in when he was at home, and preferring lonely haunts, wild coasts, and sandy solitudes when he went out for his daily walks. Father Kiely reviewed "In Memoriam," which he said could not be treated briefly, whether viewed as a poem, a sermon, a romance, a dirge, or a reverie. Tenny-

son was no visionary, no pantheistic speculator. A man of modern science, he saw in every phase of progress bright promise for the future of humanity. In his theory perfection and bliss were to be secured by gradual stages in the law of progress and natural development, until at last shall dawn the millennium of human existence. Thus, whatever he has written tends to lift man up and make him nobler.

* * *

Mr. Michael Hennessy, who died recently at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., was a man of varied attainments. From 1851 to 1892 he occupied the position of commercial editor of the New York *Times*. The leading merchants regarded his reports as most reliable, owing to his high standard of personal integrity and his ability in the special line to which he was devoted. Over the signature of "Laffan" he contributed to many of the Catholic papers selections from his vast knowledge of Irish history. He collected one of the finest libraries on Irish and Catholic matters to be found in the United States. Many of his rare volumes were consulted by the great Dominican orator, Father Burke, when preparing his reply to the slanderous attacks on the Irish people put forth by Mr. Froude. In recent years Mr. Hennessy watched with growing interest the growth of Catholic Reading Circles.

* * *

Mr. Lorenzo J. Markoe is the editor and proprietor of the *Monthly Bulletin of Current Literature*, published at St. Paul, Minn. It aims to make known the merits of our existing literature, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. The editor has our best wishes for the success of his undertaking. We believe with him "that the great extent to which vitiating books and papers are read is due, not to bad hearts prepared to receive the poison but simply to the general thirst for reading so common in our country." We are thankful for this kind notice of our work:

"The Columbian Reading Union keeps its members informed of its progress through the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It will be aided and advertised in our columns to the utmost; for it is a most deserving association, and is already doing a wonderful work in helping on the rapidly awakening interest in real literature which is now making itself manifest amongst the Catholics of our country. Its reference lists of writers and their works are of great value, and should be in the hands of all reading Catholics."

* * *

The *Pilot* of a recent date informs its readers that the reception tendered by the Catholic Union of Boston to the distinguished novelist F. Marion Crawford was a most brilliant social event. In his own characteristic way the Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., thus expressed in a letter his impressions of the novelist, who has been absent from America for over ten years:

"When I was living (for now I am vegetating), among my many faults was that of literary curiosity, and I kept a vigilant outlook for all that was very new in the literary world. I came across Mr. Crawford's Hindoo books. Thenceforth I read all his books, and learned all I could of his personality. Of the former there is no reason why I should speak, because the world speaks. Of the latter I learned that he was an American and a Catholic. I learned that he did not pose as a Catholic, but that there was in his works no word at variance with Catholic feeling or morality.

"Now our theology teaches us to love and to honor all men; but there are degrees in dilection, and we are to honor more those who reflect more perfectly the divine attributes. And we are to honor and love more those who are nearer to us by reason of religion and nationality. I confess that I relish Milton even the less because of the smack of Puritanism in his greatest production.

"Ye men of Boston, of whom I never made a request that did not meet with ready compliance, honor Mr. Crawford, the great American Catholic novelist! It will be to your own profit."

Some of our readers will be delighted to know, on the very reliable authority of the *Pilot's* literary editor, that "Mr. Crawford is one of that group of brilliant American literary men who have come into the Catholic Church within the past few decades, as Charles Warren Stoddard, Richard Malcolm Johnson, George Parsons Lathrop, Richard Storrs Willis. But Marion Crawford holds easily first rank among the present-day novelists in the English tongue. A competent critic describes *Saracinesca* as the best novel ever written by an American. Though with *The Scarlet Letter* in our memories we might dissent a little from this, it is simple truth to say that it is the best novel written by an American in the present generation. Mr. Crawford's reputation, like his genius, is cosmopolitan; and he can project himself as easily, and with as fascinating results to his readers, into the Persia of Zoroaster as he can write against a background of present-day New York, or Rome, or Paris, or London."

Mr. Crawford's address was delivered in a charming manner. On being introduced by the president of the Catholic Union, Mr. J. W. McDonald, he thanked his audience heartily for the spirit of their greeting. Then, he said, as he was expected to relate some of his life's experiences, he would begin at the beginning.

He told of his boyhood in Rome, where his father had domiciled himself for the study of sculpture, and of his first meeting with the late Pontiff, Pius IX., whom he later saw frequently on some of the most memorable occasions of his Pontificate. He referred to the changes that have taken place since the old Rome of the popes has become absorbed into the later Rome of the king. He was present at the magnificent celebration in St. Peter's on the occasion of the present Pope's silver jubilee, when fifty thousand people assembled in the great basilica, and described the effect upon Leo XIII. when, as with a single voice, the vast throng burst forth into the exclamation, "Viva il Papa Re"—Long live the Pope and King. "It was a long day since that cry had been heard in Rome," added Mr. Crawford, "and His Holiness received it with the beautiful placid smile characteristic of him."

Mr. Crawford described other memorable scenes he had witnessed in Rome, and spoke of the great Cardinal Antonelli, Pius IX.'s Secretary of State, whom he knew well, and "whose genius," he said, "had held every court in Europe at bay." He told of the cardinal's death, and of his visit to the death chamber on the following morning as correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He then related how he took up journalism on account of reverses in fortune, and of his meeting with the Hindoo gentleman who induced him to go to India, where he met the hero described in his first story, *Mr. Isaacs*. He gave his hearers the evolution of *Mr. Isaacs* and *Paul Patoff*, and in the course of his remarks on the former book told some very entertaining things about Mme. Blavatsky and her theosophy, which he called "Arab trash and tricks." His life in India was

briefly touched upon. He worked in a newspaper office fifteen hours a day with the thermometer at 115°, and that with fans going all day and wet grass screens on the windows.

He concluded by relating some incidents in his life in lower Italy, ending with a fervent tribute to the Catholic Church, and proclaiming his gratitude to God for the grace of membership in the One True Fold. The members of the Catholic Union, their relatives and guests, were then presented to Mr. Crawford by the reception committee.

It is announced that during Lent Mr. Crawford and Sir Edwin Arnold will alternate in a series of morning readings in New York.

* * *

The concluding lecture in the course of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston, by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., was a masterly exposition of the Irish element in modern English literature. He showed how the cruel and oppressive English government of Ireland, which for so long denied education to the Irish people except at the cost of their faith, and which worked also systematically against the industrial prosperity of the country, checked the growth of literature in Ireland, though it could not quench the people's thirst for knowledge, nor absolutely hinder the gravitation of many Irishmen to literary pursuits.

Dr. Conaty paid a just and feeling tribute to the hedge schoolmaster, who kept alive the taste for letters in Ireland in her darkest days. He traced the beginnings of an Irish literature in the English tongue back to the street-ballads which, however deficient in literary technique, were not seldom full of true poetry. "Note, for example, the 'Wearing of the Green,'" he said, "how its pathos and poetry stir the heart, when interpreted by the voice of a Ludwig." He indicated the distinct Irish influence on English letters at its highest and widest, through the oratory of Burke, Curran, O'Connell; the prose of Swift and Steele and Goldsmith; the poetry of Moore, Mangan, and Goldsmith again, and later of Aubrey de Vere. In a passage of great force and beauty he especially praised the weird and wonderful genius of Mangan, and touched tenderly on the sorrows of his life. To these poets may be added some of the brightest names of those popularly assumed to be entirely English. Keats had a liberal infusion of Irish blood, and the Barrett, as Bernard Carpenter used to claim, certified similarly for Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The Young Ireland campaign, in which brilliant journalism and national poetry were so effective weapons, was also considered, and Dr. Conaty spoke eloquently of the poets of the nation, particularly of Thomas Davis and "Speranza," Lady Wilde. Another service of the Irish element to literature is that it is making known through the English speech a world of romantic history, legend, and fairy lore, from the copious and beautiful literature of the ancient Irish tongue.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore:

Memories of the Professional and Social Life of John E. Owens. By his Wife.

The Outing Company, limited, New York:

Saddle and Sentiment. By Wenona Gilman.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

Hierurgia; or, The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. With notes and dissertations elucidating its doctrines and ceremonies, and numerous illustrations. By Daniel Rock, D.D. Third edition. Revised by W. H. James Weale. 2 vols.

The Creed Explained; or, An Exposition of Catholic Doctrine according to the Creeds of Faith and the Constitutions and Definitions of the Church. By Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist.

The Catholic Priesthood. Rev. M. Müller, C.SS.R. 2 vols.

Literary, Scientific, and Political Views of Orestes A. Brownson. Selected from his Works by Henry F. Brownson.

Moments before the Tabernacle. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

Words of Wisdom from the Scriptures. A Concordance to the Sapiential Books. Prepared from the French (Migne's Collection). Edited by Rev. John J. Bell. With a Preface by Very Rev. A. Magnien, S.S., D.D.

Œuvres de St. François de Sales. Edition complète. Published by the Sisters of Annecy, with the assistance of competent ecclesiastics, under the immediate supervision of Monsignor Isoard, Bishop of Annecy. Vol. I.: Containing "Les Controverses" from the autographs at Rome and Annecy, with an "Introduction Générale," historical, bibliographical, and literary, to the *Œuvres de St. François de Sales.*

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

The Life and Letters of Washington Allston. By Jared B. Flagg, N.A., S.T.D.

Roberts Brothers, Boston:

Guide to the Knowledge of God: A Study of the Chief Theodices. By A. Gratry, Professor of Moral Theology at the Sorbonne. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger. With introduction by William Rounseville Alger.

Victor Lecoffre, Paris:

Saint Paul. Ses Missions. Par l'Abbé C. Fouard.

PAMPHLETS.

The Catholic Truth Society, St. Paul, Minn.:

Thoughts from Lacordaire.

The Mass. The Proper Form of Christian Worship. Rev. J. M. Lucey.

Proceedings of the Catholic Young Men's National Union in Albany, 1892.



"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me; but weep for yourselves, and for your children."—ST. LUKE xxiii. 28.

From von Hoffman in Munich Gallery.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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VIA DOLOROSA.

AH! yes, dear friend, 'tis hard for one who knew
No crown but roses, to be crowned with rue;
To weep, who always smiled; to bear a cross,
Who never felt a burden or a loss.

'Tis hard—but when the bitter sprays oppress,
And when the cross smites down with heaviness,
O think of Him who erst this valley trod,
And blest the narrow path which leads to God!

JAMES BUCKHAM.



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SCRIPTURE INSPIRATION AND MODERN BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

I.—WHAT THE CHURCH SAYS.

THE idea of Scripture inspiration as understood by Catholic theologians involves not only a "*divinitas secundum materiam*"—the Divine or supernatural character of certain truths contained therein, or revelation—but also "*Divinitas secundum auctorem*"—or the divinity of the principal Author. In other words, the collection of writings called Holy Scripture is not merely sacred because it contains imbedded in it, like gold in a hill-side, truths concerning God and man to which reason is either absolutely or morally incapable of attaining, but also because, for the form in which Scripture conveys these truths, and their entire context, the God of truth has made himself to some real extent responsible. He is the prompter of the undertaking, the suggester of the subject-matter, the supervisor of the execution, and the editor, so to speak, who affixes his name and *imprimatur* to the work.

IN WHAT INSPIRATION CONSISTS.

It is precisely in this manifold relation between God and the sacred writers that inspiration consists. Its variety—for there is a difference of degree in the inspiration of different parts of Holy Scripture—is to be found mainly in the differing degrees in which the subject-matter, whether in detail or expression, is Divinely suggested or left to the resources of the human author. Inspiration is the measure of the Divine authorship. Man, not God, is the author in the popular sense of the term, the immediate intellectual maker and composer of the sacred writings. It was a human mind with all its native limitations that compiled and digested what it afterwards expressed in various literary forms. Only here and there are there evidences of anything approaching a Divine dictation; but throughout a Divine prevention manifests itself. But as it is precisely this Divine contribution of suggestion and assistance that gives its priceless distinction to the sacred writings, God comes to be spoken of by theologians as the "*auctor principalis.*" The following illustra-

tion may serve to bring out the force of the Latin word. Erasmus (Ep. ad von Hutten), speaking of Blessed Thomas More, says: "Quin et mihi ut Moriæ encomium scriberem, hoc est ut camelus saltarem, fuit auctor." More was the inspirer of this work of Erasmus. Had he stood over him and seen that his own idea was sufficiently carried out, and in no respect gainsaid, he would, so far as we may compare things human with things Divine, an external with an internal action, have stood to him in the same relation as God stood to the sacred writers.

WHAT IS THE EXTENT OF DIVINE RESPONSIBILITY?

The great question that lies before us, that clamors for solution, is: What may be the extent of the Divine responsibility in the word of Scripture, what does it imply, what preclude, what permit? Can we regard any of the statements of fact or theory or sentiment in the Bible as in any sense misstatements? and if so, in what sense?

When we are first introduced to the Scriptures as the word of God we look around us with admiration and awe, impressed by the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the literary habitation, with which no other literary dwelling-place made with hands can compare, and we are fain to cry out, "Verily this is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven!" But when we begin to examine in detail, we are startled and puzzled to find such an infinite variety of material, of tone, of temper, of strain of sentiment, of moral pitch, of intellectual level. Instead of stately uniformity of white robes with which our imagination is apt to clothe a heavenly visitant, a garb as varied as Joseph's coat of many colors meets our eye. We are thus brought across the immediate, though subordinate, authors of the books of Scripture—the human authors, known or unknown, of every variety of character and attainment, saints and sinners, learned and unlearned, the highest genius and the lowliest capacity. We are made familiar, on the one hand, with the loftiest utterances of the sublimest morality, the most exalted enthusiasm, the words of men who have verily conversed with God—words to which the fitting prelude may well be, "Thus saith the Lord"; on the other hand, we are introduced to a quaintly childlike narrative suggesting in various directions imperfect knowledge, and strongly characterized by national limitations, and imperfect moral and intellectual development.

The Old Testament embraces tones as various as the solemn denunciations of Isaias; the lyric drama of the Psalms, in which

every sentiment of humanity finds its voice and claims its portion; the military chronicle of the Machabees, with its conscious struggling after an accuracy which it feels to be hardly attainable; and the musings of the world-weary Ecclesiastes, whereof the ground-tone is that the game of sin is not worth the playing, but with here and there high words of aspiration and intercession, like the mysterious flying voices in Dante's *Purgatorio*. And now we repeat, the question is, How far may all these various instruments, which to so large an extent have been allowed to do their own work after their own fashion in various degrees of perfection or imperfection, be considered, in minor matters unconnected with faith and morals, to be subject to the "*humanum aliquid*" of misapprehension and misstatement?

THE CHURCH TEACHES.

As Catholics we are bound to ask ourselves: 1. What, if anything, has the church decided in the matter, in the way of definitive declaration? 2. What, in default of such definitive teaching, are we to gather as to her belief from the "*consensus doctorum*," and what obligation as to our belief does such "*consensus*," supposing it to exist, carry with it?

THE TRIDENTINE AND VATICAN COUNCILS.

The only definitive teaching on the question of inspiration with which we need concern ourselves is the teaching of the Tridentine and Vatican Councils. The Council of Trent (Sess. IV., de Can. Script.), after asserting that God is the author of both Testaments and enumerating the books of Scripture, anathematizes every one "who receives not as sacred and canonical the aforesaid books in their integrity, with all their parts as they are wont to be read in the Catholic Church, and as they are contained in the ancient Vulgate edition." And again, in the ensuing decree (de edit. et usu Sacror. Libror.), enacts and declares that "this ancient Vulgate edition, which has been approved by its use for so many centuries in the church, be held as authentic" (*i.e.*, as adequately representing the originals) "in public lectures, disputations, sermons, and expositions, and that no one on any pretext whatsoever venture or presume to reject it." It does this, it says, in order that people may know what the council is aiming at, and "what evidence and authorities it will mainly employ for the confirmation of dogmas and for the restoration of morals in the church." To this the Vatican Council adds two points bearing on our inquiry: 1. It explains

the Divine authorship "*utriusque Testamenti*" to mean the authorship of the several books contained therein; 2. That the sacred character of these books consists not merely in their containing the revelation in its purity, but in this—that being written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and thus their sacred character is not derived from any subsequent approval of the church.

THE VULGATE IS HELD AS AUTHENTIC.

From a careful analysis of this conciliar teaching, it will appear that the church says nothing whatever of the sacred originals except indirectly, so far as they are represented by the Vulgate. She teaches that the Vulgate adequately represents them so that it must be held as authentic; that it is in substance identical with them throughout, and its teaching absolutely identical in every point of faith and morals, forasmuch as it is to furnish authoritative texts for the confirmation of faith and the restoration of morals: *a fortiori*, then, an analogous correspondence with truth is vindicated for the original texts. So far, then, our question is answered; the original texts of Scripture can, for any one who accepts the conciliar teaching of the church, contain no misstatement affecting the substance of the work, or involving an error in faith or morals, for even as represented in the Vulgate they are declared not to do so.

A FULLER ANSWER TO OUR QUESTION.

But cannot we deduce a fuller answer to our question than this? Can we not interpret these decrees, with certain theologians, as precluding any, the least, misstatement "*quoad res et sententias*"? Now, I am not considering what the Fathers of Trent or of the Vatican Council, in common with other Fathers and theologians, may be supposed to have held on the subject, or what the Divine authorship may be reasonably thought to imply—points which naturally find their places later on; but simply what the decrees define. Here I unhesitatingly answer that no such point is defined. The Fathers of Trent are simply dealing with Scripture in its larger features, its substance, those integrating parts which sundry of the heresies of the day were repudiating, and its cogency in faith and morals. The decree, as it is in fact formulated, could only be supposed to define this point in so far as it can be supposed to define as much regarding the Vulgate, for it deals with nothing in the original texts except what they have in common with the Vulgate; but we know that

the Fathers did not regard the latter as free from all misstatements in minutiæ not involving a point of faith or morals; on the contrary they were contemplating very considerable emendations.

DISCUSSION BETWEEN FRANZELIN AND VERCELLONE.

In the important discussion between Cardinal Franzelin and Vercellone—the learned editor of the *Variæ lectiones Vulg. Bib.*—on the question whether every text in the Vulgate dealing with faith and morals must needs be genuine Scripture, both disputants assume that other undogmatic texts stand on quite a different footing. No doubt neither party contemplates any other condition for possible misstatement except ungenuineness; I am not pretending that either Franzelin or Vercellone contemplated the slightest misstatement in the original texts. I appeal to them as evidence that neither the original Vulgate nor its *textus receptus* was accounted necessarily free from the possibility of misstatement in points not affecting faith and morals. But if the Vulgate gives the measure of what the council defined as to the truth of Scripture, it follows that the council defined nothing as to the accuracy of all the "*res et sententiæ*" in the original texts, as such, abstracting from faith and morals.

CONSENSUS OF THE FATHERS.

In default of a definition of the church, we must inquire whether there is a consensus of Fathers and theologians on the matter, and of the weight of such consensus in determining our assent. By "consensus" I mean the absolute unanimity of such Fathers and theologians as refer to the subject at all. It will be convenient to take the latter part of the question—the doctrinal—first.

The principle has ever held good in the church, that a *consensus Patrum* has the cogency of a rule of faith, provided, 1, that it concerns a point belonging to the *materia fidei vel morum;* that is to say, when it is essentially concerned with the relations between God and man, whether natural or revealed, and with the obligations, whether of assent or conduct, springing therefrom; 2, that the consensus is to the effect not merely that such has been the common sentiment of Catholics, but that such has been ever held by them as *de fide.*

The weight of such a consensus does not depend upon the authoritative position of the Fathers as bishops and teachers in the church, but precisely upon this: that they are recognized as unexceptionable witnesses to the contents of the church's faith. In

other words, we have in a practical form the famous maxim of St. Vincent of Lerins, "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,*" for this maxim is not to be regarded as a negative test, a *sine qua non* of orthodoxy, as though nothing could be accounted *de fide* which should lack such explicit recommendation, but precisely and exclusively as a positive pledge that the doctrine so recommended is *de fide* to the exclusion of all that may contradict it. The application of this principle by the Council of Trent to the interpretation of Scripture might seem at first sight to involve some contraction of its subject-matter, but we must recollect that Scripture was habitually regarded as the *seminarium* containing directly or indirectly, explicitly or implicitly, all articles of faith and morals. The conciliar decree concerning the interpretation is, indeed, thrown into a disciplinary form, but the dogmatic principle we have indicated indubitably underlies it. It comes to the same thing whether we regard the subjoined catena of Fathers and theologians as interpreters of the Scripture texts claiming a Divine authorship and inspiration, or as witnesses to the oral tradition of the church concerning the authority of Scripture.

WHAT THEY THINK.

It is not anywhere disputed that an overwhelming preponderance of Fathers and theologians, from the earliest times to the present century, have taught that the inspiration of Scripture or its Divine authorship implies that the literal sense, whether proper or metaphorical, of every categorical statement found in Holy Scripture is true, that every such statement contains a truth as the necessary and adequate object of the intention of the Divine Author.

We shall now proceed to give a few specimens of their language: St. Hilary (in Ps. xviii.): "In the Scriptures there is nothing superfluous, nothing not worthy of its author, nothing imperfect"; St. Basil (in Gen., Hom. vi.): "No otiose syllable"; St. John Chrysostom (in Joan., Hom. l.): "Nothing insignificant is contained in them"; St. Jerome (Ep. 46): "And first we would have thee to know that throughout Scripture there can be no self-contradiction."

St. Augustine (de Consens. Evang., i. 11–12): "It is certain that all untruth is absent from the Evangelists, both that which comes of lying and that which comes of forgetting"; again (Ep. 28 ad S. Hieron.): "No error, not even in matters of small moment, must be admitted in Scripture"; and again (de Consens. Evang., i. 54): "There, if anything absurd disturbs us, we must

not say that the author has not the truth, but either that the manuscript is faulty, or the translator has erred, or thou thyself understandest not."

THE OPINION OF ST. THOMAS.

St. Thomas (quodlib. xii. art. 26): "This must be held, that whatsoever is contained in Holy Scripture is true, and that he who should hold the contrary thereof would be a heretic"; (de Potent., qu. iv. art. 1): "What Holy Scripture says once was we must not say was not, for, as Augustinus saith (lib. v. de Trin.), no Christian holds what contradicts Holy Scripture; but the Divine Scripture saith, the earth was once '*inanis* et *vacua*,' therefore we must not say that it was not '*inanis* et *vacua*'"; (in Titum, cap. iii. test. 2): "In Holy Scripture there is nothing in reality contradictory, but if aught appeareth so, it is either because it is not understood, or because the passage is corrupt through the fault of the transcriber"; (1a. qu. xxxii. art. iv.): "A thing may appertain to the faith in two ways. In one way, directly, as those points which are primarily Divinely delivered to us, as that God is Triune, or the only Begotten Son of God incarnate, or the like, and thereon to hold falsely *ipso facto* involves heresy. *Indirectly*, however, those positions concern the faith from which follows aught contrary to the faith; as, for instance, if any one were to say that Samuel was not the son of Helcana; for from this it would follow that the Divine Scripture was untrue."

Clement VI., in the Interrogatory proposed to the Arminians, art. 14 (ap. Rainald, an. 1351), puts the question: "Hast thou believed, and dost thou now believe, that the New and Old Testaments, in all the books which the authority of the Roman Church commends, contain the undoubted truth in every particular? (*per omnia*)." This has special reference to an unimportant matter of fact, the manner of Cain's death. (See Ben. XII. cont. Armin., art. 114 ibid. an. 1341.)

Driado (de Sac. Script., lib. i. cap. i.) speaks thus: Scripture is "without admixture of untruth, . . . in regard to which it is altogether unlawful to doubt as to the truth and correctness of anything asserted therein. There is, indeed, a certain pious variance and discussion amongst the Fathers of the church, but it does not turn on this, whether what is asserted in the Scripture be true and correct; but upon this, that one expounds and interprets the words of the same passage thus, another thus."

Of this writer R. Simon (Bib. Critic) says: "Il semble que

les évêques assemblés dans le Concile de Trente l'aient suive dans tout ce qu'ils ont décidé sur l'autorité de la Vulgate."

These passages are sufficiently clear and sufficiently representative, and establish that, according to the common teaching of Fathers and theologians, all the "*res et sententiæ*" of Holy Scripture are to be regarded as true.

THE HISTORY OF THE OPPOSITE OPINION.

When we turn to the history of the opposite opinion, viz., that the Divine authorship does not preclude a certain admixture of falsity in matters external to the sphere of faith and morals, we find that the pedigree assigned to it by its opponents will not bear examination. When they pretend to trace its parentage to the Gnostics opposed by St. Epiphanius and St. Jerome, who contended that the sacred writers occasionally "*sicut homines locuti sunt*," and in consequence now and again, like men, fell into error; or again to certain members of the old Antiochene school, such as Theodore of Mopsuestia, condemned by the Fifth Council (see Scheeben, *Cath. Dogm.*, vol. i. p. 112), they forget that it was precisely within the sphere of faith and morals that these heretics made their attack and the Fathers their defence. Indeed there is no trace, so far as I know, of the particular view I am considering till the sixteenth century. Then indeed, as we learn from Melchior Canus (de loc. lib. ii. c. xviii.), Cardinal Cajetan and Steuch, a bishop of Candia —sometime Vatican librarian and present at one or more of the early sessions of Trent—understood St. Jerome to admit that the Evangelists had been led into certain minor errors by the Septuagint, and were themselves of this opinion. Canus informs us that Cajetan did not persist in his view; but it is pretty clear that no retractation was producible. After this, and the doubtful exception of Erasmus, it was not, I believe, till the middle of the present century that the view found expression in the work of a Catholic author, the German Professor Schegg, who in his commentary on St. Matthew suggests as an escape from a difficulty that the Evangelist may have erred through defect of memory. It has subsequently been from time to time advocated by Catholic writers as a tenable hypothesis calculated to be of advantage in meeting the objections of modern criticism. It has been quite recently put forward by the late Cardinal Newman in England, and by Canon Bartolo in Turin. The general current of teaching in the church, however, has as yet remained almost unmodified by these isolated attempts. Witness such

writers as Patrizzi, Ubaldi, Lamy, Vigoroux, as representing the great centres of ecclesiastical education, Rome, Paris, and Louvain.

HOW FAR THE CONSENSUS IMPOSES AN OBLIGATION OF BELIEF.

We must now proceed to consider how far the cloud of witnesses for the common opinion really fulfils the requirements of a full and precise consensus on the point in question, and so imposes upon us an obligation of belief; or whether any doubt can be thrown on the unanimity or precision of the testimony, and so the point remain, however nearly closed, an open question. It will here be to the purpose to submit to a somewhat detailed examination the various utterances of one whom the church entitles "*in exponendis Sacris Scripturis Doctor Maximus.*" The following catena of passages will, I believe, with the one already quoted, embrace in substance all that St. Jerome has said at all bearing on the point.

In Amos, lib. ii. c. 5 (op. ed. Vallarsi, tom. vi. p. 306): "This is to be noted throughout Holy Scripture, that the Apostles and Apostolic men in producing their testimonies from the Old Testament did not consider the words but the sense; nor cared to set their feet in the same foot-prints of language, if only they did not depart from the meaning (*a sententiis*)." As an instance of what he has in view he continues: "Neither is the first martyr to be thought to have erred because for what the prophet (Amos) had written, '*trans Damascum*,' he quoted '*trans Babylonem*.' For he gave the meaning rather than the word, inasmuch as they were carried through Damascus into Babylon, or through Babylon"—Babylon being the slave-mart.

In Michæam, lib. ii. c. 5, after appealing to what he calls the *contrarius sensus* of the quotation, "*nequaquam minima es*" of Matth. ii. as contrasted with the "*modicus es*" both in the Hebrew and Septuagint of the prophet quoted, as an instance of sacerdotal slovenliness, but which St. Matthew did not care to correct, he continues: "There are some who assert that in almost all the testimonies which are cited from the Old Testament this sort of excess occurs, that either the order is changed or the words, and sometimes the meaning also is different; the Apostles or Evangelists not taking their citations from the book, but trusting to their memory, which sometimes failed them." In Matth., lib. iv. in c. 27 (tom. vi. p. 228): "Then was fulfilled what was spoken by Jeremias the prophet" (concerning

the thirty pieces and the potter's field): "This citation is not found in Jeremias. In Zacharias, however, who is almost the last of the twelve prophets, there is a certain resemblance, and although the sense is not very different (*non multum discrepit*), yet the order and words are different. I read the other day, in a Hebrew volume brought me by a Jew of the Nazarene sect, an apocryphal Jeremias in which I found the passage word for word. Nevertheless the citation seems to me rather to have been taken from Zacharias, after the ordinary fashion of Evangelists and Apostles, who, foregoing the verbal order, produce the sense only of the Old Testament for their purpose."

Quæst. Hebraic., in Gen. (tom. iii. p. 369): According to the Septuagint, "all the souls that entered with Jacob into Egypt were seventy-five," whereas according to the Hebrew original there were only seventy; "and the self-same Septuagint interpreters who here (Gen. 46), by prolepsis with Joseph and his posterity, say that seventy-five souls entered Egypt,* in Deuteronomy record that seventy only entered. But if it be urged against us that in the Acts of the Apostles, in Stephen's discourse, the people are told that seventy-five souls entered Egypt, an excuse is easily found (*facilis excusatio*). For it would have been wrong for St. Luke, the author of that history, when issuing his volume of the Acts of the Apostles to the Gentiles, to have written aught contrary to that Scripture which was in vogue amongst the Gentiles. And indeed at that time the authority of the Septuagint interpreters was held in higher repute than that of St. Luke, who was accounted an obscure, commonplace author and of no great credit among the Gentiles. Some, however, are of opinion that Luke as a proselyte was unacquainted with the Hebrew tongue.†

Of this treatment of the question we find the following echo in St. Bede (in Act., op. tom. v. p. 640): "Blessed Stephen, as speaking to the people, the rather accommodated himself to the popular opinion."

I would remark here that a quotation from the Old Testament in the New in which there should be a real diversity of sense from the original, even if the two senses were not contrary or mutually destructive, would fall under the category of errors contemplated by the theory of "*obiter dicta*," inasmuch as it would involve the statement that a sacred writer had

* They added five grandsons of Joseph then unborn.

† This was not St. Jerome's opinion. (See de Script. Eccles.)

said what in fact he had not said. At the same time we may conceive that the form of quotation might sufficiently distinguish the direct object of the quotation from its environment, and would thus indicate an "*obiter dictum secundum formam*," of which we shall have something to say later.

THE OPINION OF ST. JEROME.

When we ask ourselves what precisely was St. Jerome's view as to the possibility of the sacred writer making quotations inaccurate "*quoad sensum*"—*i.e.*, making statements of what a prophet said which was not even "*quoad sensum*" precisely what he did say—we must confess that it is not easy to reconcile his various expressions. Unfortunately we do not possess any commentary of his upon the Acts, in which he would have had to deal fully with the various difficulties contained in St. Stephen's speech, a solution of which he promises us (Ep. 57).

Let us try and sum up for ourselves the various points of St. Jerome's position. He protests against attributing self-contradiction to the sacred writers; he dwells upon the Evangelists' way of exclusively directing their attention to the meaning whilst neglecting the language and order of their citations, at the same time that he mentions, without any token of reprobation, the view of those who attribute to these citations a diversity of sense from the originals due to lapse of memory, and himself admits in one case (Matth. 27) a discrepancy of meaning, though a slight one. Moreover, he seems to contemplate as a possible alternative to his own attribution of the text to Zacharias, its attribution to a pseudo-Jeremias. He implies that St. Stephen did not err, and refuses to distinguish him, as an inferior authority, from St. Luke—a course to which Canus thinks himself obliged.* He recognizes the Septuagint's reckoning of the seventy-five souls as an instance of prolepsis which St. Stephen quotes, but thinks it well to excuse him in that he must quote as his hearers read.

A DISCREPANCY "QUOD SENSUM."

It seems to me that the mind of St. Jerome is this: The slight discrepancy "*quoad sensum*" (Matth. 27) which he grants involves no contradiction or even substantial diversity of meaning, but merely a variation in the degree of expansion of the idea. In the quotation from Zacharias the discrepancy lies,

*Canus (de loc. 1. c. in fin.) considers that the recitation in the Acts of St. Stephen's statement does not put it on the level of direct Scriptural authority.

1st, in the compression by the Evangelist of the dramatic "cast, etc., and I cast, etc.," into "they gave, etc., as the Lord laid it down for me"; 2d, in the expansion of "for the potter" into "for the potter for his field." As to the substitution of the name of Jeremias for that of Zacharias, we do not know how St. Jerome would have accounted for it, had he cared to do so. The ordinary explanation is that the name of Jeremias heading the prophetic roll used in the synagogue, common usage accepted it as a title for the whole.

The *excusatio* was for no error properly so called, but for an inappropriate expression belonging to poetry rather than to a prose narration. We have a familiar illustration in Keats's "The brothers and the murdered man rode past fair Florence." The opinion cited by St. Jerome, that the Evangelists sometimes failed even of the sense of their citations from lapse of memory, is not his own, and anyhow does not preclude a Divine action preventing such lapse extending beyond the limits of such variation as we have been considering. But although I consider this analysis of St. Jerome's mind sufficiently reasonable, I cannot deny that the language of the Doctor Maximus makes it sufficiently clear that he did not encourage the position that there may be errors of one sort or another in the sacred writers as *contra fidem.* And so far suggests grave doubt as to the completeness and precision of the *consensus doctorum* against that theory.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S OPINION.

With regard to St. Augustine, Vallarsi, the editor of St. Jerome (in Matt., c. 27, note e), says: "St. Augustine (de Consens. Evang., lib. iii. in loco) seems to refer to a lapse of memory on the part of the sacred writer which I should be loath to admit." This is hardly accurate. In the passage referred to, treating of the substitution of Jeremias for Zacharias, St. Augustine suggests not a lapse of memory but a *mentis excessus*, in which the literal tenor is broken in order to emphasize a mystical meaning, viz., the identity of the Spirit speaking—"*idem spiritus.*" Still this implies an admission on the part of St. Augustine of a literal inaccuracy in the sacred text; whether compensated or not by an accession of mystical emphasis, modern criticism is not concerned. St. Augustine's view of a mystical sense not grounded upon a literal truth is commonly repudiated by subsequent writers. Thus, when brought to the test of particu-

lar difficulties, the authority of St. Augustine's testimony fluctuates.

St. Thomas's testimony, no doubt, is unequivocal and persistent, but it must be remembered that, with all their unrivalled intellectual acumen, the scholastics were wholly out of touch with even that measure of literary and critical sense possessed by the Fathers.

I should conclude, then, that though we may maintain the common opinion, on the authority of a large preponderance of doctors, as extrinsically the more probable, we cannot preclude an author who has undertaken to lay down precisely what we are bound as Catholics to believe, and no more, from insisting that neither the definitive teaching of the church nor a sufficient *consensus doctorum* has made the hypothesis of the existence of minute errors in the purlieus, so to speak, of the sacred writers an impossible one.*

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* In the next article Father Ryder will state the arguments in favor of the existence of the "obiter dicta" in Scripture and the counter arguments of its opponents.—Ed. C. W.

ARCHBISHOP DARBOY, THE MARTYR OF LA ROQUETTE.*

GEORGES DARBOY was born at Tayl-Billot, in the department of the Haute Marne, in the ancient province of Champagne, January 16, 1813. His parents, who kept a modest country store, were honored and esteemed in their own community. Georges in his boyhood was quick-tempered, ardent, mischievous, and troublesome—qualities which when chastened, tempered, and directed by that wisdom of which the fear of the Lord is the foundation developed into decision, intrepidity, and independence of character.

Having been sent to the seminary at Langres with a view to his being educated for the priesthood, he began his career in life by running away; and returning to his parents, assured them that he had no vocation whatever for the priestly calling. "*Ah! mon Dieu,*" cried an elderly neighbor to her gossips, "so now that great devil has come again to trouble us!" He was sent back, however, to the seminary, and reconciling himself to the course of life marked out for him, soon became one of its most distinguished scholars.

Not long after he was ordained a priest his resolute character displayed itself. He was not inclined to surrender his independence or his convictions. One day, after some difference between himself and the curé his superior, he said firmly but good-temperedly: "You see, M. le Curé, that my mother has often told me never to let myself be eaten up alive with the wool on my back." "Oh! very well," replied the curé, laughing; "when I see your mother I shall tell her how well you follow her instructions." Afterwards in 1850, when he was editor of the *Moniteur Catholique*, founded by Monseigneur Sibour, he severed his connection with that journal because he did not approve of a certain indecision apparent in its course on political questions. Monseigneur Sibour attempted to reason with him. "If you retire," he said, "you will not only injure the paper, but still more injure yourself." "Monseigneur," replied the Abbé Darboy, "if what you say is a prophecy, I will try to make it false; . . .

* *France in the Nineteenth Century.* E. W. Latimer.—*Histoire de la Vie, et des Œuvres de Mgr. Darboy, Archevêque de Paris.* Mgr. Foulon.

but if it is a threat, I cannot but be surprised at receiving it from the lips of your highness." "How you take things, my dear abbé!" replied the archbishop, with a smile. "But no matter. I like people of your sort."

AS A PRIEST.

Young Darboy soon after his ordination was appointed to a curacy at Saint Diziers, but he had not been there long before he was called to Paris by Monseigneur Affre, afterwards archbishop, who in the course of a visit paid to Langres had been struck by his talent, his zeal for work, and his erudition. The young priest on leaving his native province wrote a characteristic letter to a friend. "I will endeavor," he said, "never to dishonor myself in the sight of God, and by his grace I feel ready to confess my faith even upon the scaffold." He often recurred to this idea, saying: "I should indeed esteem myself happy to die for my convictions."

The Abbé Darboy was a skilful and ready writer; very early he had been a contributor to the *Correspondant*, and he wrote several books which are not destined to be forgotten.

Monseigneur Affre, impressed by his great value as an instructive preacher, made him assistant chaplain to the great public school for boys in Paris, the Collège de Henri IV. He had first, however, offered him the higher post of the chaplaincy itself. "Monseigneur," said the abbé, "I am told that that post is like a barren land which starves its owners. Let me first be the assistant chaplain. I shall then see how my superior deals with it." "Truly," said Monseigneur Affre, "this is the first time such a request was ever made to me."

The Revolution of 1848 found the Abbé Darboy at the college, and the insurgents in June of that year came very near forestalling the Commune, and depriving it of its most illustrious victim.

THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

On the morning of June 23, while terrible street-fighting was going on between Cavaignac as dictator and the insurgents, the school was begirt by barricades, and surrounded by armed bands of revolutionists whom the Abbé Darboy was attempting to harangue in the interests of peace.

After a parley which lasted three-quarters of an hour, and which proved useless, the abbé gave up his attempt to make the men of the barricades hear reason, and was about to retire, when one of them assailed him with mockery and curses. The

abbé turned back and, pointing to the windows of his chambers, cried with a loud voice: "There is where I live, and I am going up there"; adding in a tone which showed his readiness to suffer martyrdom: "There is where you will find me." As he entered his room a ball crashed through the window, and buried itself among the books of his little library.

But though the Abbé Darboy escaped death in June, 1848, the insurgents of that date were not balked of another priestly victim. Monseigneur Affre the archbishop fell the next day, after mounting a barricade from whence he was displaying a flag of truce, after having obtained permission from General Cavaignac to offer terms to the insurgents and stop the effusion of blood if possible. No wonder that the Abbé Darboy's mother exclaimed, when fourteen years later she heard that her son was nominated to the primacy: "It is a great honor, but archbishops of Paris never last long."

HE IS MADE VICAR-GENERAL.

Monseigneur Sibour, who succeeded Archbishop Affre, and was the fast friend of the Abbé Darboy, offered him the important post of his vicar-general.

"I have no wish for any high position," said the abbé, "but if called to it I will not fear. I should ascend without objection; I could descend without regret. But think well over it, monseigneur; for if you are in earnest in your offer I think I am the man to take you at your word." "All right. I always liked your frankness," said the archbishop with a laugh. "It is all settled, then; you are my man."

In 1857 Archbishop Sibour was killed by the Abbé Louis Verger, in a fit of insanity, in the church of Saint Etienne du Mont. He fell back into the arms of the Abbé Surat, one of his grand vicars. The Abbé Surat was himself murdered by Communists in 1871, while attempting to escape in citizen's dress from La Roquette. In 1830 he had stood beside Archbishop Quellen, who was murdered in his presence, and now, in 1857, another murdered archbishop died in his arms.

Cardinal Morlot, who succeeded Monseigneur Sibour, continued the Abbé Darboy in his office of vicar-general. They had known each other at Langres, and in 1859 he appointed his old school-fellow to preach a course of Lenten sermons before the emperor and empress at the Tuileries.

The task was still delicate, though the time had gone by when a court orator, having rashly begun his sermon before

the king with the words, "Sire, we are all mortal," and perceiving by a frown upon the royal face that he had gone too far, hastened to qualify his statement by the words, "or, rather I should say, we are nearly all of us so."

The Abbé Darboy was not a man to keep before his eyes the rank and consequence of those who heard him. Ardent and impulsive, full of the zeal which magnified his office, he felt that truth is the same to whomsoever it may be spoken, and he preached to the great as he would have done to the poor; courteously as to speech, uncompromisingly as to his teaching. His sermons produced a great effect. Marshal Vaillant was particularly struck with them. He went about among his friends asking all of them if they had heard the Abbé Darboy, and saying, "What a pity he keeps himself so much in the background!"

The emperor speaking of him said once: "When he addresses me in public he generally says what is courteous and agreeable, but in private—when we are alone together—well, it is another matter." And from his pulpit in the chapel of the Tuileries the abbé spoke as he would have done *en tête-à-tête* with his sovereign.

Some years later when a discussion had taken place in the Privy Council, during the course of which Monseigneur Darboy (then Archbishop of Paris) had ardently opposed the views of the emperor, Napoleon III. said afterwards: "I can bear any opposition from him, because I know he is a man who never flatters."

HE IS MADE BISHOP OF NANCY.

After his course of Lenten sermons at the Tuileries the Abbé Darboy became better known to the public. He was soon afterwards made Bishop of Nancy, on which occasion M. Roulland, then minister of worship, said: "I have always found him a man of rich experience, without any desire for advancement, nor any unwillingness to accept its responsibilities if it came."

At Nancy the new bishop made a great impression on his people. "His health is not good, but energy supplies the place of strength," was said of him. But he did not long remain in his diocese. Short as his story was there his memory has left a track of light behind it, not dimmed even by the virtues and fame of his successors, Monseigneur Lavigerie and Monseigneur Foulon, the bishop who has written his biography.

On Sunday morning, January 11, 1862, the bishop at Nancy had retired to rest, wearied by a journey he had made to Paris

to attend the funeral of the Archbishop Cardinal Morlot. He was roused before dawn by the arrival of a courier who brought him an official letter. "Lay it down," said the bishop to his servant, and quietly resumed his slumber. It was the announcement of his appointment to the archbishopric of Paris.

Historically the reign of the Commune began on March 18, 1871, but actually all government was in abeyance in Paris after the Republic had been proclaimed and a provisional government determined on in Bordeaux. By the first week in April the Commune had imprisoned all the priests in Paris, and was pursuing its course in blood.

ARRESTED BY THE COMMUNISTS.

The archbishop had been urged by the government of M. Thiers, and by his friends on all sides, to retire to Versailles as the ambassadors and other high officials had done, but he firmly declined, quoting a passage from Tacitus which that historian applied to the Cæsars. "A bishop," he said, "should know how to die, and to die standing."

On Palm Sunday, a beautiful mild, clear day, three days before his arrest, he was walking with his sister, who was tenderly devoted to him, in the garden of his palace. He paused before a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. "She still smiles on us," he said softly, "but she will not smile on us long." On April 4, after holding a council with his vicars-general, he said at parting, "We will meet again next week, if we are here, should it please God." Five minutes afterwards his palace was invaded and he was arrested by order of the Commune. He endeavored to comfort and restrain the zeal of his sister, who implored leave to go with him to prison, and at last, accompanied by one of his vicars-general, he was led off and arraigned before the infamous Raoul Rigault, in virtue of an order drawn up in the language of the old Revolution: "Order to arrest Citizen Darboy, styling himself Archbishop of Paris."

His palace that night was stripped of all its furniture. He himself was first imprisoned at the Prefecture of Police, and afterwards in the great prison of Mazas. There Mr. Washburn, American minister in Paris, the only representative of any foreign power who, during the reign of the Commune, stayed in the city, was permitted to visit him, and carried him two bottles of choice old wine to strengthen him, for his life was gliding from him rapidly, and the prison doctor announced that he could not live more than a fortnight without care and nursing.

HIS MARTYRDOM.

Several persons made plans by which they hoped he might escape, but he declined to sanction them. "Fighting is going on in the streets," he said. "Ah! would that I could mount a barricade like Monseigneur Affre, and die in an attempt to stop further bloodshed."

On May 21 the archbishop and other so-called hostages were transferred to condemned cells in the prison of La Roquette. On May 24, when the troops of Versailles had already gained a footing in Paris, the archbishop, together with five other "hostages," were shot by a squad of Communist soldiers in a little interior court-yard of the prison. The names of those who suffered with their ecclesiastical superior were the venerable Abbé Deguerrey, pastor of the Madeleine; the Abbé Allard, head chaplain to the hospitals; Clerc and Ducoudray, Jesuit fathers, and M. Bonjean, judge of the Court of Appeals. A tablet has been let into the wall against which they stood to meet their fate, and on it is inscribed: "Respect this place which witnessed the death of noble men and martyrs."

The murderers despoiled the bodies of their victims of all that was valuable. From that of the archbishop they took the pastoral ring of Archbishop Sibour, and a gold cross once belonging to Archbishop Affre, which he always carried about him. Their vacant cells were also searched, and everything worth appropriating was taken. The next day an imprisoned priest was visited by a man, one of the squad of executioners, who thrust into his hand the archbishop's breviary, saying: "I took it from his cell. I knew you would like to have it. Pray for me." He turned and fled, without having been willing to tell his name.

Archbishop Darboy was all his life one of the most industrious of men. Being short-sighted, he found it necessary to stoop closely over his paper when writing; this affected his digestion, and for some years before his death he wrote always on his knees. He was animated in conversation, and had a beautiful voice both for preaching and speaking. He was fond of poetry, and from time to time wrote verses of no small merit. He was always cordial, affable, and accessible, simple in his manners, obedient to his ecclesiastical superiors, and an earnest Frenchman; his pastoral letters sounded like trumpet-calls during the year of the invasion, that year that the French will never cease to call the *Année Terrible*.

E. W. LATIMER.

THE STUDY OF GEOLOGY AND THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.

NOW that Catholics have established a Summer-School where they may come together in the summer-time to converse on intellectual subjects, and to listen to lectures on philosophy and history, we venture to suggest that this wise movement should be as much as possible turned to the profit of the natural sciences. In our day as never before men are exploring the Wonderland of Nature, and it is to be regretted that so few of these men are of our faith. Nor are we alone in this regret. An able French writer—Monsignor de Harlez—in *La Science Catholique* for July 15 of last year, says: " . . . In reality we have since the commencement of this century too often deserted the scene of scientific debates, of researches, and of the discoveries which have helped to create or to develop most of the sciences. It is useless to hide it from ourselves, when we want to drill young men in the broad and accurate methods we are very often obliged to send them to masters who have other religious convictions than our own." *

GEOLOGY AND THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.

Let us hope that a few years hence this reproach may not apply to us, and it is to the Catholic Summer-School that we mainly look for our hope to become a reality. This new movement for Catholic advancement has, we predict, a bright future before it, and those who first projected it are worthy of all praise; they have not been afraid to take a new departure. And when we find ourselves not between the four walls of a class-room, but under the blue sky, with a broad landscape of field and rock on which to rest our eyes, it seems to us that of all the natural sciences the one which treats of Mother Earth, which reveals the order according to which the materials of our globe have been arranged in time and in space, is the most interesting. And when we bring into view this idea of

* ". . . En réalité nous avons depuis le commencement de ce siècle trop souvent déserté la scène des luttes scientifiques, des recherches, des découvertes qui ont servi à créer, on à développer la plupart des sciences. Il est inutile de se le dissimuler, quand nous voulons former un jeune homme aux grandes et strictes méthodes nous sommes très souvent obligés de les envoyer à des maîtres qui ont d'autres convictions religieuses que nous."

order—the unity and simplicity of the Creator's plan—we show the high and philosophic character of geology. It is, moreover, a study very conducive to health; we use our brains and take bodily exercise at the same time, while it especially quickens our observing powers; and with some knowledge of mineralogy and paleontology—so as to arrange and classify the fossils we gather together—we shall find more real pleasure in it than in any other branch of natural science.

HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE.

And now to begin at the beginning—and accepting as true the hypothesis of Laplace—there was a time when from the parent sun a tiny nebulous mass shot forth, which for a brief space shone by its own light—a miniature sun—and this little sun was our earth. Then, losing its heat by radiation into space, it gradually cooled, a crust formed on its surface, the aqueous vapor in the atmosphere condensed and formed seas, and by and by in the water and on the land organic life appeared. Almighty God directly created these first organisms, just as he had created the original solar mass from which our earth proceeded; and if we only hold fast to this fundamental truth, the church gives us full liberty to speculate on the mode in which the life-system grew and developed into what we see it to-day. For many ages men have been interested in the mysterious shells and bones which have now and again been discovered in the earth, and our ancestors made many rash guesses about them. Aristotle, wise as he was, imagined that fossils were sports of nature; and leaning with too much reverence on his authority, the scholastics of the Middle Ages held the same opinion. It is not until we reach the sixteenth century—to Leonardo da Vinci—that we find anything worthy of note in geology. This many-sided genius, who, as an engineer, had occasion to make cuttings through the Pliocene deposits of Italy, was the first to recognize the true nature of fossils; and he maintained against all the doctors of the Sorbonne that they were not sports of nature, but had once been living creatures, whose remains had been saved from putrefaction by having been encrusted in a protecting material which had shielded them from atmospheric influences. But in the two centuries which followed Leonardo da Vinci we meet with only two names worthy to be mentioned for having thrown a little light on this science, viz., the German Werner, and the Dane Nicholas Sténon.

ITS DEVELOPMENT IN THIS CENTURY.

But with the opening of the nineteenth century came a great change. In England many new highways and canals were constructed, and among those who were employed on these works was an engineer named William Smith. Nobody before him had observed that each stratum of earth was characterized by different fossils, and these different fossils served—as nothing else could—to distinguish the different periods of the earth's history. This discovery of William Smith's gave geology an impetus which nothing else could have given it, and he may be called the father of the science as we know it to-day.

ITS ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES.

Geological time may be divided into four grand eras, namely, the Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Quaternary; and rocks are the leaves on which is written the history of these eras. Rocks may be broadly divided into two classes, namely, *stratified* and *unstratified*. The former are sediments which have become consolidated under water, while unstratified rocks—such as granite—have been fused, and are of igneous or eruptive origin; and in these we need not look for fossils. The sediments of sand, clay, mud, and lime found in ancient water-spaces, and which in time have been cemented together and formed into stratified rocks, are so called from their being separated into beds or layers called strata; but from their mode of formation they may also be termed sedimentary rocks; and such rocks are still in process of formation to-day. But while in speaking of them we may say that the lowest are the oldest, yet the strata has been so many times crushed and folded, and parts of it swept away by rain and floods, that it is not always easy to build up an ideal section of stratified or sedimentary rock in any one place. It is, as we know, in this class of rocks that fossils are discovered—the faunas and floras of past geological epochs. And as we pass up the series, from the lowest and the oldest to the highest and the newest of them, we find that the life-system has changed over and over again. It is, therefore, possible to tell to what age a rock of this kind belongs by the fossils it contains. Moreover, the study of these fossils—assisted by the light which botany and zoölogy throw on the normal habitat of similar living animals and plants—allows us to reconstruct the physical conditions under which these rocks were formed. If, for instance, we meet with deep-water fossils overlying fossils

belonging to shallow sea or to lake water, it indicates that the land here has sunk; while if, on the contrary, we discover fresh or brackish water fossils covering a deep-sea sediment, it indicates that the sea-bottom has been uplifted. And let us say, that the only geological formation which indicates deep sea is chalk; and that it is almost entirely on land animals, and on animals inhabiting fresh or very shallow sea water, that geological chronology rests. And we may add that fossils reveal the fact that the ocean, which now covers almost three-quarters of the globe, covered in a past geological age an even larger portion. Fossils likewise indicate that the present variety of climates was at one time replaced by a uniform tropical climate from the equator to the poles.

Since sediment is only deposited at the bottom of water, when the bottom has been uplifted above the surface there will, of course, be no sediment formed, and consequently there will be no strata to mark the time when it was a land surface: and now there is what is termed a gap—a lost leaf in the record.

Strata which are parallel, continuous, and therefore formed under similar conditions, are said to be conformable; while unconformable strata are strata which are not continuous and which have been laid down under different conditions. In strata which are conformable the change from one species of fauna and flora to another species is very gradual, and the time here represented makes what is called a geological period; whereas between two strata which are not conformable the change of species is marked; the old flora and fauna would seem to have abruptly departed and new ones come to take their place. But this abrupt disappearance is only apparent, nor do we believe that a miracle has taken place when an entirely new fauna and flora come upon the scene. We are merely ignorant of the intermediate, changing forms which lived during the period unrepresented. For unconformity denotes emergence of the land above water, and while it was above water there could be no deposit of sediment; no sedimentary, fossiliferous rocks could be formed.

THE PRIMARY ERA OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY.

As we know, the history of the earth may be divided into four eras. In the Primary era there was not much dry land, and therefore fishes (we pass over the invertebrates) may be said to have ruled. They were for a long time the only representatives

of the vertebrates; and most of these primeval fishes, as the fossils in the rocks tell us, were covered with bony, enamelled scales, which served as armor, and they all had cartilaginous skeletons. Of these ancient inhabitants of the sea the nearest living allies are the sturgeon, the Port Jackson shark (Australia), the Lepidosiren, and the Ceratodus. The last-named fish was discovered not many years ago in a river of South Australia, and a specimen of one is to be seen in the museum of Columbia College, New York. The Ceratodus is a true fish, but it has one lung as well as gills, so that it can breathe air as well as water, like many amphibians, and at night it comes out of the water and feeds on leaves near the river-bank, for its fins are so constructed that it is able to move about with a wabbling gait, somewhat like a tortoise. Here let us say that the fishes of the Primary era were generalized types, and along with distinctive fish characters they possessed other characters which linked them to higher vertebrates; they were, in a word, the parent stem from which in the course of time there diverged two branches, namely, the typical fishes as we know them to-day and the amphibians.

Towards the close of the Primary era the land surface increased, and now the first amphibians are discovered (animals between fish and true reptiles, and having lungs as well as gills); and these primitive amphibians were remarkable for their long, snakelike forms; and all, with one exception, were noted for the odd, labyrinthine structure of their teeth, and hence the name Labyrinthodonts, which was given to them by Professor Owen. Not long after they appeared we come upon the fossil remains of true reptiles—creatures breathing air by lungs and never by gills. But, as we might expect, these earliest reptiles were very generalized; they have sprung from amphibians, and form the connecting link with the lowest mammals, namely, the egg-laying monotremes. At this period of the Primary era the land had sufficiently risen above the sea to allow a luxuriant vegetation to spring up; but it was low, swampy land, and a very common tree was the tree-fern, which in our day is reduced to an humble plant, dwelling in moist, shady spots. Thanks to these early forests becoming buried under sedimentary accumulations, coal was stored in the earth for man's use in after ages; thanks, too, to these carboniferous forests absorbing the carbonic acid of the air, the air became fit to be breathed by higher forms of life; it was essentially an air-purifying age. Yet it was at the same time a mournful age. Although the forest trees were large, they were not graceful, branching trees like our trees; no flowers had

yet appeared to beautify the landscape; the verdure was deep and solemn. Nor were there any birds to sing; and the better opinion is that the sun was less bright, for it shone through a thick, nebulous atmosphere.

THE FOSSILS OF THE SECONDARY ERA.

We now come to the Secondary era. This was much shorter than the Primary. The vegetation was no longer so rank, and it is represented more by trees growing on higher and dryer ground. In this era we find a new type of fishes; not cartilaginous but bony fishes; and birds and mammals make their first appearance. Nevertheless, reptiles were still so plentiful and reached so high a scale of organization that it is sometimes called the age of reptiles. The Atlantosaurus, a portion of whose fossil remains has been discovered by Professor Marsh in Colorado, was probably the largest land animal that ever existed; the thigh bone of this reptile was eight feet long and two feet thick, while the creature's whole length is believed to have measured about one hundred feet. But the highest in the scale of reptiles were the Dinosaurs, some of whom were of gigantic size, while others were not bigger than a cat; and it is commonly held by scientists that it is from these reptiles that mammals and birds branched off. Dinosaurs did not crawl like other reptiles; and to judge by their fossil remains, some of them walked on their hind legs alone.

It is toward the middle of this, the Secondary era, that we discover in the limestone of Germany the earliest bird: a real feathered bird, yet in several ways very unlike modern birds. Its tail-fin was vertebrated and had twenty-one joints, while in its jaws were teeth like the teeth of a reptile. It is to about the same period that belong the wonderful birds found by Professor Marsh in the chalk-beds of Kansas. These also had jaws armed with sharp, conical teeth, and in some of them the teeth were set in grooves instead of in sockets. Needless to say that these intermediate, transition forms lend vast weight to the hypothesis of evolution; and if more transition forms have not come to light, we must bear in mind that the geological record is by no means perfect; we are studying a book many of whose pages have been lost in the millions of years since it first began to be written, and, moreover, there is a great deal of the earth yet to be explored by geologists.* The primitive, reptilian birds

* For intermediate forms see Prof. Gaudry's *Ancêtres de nos animaux dans les temps géologiques.*

we have mentioned would seem to be not far removed from the point where they branched off—although they had not yet completely separated—from the reptile stem. Here we quote from Professor Mivart's interesting article on "Evolution and Christianity" in *The Cosmopolitan* magazine for June of last year: "The doctrine of evolution has . . . come to be an acceptable and accepted doctrine to the general bulk of the men of science of either hemisphere. For my own part I continue, as I have done for so many years, cordially to accept it, and for the following reason: if we assume that new species of animals have been evolved by natural generation from individuals of other kinds, all the various indications of affinity . . . thereby simultaneously acquire one natural and satisfactory explanation: while we can think of no other possible explanation of the enigma." Nor is Professor Mivart the only Catholic scientist who holds this view. He is strongly supported by the learned Dominican, Père Leroy, in a work entitled *L'Évolution restreinte aux espèces organiques;* while the Abbé de Broglie, in *Le présent et l'avenir du Catholicisme en France*, says, p. 113: "Neither the successive appearance of types nor their relationship are in opposition to the teaching of the church. . . . It suffices for evolutionists in order to remain Catholic to respect two essential dogmas: the original creation of the universe and a fresh intervention of the Creator to give to man a soul gifted with reason and called to immortality." *

To about the same horizon as these earliest birds belong the earliest mammals. They were, as their fossil remains prove, of a low, generalized type—oviparous or semi-oviparous animals with marked reptilian characters; and this class of mammals (marsupials and monotremes) is at present confined to what has been aptly termed the fossil continent of Australia, with the single exception of the American opossum.

THE ERAS PRIOR TO MAN'S APPEARANCE.

We now arrive at a new era, the Tertiary. The sea, which toward the close of the last era had risen over many parts of the earth which it had long abandoned, now withdrew to its present limits, leaving behind it in many places thick beds of chalk (the remains of very minute organisms), and the conti-

* "Ni l'apparition successivedes types ni leur enchaînement ne sont en opposition avec l'enseignement de l'église. . . . Il suffit aux évolutionistes pour rester Catholiques de respecter deux dogmas essentiels: la création primitive de l'univers et une nouvelle intervention du Créateur pour donner à l'homme une âme douée de raison et appelée à l'immortalité."

nents assumed the dimensions they now possess. This increase in the land area brought with it more varied conditions and gave a great impetus to mammals. The climate, too, during a good part of this era must have been exceedingly favorable to the life-system. The polar cold had as yet made little progress; magnolia-trees still flourished as far north as seventy degrees, while poplars grew at eighty-two degrees north latitude. The further we advance into the Tertiary the more do herbivorous mammals become developed. They were now lords of the land, while birds similar to those of to-day were rulers of the air. In North America—as fossil remains indicate—there were many camels, and with them were other animals, long extinct, of elephantine size. Of these perhaps the most singular belonged to the order Dinocerata; they were armed with three pairs of horns and had tusks eight inches long, while the most specialized of the order had a head four feet long. It was during this era that the grand cañon of the Colorado was formed. Nowhere else on earth do we see so mighty an example of the power of erosion. Here is a river that for almost three hundred miles has carved its way down through the rock to a depth in some places of six thousand feet!

WHEN THE HISTORY OF MAN BEGINS.

With the close of the Tertiary the Quaternary or modern era begins: and this part of earth's history is made ever noteworthy by the appearance of Man. With him God's glorious work culminated. How many thousand years ago this great event took place we cannot tell; the church imposes no chronological limit. But there is good reason to believe that our first parents were contemporaries of the mammoth. Geologists tell us that since the opening of the modern era the geography of the earth has undergone few changes. The first portion of it was remarkable for a temporary variation of climate, which inaugurated what is called the glacial epoch. This was a unique event in the history of our globe, and though much has been written about it, it still remains very mysterious. There is reason to believe, however, that the phenomenon of the Ice Age was merely an exaggeration of the conditions which in our day determine glacier formation. And here we refer the reader to Professor de Lapparent's articles on this subject which appeared in the French magazine *Le Correspondant* for July, August, and September of last year.

The numberless little lakes in Minnesota were doubtless

made by the ice of this period scooping out the rock, for south of the ice-track these lakes cease. The great lakes, too, of North America were largely formed by glaciers deepening the original depression which had existed in this part of the continent.

As we have said at the beginning of our article, the newly established Summer-School may, and no doubt will, do much to foster among Catholics a love for the natural sciences; and we claim a high place for geology. In the study of the rocks, from the lowest and the oldest to the highest and the newest, the Summer-School will recognize on every page of the record the wisdom of the Creator. It will see the life-system change many times; but new forms appear only when the proper time arrives, when the earth is fitted to receive them. When one epoch is drawing to a close, in the slowly changing organisms will be perceived anticipations of the epoch that is coming. And it was surely necessary for organisms to change as the surrounding conditions changed, or else for all life to become utterly extinct. But thanks to the God-given power of transformation, the life-system was able to continue itself, although under a different aspect; and the more the Summer-School will scrutinize the geological record, the more it will be convinced that evolution is a fact, and that a real genetic affinity links together the myriads of creatures that have one after another appeared on earth. We have no doubt, too, that the Summer-School will, year after year, extend its rambles in the pursuit of knowledge. Let it visit the far West, as do the ardent students at whose head is Professor Marsh. Who knows what marvellous fossils are still concealed in the Atlantosaurus beds of the Rocky Mountains? Some missing link may yet be discovered more wonderful than *Ichthyornis* and *Hesperornis Regalis*, in which are blended the characters of bird, fish, and reptile. And if the Summer-School should be able to fill in even one missing page of the earth's history, it would show that Catholics are no longer in the rear, but in the advance guard of the grand army of science. Excelsior!

WILLIAM SETON.

THE LAND OF THE SUN.

THE VALENCIANA MINE.

IN the early freshness of the next morning a group of horses ready saddled, with a pair of *mozos* in attendance, stood before the door of the hotel, and were presently inspected by Dorothea, who came out from the café accompanied by Russell.

"They will do," she said, running her eye comprehensively over them, "if you are sure their backs are sound. I never ride a strange horse without satisfying myself on that point. There is no greater cruelty than to put a saddle on a galled back, and I would rather walk any distance than ride a horse under such circumstances."

"Make your mind easy," replied Russell. "I have examined the animals and their backs are sound. I secured them through the kindness of an acquaintance in Guanajuato, who promised to send me only good horses. Shall I put you up?"

He extended his hand, the next moment she was in the saddle arranging herself with practised ease, the others came out, there was a general mounting, and they rode away with a clattering of horses' hoofs on the stony streets, and that pleasant sense of exhilaration which always accompanies an expedition on horseback in the freshness of the early day. The two *mozos* on foot easily kept pace with the horses, and Mrs. Langdon observed that the one who walked abreast with her was so picturesque a figure that she longed to sketch him. He was a slender, graceful young fellow, whose slight frame revealed to a practised eye only the muscular power which it possessed, and whose face, delicate in features, with large dark eyes and shaded by a mass of black curls under the straw sombrero, had the gentle, half-melancholy charm of his people. The other was an older Indian, lean and sinewy as a deer-hound. Both men wore striped zarapes folded closely around them—for the morning air was chill—wide cotton trousers, and sandals on their feet.

Russell had explained to his friends the evening before that, although it was quite within the limit of the possible for them to reach the Valenciana Mine in a carriage, he was sure they would find the ascent more agreeable if made on horseback;

and they were unanimous in endorsing this opinion when they found how steep was their upward way from the moment of leaving the central region of the city. The narrow, winding streets through which their guides led them climbing steadily up hill, sometimes at an angle of hardly less than forty-five degrees, and were so thronged with people, with strings of burros bearing all manner of produce, and with great wooden carts drawn by oxen, that progress through them was slow and difficult. At length, however, they emerged from the town, and found an agreeable change in the broad, well-made road which, although it still wound upward, had the advantage of easy gradients and of relief from paving-stones. Curbed on one side, it mounted with wide sweeps around the hills, affording a succession of views of their broken, serrated expanse, and of the different mines, surrounded by villages, that came in sight perched on their precipitous slopes.

The sun has risen high in the heavens, and his rays were as warm as they ever become at this altitude, when, after several miles of steady ascent, they entered a village of considerable size, its well-built adobe houses ranged closely in streets that centred upon a small plaza green with verdure and bright with flowers. Russell halted in this pretty place, and, turning in his saddle, addressed the cavalcade that gathered around him.

"I have brought you here," he said, "to see an excellent example of a Mexican mining town. All the people who live in this place depend for their support on the Valenciana Mine, the galleries of which run under our feet, and the great works of which are over yonder. Could a brighter, cleaner, more orderly and attractive village be found anywhere? Presently I will show you a school sustained by the proprietors for the children of their employees; but first I must call your attention to the chief feature of the place."

"Which is this beautiful church before us, I suppose," said Mrs. Langdon. "What a remarkable thing to find such a building perched on this mountain-side, in the midst of a mining village!"

"It is not considered remarkable here," said Russell. "No one calls your attention to it, no guide-book mentions it, but when I accidently stumbled upon it, and, struck by its beauty and splendid details, asked what it cost, I was told that there had been spent upon it the sum of one and a half million dollars."

"Spent by whom?" asked the general.

"By the owners of the mine—quietly and unostentatiously, with a simple desire to return to God a small share of the wealth he had bestowed on them. The mine was in full bonanza when they built this, and it is said that for every dollar which they put into their great shaft—the finest shaft probably in the world—they put a dollar in the church. I don't know how it seems to you, but to me there is something in this more poetical than I can express."

He looked at Margaret Langdon as he spoke, whose eyes met his with that quick radiance dimmed in moisture which is the outward sign of a heart deeply touched. "It was more than poetical," she said. "It was a thought so exquisite that it could only have been born of profound and fervent faith—that with every step downward toward those riches which are so alluring to the hearts of men, there should be a corresponding step taken upward, in the sunlight of God, toward the heaven where our true treasure must be. Yet surely they were poets, without knowing it, those men."

"And what strikes me as quite as beautiful," said Dorothea, "is, that instead of spending that money to build a great church down in Guanajuato, where all men could see and praise it, they built it here, so that few of the rich and great ones of the earth worship God in a temple as splendid as these poor Mexican miners do."

"Well," said the general, dismounting, "let us go and see it now."

It is not very large, this church of the Valenciana, but it is most majestic from its position, as well as from its architectural proportions. Built of cut and polished stone, every block finished and fitted with a skill which knew nothing of haste or carelessness, it stands on a platform graded from the mountain, and is approached by an immense flight of magnificent stone steps that would adorn a cathedral. Entering by the great carved doorway, it is at once evident that the same loving care which polished every outward stone presided with jealous vigilance over every interior detail. The high altar, and the two which stand at the ends of the transepts that form a Latin cross, are perfect examples of that superbly ornate style known as the Churrigueresque—a mass of rich and elaborate carving, covered with gold and rising in burnished splendor to the roof. No unfortunate detail or misplaced ornament mars the effect of these rarely beautiful altars. They are indeed so gorgeous in themselves that there is no space for farther ornament, and

whatever is upon them, in the form of necessary articles, is altogether worthy of them. Polished tiles form the floor, frescoes adorn the domes, and paintings cover the walls; while—somewhat strange innovation in a Mexican church—the nave is filled with finely carved stationary benches. Nothing can exceed the effect of sumptuous richness and exquisite care which the whole presents.

"It gives one the impression," said Dorothea, "that the building of it was a delight, that the most careful thought was bestowed upon the elaboration of every detail, and that money was emphatically 'no object' at all in its construction."

"There can be no doubt of the last," said Russell. "The only question was how to spend enough of the precious metal. The splendor of these altars cannot be surpassed. And everything is on the same scale. If you go into the sacristy, the sacristan will show you vestments and altar vessels that will make you fancy yourself in a metropolitan cathedral; and there is a charming little baptistery where the babies are brought to be baptized in a golden font."

"It has a superb organ too, this wonderful church that seems like a creation of Aladdin's lamp," said Travers, looking up at the choir-loft, where the forest of pipes rose toward the roof.

Presently they stepped out of a side door upon the great platform on which the church stands, and Russell pointed out some immense, fortress-like walls enclosing a large area on one side of the village. "There," he said, "are the offices and works of the mine and its famous shaft."

"We must certainly see *that*," said the general.

"We must certainly see the mine," said Dorothea. "Are we not going down into it?"

Russell smiled. "You can if you like," he answered. "There is an excellent stone stairway by means of which one can descend to any level; but I do not think you will care to go far. It is very dark and very warm underground, you know."

"I do not think I care to make such a descent," said Mrs. Langdon. "Dorothea, you had better not insist on doing so."

"Insist—no," said Dorothea. "But is it possible that nobody else cares to see anything of the mine itself!—and how can one see a mine above ground?"

"The question is, can one see much of it below?" said the general. "But I will go down with you as far as you are likely to care to venture, my dear. How and where do we enter?"

"We can only enter by obtaining a permit," replied Russell, "and that must be sought over yonder"—he indicated the enclosure—"where we will now go."

It was a novel scene upon which they entered when they found themselves within the great gates which gave admittance to the fort-like interior, the massive stone walls of which were flanked at each corner by towers loop-holed for musketry. Passing the offices just within the entrance, where two or three gentlemen and a handsome dog received the party with true Mexican courtesy, they were conducted into a large courtyard where a number of men and women were at work sorting ores, the process consisting of breaking with a hammer the large masses brought up from the mine and rapidly classing the fragments. Around each worker were half a dozen piles of ore of different grades, and the busy activity of the scene, together with the quickness with which each fragment was scrutinized and classed, interested the strangers exceedingly.

"The women seem to know as much about it as the men," remarked Dorothea wonderingly.

"The superintendent says that they make better judges of ore than men," said Russell. "The perceptions of women are quicker, you see."

Travers observed that he had not needed to come to the Valenciana Mine to learn that; but just then they reached the side of the great shaft, and paused to regard with wonder and something of awe this splendid and durable piece of work.

Octagonal in form, at least fifteen feet in diameter, and lined with carefully cut and fitted stone, one can readily believe almost anything of its cost, remembering that its depth is over two thousand feet, and that its workmanship is unsurpassed and probably unequalled in the world. Out of it is drawn by machinery the vast volume of water that keeps the lower levels dry; and it is altogether worthy of the mine which Humboldt estimated as producing at the time of his visit one-fifth of all the silver of the world, and which for forty years was in full bonanza, pouring out its wealth in an almost fabulous stream.

Gathered around the great opening, they listened while their courteous guide discoursed of the wonders of the famous mine, told the romantic story of its first days, described its miles of underground work, its chambers, drifts and tunnels, the army of men upon its pay-roll, and the length of time necessary to descend and ascend by means of its stairways.

"Why, in the name of common sense, don't they send the



"Why Don't they send the Miners up and down by means of the Shaft, and save Time?"

miners up and down by means of *this*," said the general, indicating the shaft, "and save time?"

Russell laughed. "We are in a happy land where time is not of importance," he replied. "But I scarcely think Miss Dorothea will care to descend to the lowest levels when she hears that more than two hours are required to reach them."

"I think," said Dorothea in a somewhat subdued tone, "that I shall be satisfied with going down to the first level—just to see what it is like, you know."

Hearing her desire, the superintendent said that he would himself accompany them; so they were led back through the village to a point beyond the church, where a locked door gave admittance to the steps descending into the mine. Only Dorothea and her father, Russell and their guide, went down. Mrs. Langdon, Miss Gresham, and Travers looked, drew back, and returning to the church, seated themselves in the shade near its sacristy door, where the pure, fresh air of the mountains came to them like a breath from Paradise, and a far-spreading view lay before them—one of those glorious Mexican views which language is too poor to describe, so infinite is the beauty of tint and atmosphere, so wonderful the combination of rugged mountain forms and wide stretches of smiling plain, of cities shining with hues that seem borrowed from the peacock's neck, of mines frowning like mediæval strongholds, of slender campaniles rising everywhere toward the ineffable radiance of the vast blue heaven.

"What a country it is!" said Margaret Langdon, as her gaze wandered over the picture. "I do not wonder that Mr. Russell feels such enthusiasm for it—one could not stop short of loving it if one stayed long enough."

"It would be hard to find anything to equal it in beauty and interest," said Travers. "There is so much combined here. The deep and lasting impress of Spain—most fascinating of modern nations—the striking semi-Oriental aspect of the country, the personal beauty of the people, their picturesque life, and the romanticism that seems a part of all they do. Look at this church, for instance—is it not almost like a fairy-tale to our nineteenth century ears?"

"It is far more than that," Margaret answered. "It is such a sermon in stone as I have never met before in all my wanderings. And these are the people whom we—some of us, that is—have ventured to think an inferior race!"

"Don't class yourself with the ignorant multitude—mostly fools, as Carlyle justly observes—who instead of intelligent opinions have only a few inherited prejudices," said Travers. "But Miss Gresham looks sadly bored! I am afraid that our rhapsodies over the country have a tendency to fatigue her."

"Oh! I assure you I find it all very interesting," said Miss Gresham, "though I don't perhaps express as much enthusiasm as Dorothea. As for this church, it is simply splendid—but really now *don't* you think it would be more appropriate down in Guanajuato than up here on a mountain in a mining village?"

Travers glanced at Mrs. Langdon and smiled. "That depends," he answered, "upon what object the builders had in view. If the admiration of men, Guanajuato was the place. If the glory of God, I venture to think the present situation could not be improved upon. But here come our friends back from the mine already! Mademoiselle Dorothea's exploring spirit has been speedily satisfied on this occasion."

"Oh! it was excessively warm; that was why I did not care to go very far," Dorothea said, in answer to their questions. "But you need not smile, Mr. Travers. It was exceedingly interesting, and I am glad I went."

"What did you see? Tell us about it," said Miss Gresham, yawning slightly, as if in remembrance of past or anticipation of coming boredom.

"Yes," said Mrs. Langdon, "let us have the satisfaction of knowing what is to be seen in the depths of a mine, without the fatigue of descending into it ourselves."

"Well," responded Dorothea, looking the while around the wide prospect with a radiant glance, as if the sweet, fresh purity of the air and the glorious brightness of the day appealed to her senses with a double charm since she had been into the dark bowels of the earth, "let me tell you that there is simply a world down there—a new, strange, wonderful world to me—and as for its inhabitants, they appear, to use an Oriental form of expression, to be in numbers as the sands of the sea-shore. How did I see them? Why, an army, an absolute army, was going down into the mine as we came up."

"The men at work are changed three times in every twenty-four hours," said the general, "and we chanced to meet one of the 'shifts,' as miners call it. You see the building which covers the mouth of the mine contains various apartments—chiefly used for storing material—but especially one large room at the head

of the stairs, where several clerks are at their desks day and night to keep the time of the men at work in the mine. As each 'shift' enters the building, marched in squads like soldiers, the names are called out and registered by the clerks as the men descend the stairs into the mine."

"And such stairs!" said Dorothea. "Built of great blocks of hewn stone, beautifully laid, and as wide—how wide, Mr. Russell?"

"They are square-cut blocks of porphyry about ten feet wide," said Russell, "and the walls on each side are plastered and whitewashed. It is indeed a magnificent piece of work, this stairway, for it descends to the lowest level of the mine, a distance of more than two thousand feet, turning to right or left in a zigzag manner at a depth of every hundred feet."

"One is fatigued even in thinking of ascending or descending it," remarked Miss Gresham feelingly.

"We were told," said the general, "that the time required for descending to the lowest level was two hours, and for ascending two hours and forty minutes. But it seems almost incredible."

"Nothing is incredible here," said Travers. "We are in a land of marvels, and prepared for anything. What other sights saw ye in the underground world?"

"We saw one sight which touched me inexpressibly," said Dorothea. "At each angle of this great stairway, this work of Titans, is a niche excavated out of the solid rock, forming a shrine and containing a religious image, a picture or statue, adorned with flowers, and with a light burning before it. I can give you no idea," turning to her sister, as if surest of sympathy there, with the bright moisture of feeling springing again into her eyes, "how the sight of these shrines, with their tapers gleaming like stars, affects one, when one comes upon them suddenly in the darkness and silence of the depths of the earth. We were told that farther down there is a chapel where Mass is often said for the miners. How lovely the faith of these people is!—and how it pervades their lives! It seems to put a strain of elevated feeling, a comprehension of divine beauty, into their existence which our poor, materialized people of the same class totally lack."

"One might certainly travel far through any mining region of our favored land before finding a mine provided with such an accessory as a shrine, not to speak of a chapel, underground

and a basilica above," observed Travers reflectively. "But then we have been repeatedly informed that Mexicans are very superstitious!"

"One wonders," said Dorothea caustically, "if those who make the charge are very good judges of what superstition is—or of what faith is, either, for that matter! Instead of scoffing at what they are unable to understand or appreciate, they would do better to go home and pray for a little of the faith and piety which touch and edify one here, and which are so wholly wanting in their hard, material lives."

"It almost sounds as if she were advising you to go home, Mr. Travers," said Miss Gresham with quiet malice. "But did you not see any silver taken out?" she asked, addressing Dorothea with a return to practical considerations for which she could always be relied upon.

"Oh, no!" answered Dorothea. "The place where they are now taking out silver is miles away from where we were. Have you forgotten that they told us there are twenty-eight miles of underground workings in this mine?"

"Dorothea was right in saying that it is simply a world down there," remarked the general—"a world of vast extent and wonderful work. There are miles of tramways laid in all directions for the transportation of the ore in the different ore-beds to the main perpendicular shaft—that splendid affair over yonder—through which it is hoisted to the surface."

"You seem to have taken in and remembered everything," said Miss Gresham, "so, now that we have heard everything, I suppose we may return to Guanajuato."

But at this moment Russell, who had been speaking apart to the courteous Mexican who accompanied them into the mine, turned towards the group. "This gentleman," he said, "suggests that you would perhaps like to see the method by which the ore is reduced. If you have never seen the Mexican reduction process, it is possible that it might interest you."

"It would interest me very much," said the general. "Where do we go—over there?" And he nodded toward the massive walls encircling the buildings that cluster around the great shaft, known far and wide as "El Tiro de la Mina Valenciana."

"No," Russell answered, "we must go to what is called the *hacienda de beneficio*. That is situated in the *cañada* between Marfil and Guanajuato."

"Why do they carry the ore so far, instead of having their

reduction works near at hand?" asked Mrs. Langdon with surprise.

"Because water is necessary for the process of reduction," Russell replied, "and there is no water here."

"Oh! let us go by all means," cried Dorothea. "I want to see *everything*."

"A commendable but rather exhausting ambition," remarked Travers with a sigh. "If, however, it is so written in the book of fate, let us go."

Miss Gresham rose and shook out the folds of her habit with an air of resignation which mutely echoed his words; so they descended the great flight of stone steps to the sunny plaza lying in green beauty below, on the farther side of which, in the shade of some *portales*, the horses and *mozos* awaited them. They speedily mounted, and accompanied by a graceful young Mexican, whom the superintendent called from the office of the mine and sent with them, set forth for the reduction works.

But, instead of following the broad, well-graded road by which they had ascended, their guide led them around the walls of the mine, and took a narrow trail across the brown, rugged hills, gashed with great ravines by the torrents of every rainy season. It was the trail by which the ore was conveyed from the mine to the reduction works, and along it came and went in ceaseless stream the pack-trains of burros that carried upon their backs the leather sacks filled with metal. To avoid these trains on the narrow way was very difficult, for to give place in the least degree to any one is an idea which never enters into the head of a burro. It was necessary for the men who followed each train to rush forward and energetically belabor and push the small, stubborn animals, to induce them to allow the party of equestrians to pass at various points. "The Valenciana Mine must have *thousands* of these donkeys!" Dorothea exclaimed at last, when such a block had occurred for the twentieth time, and looking across the escarped and riven hillsides they could trace the winding trail by the animals that darkened it. The young Mexican, who had a fair knowledge of English, laughed and assured her that she was right, that the burros of the Valenciana Mine were indeed many, while Travers observed that if she chanced to be pushed over into the dry bed of a torrent by one of the burros in question (an accident which had several times only been prevented by the prompt in-



THE "HACIENDA DE BENEFICIO."

terposition of the *mozos*) she could hardly object to suffering in the cause of that adherence to ancient custom which she so highly commended.

"The spirit of modern improvement might dictate a tramway to convey the ore from the mine to the reduction works," he added, "but far be it from me to suggest that such a mode would be an improvement on the present picturesque method—though what the burros might think of it is another matter."

"The burros would have to do other work if they did not do this, I suppose," Dorothea answered. "The pack-trains *are* picturesque, as one sees them winding in the distance; and it would surely be a very remarkable tramway that could go up and down hill like this trail."

There was a general laugh, but the exigencies of the trail were such that no one demonstrated the feasibility of the tramway, especially since another train of laden animals at this moment came by, pushing the party to right and left with their great sacks of ore, and when the interruption was fairly over they found themselves at the entrance of the *hacienda de beneficio*.

This proved to be one of the immense, fortress-like erections which had struck them on their ascent from Marfil to Guanajuato. Situated immediately on the banks of the stream which flows down from the beautiful Presas, and surrounded by a stone wall at least ten feet high and of corresponding thickness, it was an enclosure about twelve hundred feet long by two hundred wide, containing various open courts, or patios, and buildings with red-tiled roofs and arcaded fronts. Leaving their horses in charge of the attendants, the party followed their obliging guide, who was eager to show them everything.

First in order came the arrastras, for crushing the ore. On an elevated portion of the enclosure, covered by a tiled roof, were three rows of these, each row containing twenty arrastras —great, circular basins of cut stone, not less than eight feet in diameter, in the centre of each of which a horizontal wooden sweep was mortised through an upright post. To one end of this sweep the large millstone that ground the ore to powder against the stone floor of the basin was attached, while to the other were fastened the mules, wearing leather hoods over their eyes to prevent dizziness, who walking around in an unending circle supplied the motive-power to drag the huge mass of granite over the ore.

"An effectual way of doing the work," said the general, "but very crude when one thinks of a modern stamp-mill. I am surprised that such a great mine as the Valenciana has not erected machinery for crushing its ore."

"The erection of a stamp-mill is, of course, only a question of time," said Russell. "Many of them have already been introduced into the country, especially by Americans and Englishmen, who find crushing ore in arrastras too slow work. But come!—our guide wishes to show us the next step in the process."

The young Mexican had explained, with many gestures of his slender, brown hands, that when the ore was crushed to an impalpable powder a sluice-head of water was introduced into the arrastras, which carried the deposit to a lower level, and to this lower level he now led them. It was an enclosure, containing about an acre of ground, covered with a carefully laid floor of flagstones—forming the *patio* from which the process takes its name. The crushed ore carried from the arrastras is deposited on this floor to the depth of about eighteen inches, the surplus water is then drawn off, leaving the pulverized mass in a plastic condition, and quicksilver, in the proportion of five pounds to every ton of ore, is added, by means of forcing it through buckskin sacks, so that, when shaken over the bed of ore, it is distributed equally in small globules, thus bringing it immediately in contact with the silver, which is principally in a sulphide form. Five per cent. of common salt is then added for the purpose of assisting oxidization, and about twenty mules are turned loose and driven to and fro through this bed of mortar for three hours each day for thirty days.

"You recognize your black mud, do you not?" asked Russell, turning to Dorothea. "This is the amalgamating process which we looked down upon as we entered Zacatécas, and which struck you as so remarkable."

"And this is the famous *patio* process!" said the general. "I have heard men of great experience in mining say that for satisfactory results in extracting silver from the ore it has not been improved upon, even in this age of improvement."

"Is it of Mexican invention?" asked Dorothea.

"Yes," Russell replied. "It was invented in 1557 by Bartolomé de Medina, to work the rich ores of the Pachuca mines."

"I have very little respect for him," said the young lady

with decision, "for he certainly did not take the mules into consideration at all. Is it possible that no machinery has been invented to do this work better than these poor animals can?"

"I must confess," said Russell, "that one blot on the otherwise excellent character of Mexicans is that they do *not* take



A COMPANY OF WATER-CARRIERS.

the feelings of mules, burros, and beasts of burden in general, much into consideration. Of course other means of doing the work of amalgamation have been invented, and are in use in American mines. But Mexicans are slow to accept innovations, and, as your father has just remarked, it is doubtful if any better process for a certain class of ore has ever been invented."

"You must be satisfied to take people with the defects of their qualities," said Travers in an admonishing tone. "If the Mexicans were ready to accept innovations with regard to working their ores, they would, no doubt, be equally ready to accept them in respect to other things, and then what would become of the picturesqueness of this incomparably picturesque country, for which we are all so grateful? It would become, like Chili, the prey of that destroyer which is known under the name of progress, and perhaps, like that country, would abandon the beautiful art and architecture which Spain planted here for a tasteless imitation of the poorest and most alien modern models. No, let the mules suffer, say I, rather than that such things should come to pass."

Dorothea gave the speaker a glance in which approval and disapproval were mingled. "You are right so far," she said, "that it is a matter for gratitude that Mexicans are slow to change their ancient ways. *But*," with great emphasis upon this potent word, "I entirely disagree with you in your readiness to let the mules suffer. The mules should not suffer another day if I could bring in machinery to relieve them."

"And that machinery would be the entering wedge to destroy all that delights you in the country," returned Travers.

"If so, the wedge has entered," said Russell, "for large amounts of machinery for all purposes are constantly introduced into the country. I am afraid we cannot hope that the march of that material progress, the effects of which we agree in disliking, can be stayed here any more than elsewhere. We can only be thankful for what it has so far spared, and hope that Mexicans will have too much sense to allow their country to be ruined and deteriorated by it, as some others that we know have been."

"And meanwhile," said Mrs. Langdon, looking at the mass of amalgam, which indeed resembled nothing except black mud, "we do not seem to have got very much nearer to the silver."

"Ah, yes!" said the young Mexican, smiling. "The señora is mistaken—we are very much nearer to the silver. Be pleased," addressing the group, "to come now, and see the amalgam retorted."

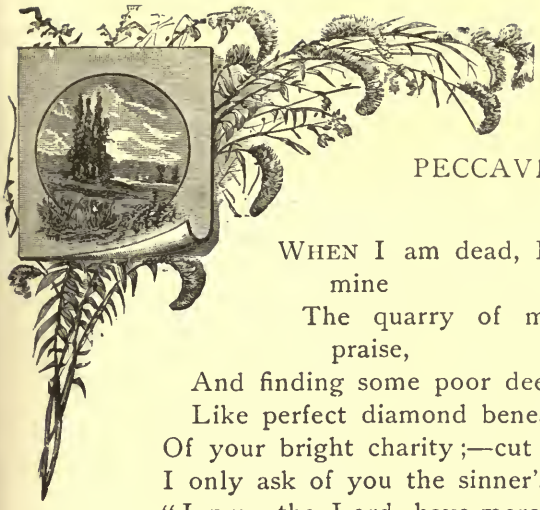
They followed him to the next step in the process of wresting from Nature the treasure which she holds so jealously. But after they had inspected the kettle-shaped retorts in which the

amalgam is placed, and had seen the silver which comes forth from them, to be then smelted and run into bars—great, shining masses of virgin metal, beautiful to the sight and heavy to the touch—with the value stamped on each, there remained nothing more except to see the same bars loaded into the car for bullion, which, with a guard of soldiers on its top, is a daily feature of the Guanajuato train.

As it chanced, they did see this a few hours later, as they were, with much reluctance, taking their departure from the magical city, glittering in color, beauty, and opulence behind the sombre, argentine hills. After they had left Marfil, with its heavy Moorish houses clinging to the frowning precipices that overshadow it, and had crossed the mountain divide to the smiling plain that spreads level and verdant toward Siloa, they looked backward for a last glance at a spot which had so charmed them. Guanajuato had vanished as completely as if it were indeed the enchanted city which it seems, but lo! high above the rugged, red-brown crests shone on its elevated mountain platform the church of the Valenciana, lifting its fair towers toward heaven and looking in the rich sunset light like a dream of beauty, as it is, in truth, such an expression of faith and love, and generosity surpassing that of princes, as would be hard to match in any other land.

Christian Reid.





PECCAVI.

WHEN I am dead, I would not have you mine
The quarry of my life, for aught to praise,
And finding some poor deed, to make it blaze
Like perfect diamond beneath the rays
Of your bright charity;—cut glass will shine.
I only ask of you the sinner's dole,
"I pray the Lord, have mercy on his soul!"

When I am dead, I would not have you take
Some words of basest metal, dull and cold,
Which Death the Alchemist, will turn to gold,
And Love will clothe with value manifold,
And hold them precious for the speaker's sake;
I only ask of you the sinner's dole,
"I pray the Lord, have mercy on his soul"!

ADAM DE BRUN.





"Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much."—ST. LUKE vii. 47.
From von Hoffman.

MOURNING IRELAND.—THE CAOINE.

. . . "E con si dolce note,
che fece me a me uscir di mente."—*Dante.*

LONG years ago a train drew up at a bleak wayside railway station in the West of Ireland, and silence fell on a party of travellers, most of them young, most of them Irish, but several from the Pale, or least *native* portion of the island.

This silence fell because the travellers were trying to catch the import of an indescribable stifled roar; indescribable, yet I must attempt some sort of account of it. It rose from soft to loud. It was like the voice of the wild wind at night in great woods. It grew to be like many powerful Æolean harps. What was it? Whence came it? These were, for the moment, mysteries. There was something eerie about these wild waves of sound which surged around about us, now and then falling lower for a moment, yet constantly gaining force and volume like a rising tide. We could not divine the meaning of it. It seemed to envelop us in some strange way. In a great poem there is a hint about *the fear that underlies all courage*. For one of us this flood of sound seemed to stir *that* fear—and how many other deep-lying emotions besides!

Great music sometimes wraps the listener to the seventh heaven. Wagner's music does so. It carries one away on broad wings of the spirit to the homes of the winds, to "wield the flail of the lashing hail," "to the sanguine sunrise, with its meteor eyes,"

"And its golden plumes outspread";

to cloudland, to moon-lit seas, to Abt Vogler's sound-palace, to primitive emotions, to all things elemental; and the man-made town is forgotten, with its poor, thin city life, in the God-made sky-spaces to which we are borne; and *self*, too, is forgotten, for we *lose the very sense that we are feeling*, coming back to this nether world at last with more than a startled sleeper's regretful surprise, and "trailing clouds of glory" from the musician's heavenly country.

"Those fine-drawn stringèd notes so inly smite,
It is as if the bows of sprites could strain
The sensitive nerve-fibres of the brain,

And tune them to an all too keen delight.
And still as they resound they gather might,
Seeming a new-born pulse of life to gain
With each new bar, until the beating rain,
The deluge of quick sound is at its height.

"Then all our soul is drowned as in a sea
Of glad sensation, and we faintly seek
Some continent for boundless ecstasy—
In vain, we are but carried down the wake
Of time, to throb awhile primevally
With the young world in passion's wild outbreak."

(*On hearing the introduction to "Lohengrin"*—Mrs. Pfeiffer.)

Not to heaven, however, did that grand Galway Roar-in-the-Minor take us. Surely, rather was Purgatory our bourne! There were heart-breaking sobs in it; there was the extreme of tenderness, and, above all, there was a passionate yearning.

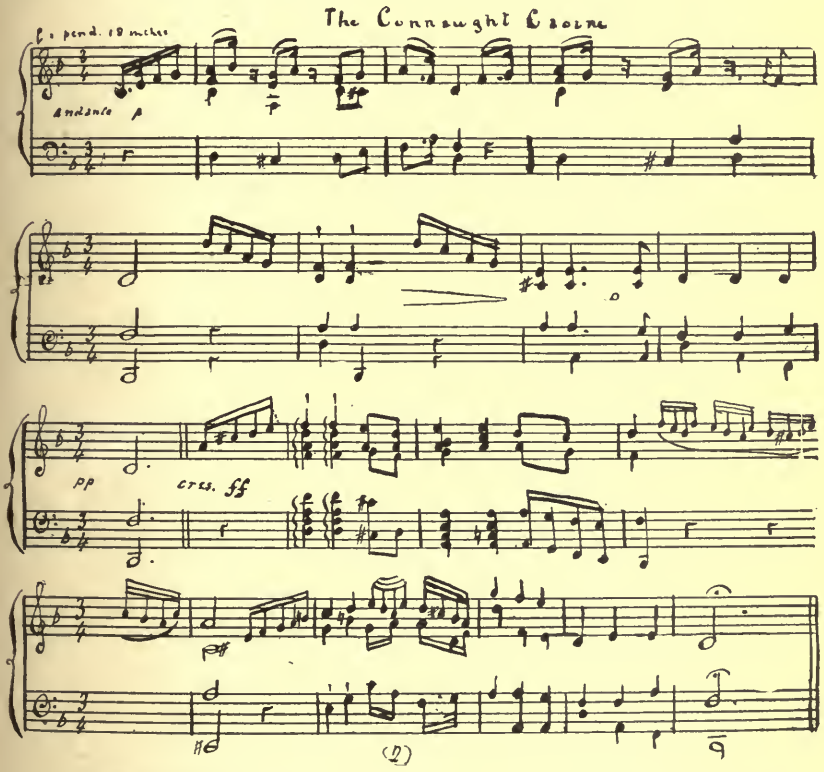
"What is it? What *is* it?" was the smothered cry that we of North-east Ireland sent forth—a cry, yet half a whisper. Was it, after all, music? It was certainly the first *sound*, for one of us, creating an over-mastering flood of thrilling emotion. It swept hearts before it as the autumn wind sweeps the dry leaves.

The wail went ever on, increasing momentarily in volume. Words in a tongue we scarcely knew now became distinguishable. We could see that there was a large crowd, far away, at the other end of the long train. But the wailing seemed to come from all quarters; the air was ringing with it. One of the travellers, belonging by birth and race to Southern Ireland, stood up, and, with quivering lip and a voice of deep emotion, he answered the ignorant question: "It is the 'Keen' (Caoine). Do you not know the Irish Lament for the Dead?"

We learnt by degrees the meaning of this "keening." I think that the fact that here there was no funeral procession added impressiveness to the whole scene. There was an enormous wailing crowd. The whole country-side had come down to the railway, escorting a party of emigrants who were on their way to America. It was, doubtless, for most of those who parted that day a farewell for ever. And emigration, from numberless points besides this one, is inexpressibly sad. Hence the appropriateness of the death chant.

Had I had the musical training necessary for setting down in written notes what I then heard sung—which was not the case—I was far too much shaken by the excitement—by the "joy, three parts pain"—caused by the soul-stirring plaint to

be able to transcribe, at the time, or even to analyze the chant in the roughest way. But the memory of those magical sounds stayed with me vaguely through many a year, and I made attempts to procure, from musicians in Munster and Connaught, the notes of this wonderful "Caoine." In some quarters my inquiries called forth little but laughter. I was assured that "keening" and a "pack of hounds baying the moon" came to much the same thing. On another occasion my request for "the music of the 'Caoine'" was described as an irresistible pleasantry—the death-wail being pronounced "of all sounds the least musical." But at last a good monk befriended me, sending me the Connaught keen—the very chant that had thrilled and terrified and fascinated us all, in the long-ago, in Galway. He sent me, too, the Munster version.



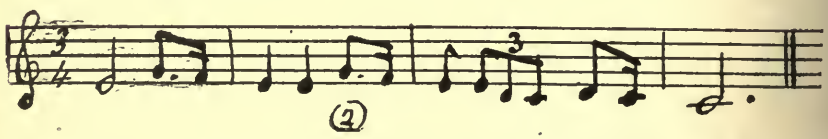
Of this form of the Caoine a young German composer of merit says: "I find it simply grand. It is of rare and noble originality. But I wonder to find *piano* and *diminuendo* oftenest marked. It ought to have an extraordinarily fine effect when played *fortissimo* by an orchestra."

At the monastery, whence the notes were sent, the opinion

prevailed that the simple score was as nothing—"the Caoine should be heard to be appreciated." Many powerful voices blended together, and, above all, the traditional expression, lend a soul to the mere notes. The transcriber added these words of explanation to the Munster Caoine: "This melody may be considered a characteristic specimen of the keen as sung in South Munster. The notes marked with pauses (𝄐) may be sustained any length of time, according to the power of the voice, or the inclination of the singer. The numbers placed over the pauses denote, in quavers, the usual length of the prolonged sound." The monks greatly preferred the Munster Caoine to that of Connaught; but possibly this was due to the fact that those who expressed an opinion belonged to the first-named province. It is, perhaps, a more ancient form. On this point it would be difficult to speak with absolute certainty.

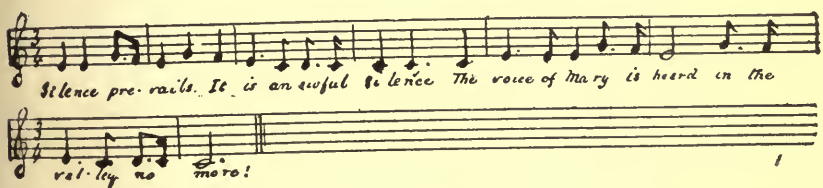


Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. Doc., very kindly permits me to use some singularly interesting notes of his, musical and historical, on the Irish cry over the dead. He recounts his first introduction to the solemn chant, when a little boy, about half a century ago, near Trim, in the County Meath—a part of Ireland within the Pale. "I had been for two years trained in music," he says, "and had, therefore, the power of noting down the cry. The melody was chiefly this:



"It was harsh when heard near, but became finer in texture by distance. There were many persons in the crowd whom I heard and saw to be joining in the cry, who did not seem at

all in grief, but went through the performance in the most business-like way. These were, perhaps, the professional criers, commonly called 'keeners,' and very often old women—for there were such persons always engaged, as I am informed. The above fragment of melody was mixed up with various wailing passages which I cannot at this period of time quite recall. Most of it was (like the Eastern howling of the Hindoos, and Arabs, and Turks) too wild to be expressed by our diatonic scale, with its well-defined tones and semi-tones; but, nevertheless, this one little phrase ran through all of it, and I easily wrote it down, being used to copying. It is a great pity that of all those modern national writers who profess to write down Irish airs (men like old George Petrie, Mr. Joyce, John Pigot, and one or two more) not one, save Edward Bunting, was able to do what they all so glibly professed to do (write down at hearing). . . . All Moore's Melodies (hundreds of English people believe Thomas Moore composed these!) were filched from the collections of Bunting (1797 and 1809), greatly to Bunting's chagrin. He publicly declared his anger in serials of the day. The keen —pronounced very deeply in the throat as if it were spelt 'chkougheen'—is probably now heard no longer even in remote districts like Connemara. It certainly has been lost in Meath. . . . Words of a Lament of the Lost I here add from the Dublin *Penny Journal* (vol. i. page 243). These sentences, adapted to the tune I gave just now, are as follows, fitting the air twice over:



"Then would come a wild howl—the "ullulatus"* of the Romans, as it were—called in Ireland "ullaloo," hence the corruption Hullabaloo! One verse always asked the dead why he or she died? Had they not enough to eat, and wear, and of love, too? (Here we may trace the grotesque expression, "Och, an' Phyllaloo, Hubbaboo, why did ye die, Barney?") That thoughtful people always recognized in the Irish cry a world-wide custom, is true; but until lately everything Irish was a subject of jeering among the self-sufficient. . . . The Irish cry was ridiculed as barbarous yelling, unknown and unprac-

* Halleluja (Allelulia) in the East. The Arabs to this day sing a monotonous, unbroken ullaloo—a melancholy, booming sound to the foreign ear—at weddings.

tised save by the Irish—a population sunk in hopeless barbarism! It was, however, practised by the Jews also, and we find our Lord saluted by this howling on one memorable occasion. The Arabs, the Phœnicians, the people of Minorca, all practised this custom. In Shakspere's "Cymbeline" (the scene of the whole play is laid in Wales) there is a song over the dead—responsive in structure, addressed to the dead; and, so far, corresponding exactly with the 'responses' of one wailing crowd among the keeners to the 'versicles' of the other."

Guiderius sings:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Arviragus answers:

"Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust."

Gui. "Fear no more the lightning-flash";
Arv. "Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone";
Gui. "Fear not slander, censure rash";
Arv. "Thou hast finish'd joy and moan."
Both. "All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust."

Gui. "No exorciser harm thee!"
Arv. "Nor no witchcraft charm thee!"
Gui. "Ghost unlaid forbear thee!"
Arv. "Nothing ill come near thee!"
Both. "Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!"

The notes Sir R. Stewart so kindly placed at my disposal point out that Scott's "Coronach" among the Scottish population will not be forgotten, as an analogue to the Caoine. The fact of professional Jewish "keeners," with pipes, being engaged may be seen from Jeremias ix. 17: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Consider ye, and call for the mourning women, and let them come; and send to them that are wise women, and let them make haste." 19: "For a voice of wailing is heard out of Sion. . . ." 18: "Let them hasten

and take up a lamentation for us. . . ." 20: "Hear, therefore, ye women, the word of the Lord, . . . and teach your daughters wailing; and every one her neighbor mourning. . . ." 21: "For death is come up." The Jews, like the Irish at "wakes," drank freely. In Ireland the funeral cry was sometimes destitute of words, and a mere "ullulation."

There is an Ulster Caoine which is more elaborate than any I have given. Its double choirs are arranged to question and to respond. Its wild floods of sounds might well burst forth towards the close of Shelley's tragic fragment "Ginevra" after the line:

"And then the mourning women came,"

carrying with magnificent effect the savage-strong plaint of the dirge:

"Old Winter has gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar.
And the Spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night.
If the land, and the air, and the sea
Rejoice not when Spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra!

"She is still, she is cold,
On the bridal couch!
One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel, and one—oh where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.

"Ere the sun through the heaven once more has rolled
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,
And the worms be alive in her golden hair.
While the Spirit that guides the sun
Sits throned in his flaming chair,
She shall sleep."

Had I been once told—that day, long ago, in Connemara—that what we were listening to was the Caoine, I might have listened (if the expression be permitted) more with my memory and my imagination than with my ear. But this was not so. The magnificent wail had struck home to the hearts of most of us before we learned the meaning of the sounds; before even a suspicion had crossed our minds that we were listening to

keening. Under the great shock of emotion caused by it I could have echoed the lines:

> "The oracular thunder penetrating shook
> The listening soul in my suspended blood:
> I felt the earth out of her deep heart spoke—
> *I felt, but heard not.*"

Was this first experience of thrilling musical ecstasy due to the sublimity of the sounds we all heard then? or was it owing to some stirring of "hereditary memories"? Better, a thousand times, that the grandeur of the Caoine caused all that overmastering agitation; for then this potent source of musical emotion would be the birthright of the many; whereas, if "hereditary memory," or race-legacies, or any of those obscure matters belonging to a new province of inquiry, have anything to do with its appreciation, the Irish death chant will only appeal to the few. One of the directors of the Berlin Philharmonic Society, however, pronounces the Connaught Caoine "magnificent"—and this after a mere reading of a manuscript page, apart from the extraneous heightening influences given by local color, or a powerful or poetic rendering of the music. Here is purely foreign testimony *in favor* of the Caoine. And, on the other hand, there is much native testimony *against* it. A Galway lover of music blackened several pages with the expression of his contempt for the "howls," as of "dogs baying the moon," yclept the Caoine; and they were Munster people of some musical training who made merry over my request for the keeners' *music!* So, clearly, Keltic music *can* touch the Teuton to the quick; and can also leave some of the children of the soil cold and unmoved.

That taste differs is proverbial. The truth of the proverb is in nothing better illustrated than in music. *One* has

> "No ear save for the tickling lute
> Set to small measures—deaf to all the beats
> Of that large music rolling o'er the world";

while *another* cries:

> "Thy trivial harp will never please
> Or fill my craving ear;
> Its chords should ring as blows the breeze,
> Free, peremptory, clear.
> No jingling serenader's art
> Nor tinkling of piano-strings
> Can make the wild blood start
> In its mystic springs:

The kingly bard
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
As with hammer or with mace,
That they may render back
 Artful thunder, which conveys
Secrets of the solar track,
 Sparks of the super-solar blaze."

The wild, Eastern wail, which Sir R. Stewart says imports difficulty into the Caoine, making part of it impossible to translate into modern musical notation, is to be found in many popular chants in various parts of Europe. It is not "far-fetched" to claim an Arab origin for the "dying fall"—the descent of a third at the end by the musical "phrase," each tone and semi-tone being *anticipated*, to use the phraseology of the music-lesson—of the South-Italian folk-songs, called *Stornelli*. In comparatively Northern Liguria may be heard, hour after hour, and day after day, in early summer, a plaintive wail, difficult to imitate, and impossible to write down. It has points of resemblance with the Neapolitan chant for which the authors of "Naples in 1888" have scant sympathy. They say: "Virgil speaks of the song of the pruner in affectionate terms, and we were wondering whether the song of his day was the same as the discordant noise which passes for song with the Neapolitan pruner." Messieurs Rolfe and Ingleby add a note to this: "The pruners' chant is said to be of Arab origin, and is certainly very ancient. Hideous as it sounds to the ordinary listener, it has a distinguishing feature. It is most difficult to imitate, and . . . descends in quarter-tones, which are perfectly and accurately rendered by the untrained husbandmen. This chant is especially used by men set to watch the vineyards in the autumn when the fruit is ripe. They answer one another from hill to hill, and when they are far enough off the sound is not unpleasant."

One of the strangest, saddest occasions in Northern Ireland on which the Caoine has been chanted in modern times occurred during the execution of what is known as the "Tragedy of Glenveigh," when the music took the place of the "highest light" in a lurid picture. By readers of A. M. Sullivan's *New Ireland* the following passages will be remembered. By those—if any there be—who do not know that book a somewhat lengthy quotation will be forgiven. Such a quotation is, in no true sense, a digression, for a sketch of the attendant circumstances is necessary to place that particular "keening" in its proper perspective:

"An Irish eviction . . . is a scene to try the sternest nature . . . where, as in the case of these 'clearances,' houses have to be levelled. . . . In hail or thunder, rain or snow, out the inmates must go, . . . though of other roof or home the world has naught for them, and the stormy sky must be their canopy during the night that is at hand. Mr. Adair, as he gazed on the corpse of his servant—murdered, as he verily believed, for stern discharge of his duties—revolved in his mind a terrible determination. . . . Two of his dogs had been poisoned; . . . the Presentment Session refused to admit the act was malicious. An out-house at Gartan Glebe was found to be on fire while he was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Mathurin. Two hundred of his sheep had been killed on the mountains, [but] the magistrates would insist it was by accident or tempest. And now his manager had been slain. He would show these people that he would conquer. In short, he resolved *to sweep away the whole population of Derry Veigh.* He applied for, and received, a special force of police. . . . The government authorities, the local magistrates, the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, the police inspectors, *all* manifested clearly their sorrow, alarm, or resentment at the monstrous proceedings he contemplated—nothing less than the expulsion of hundreds of innocent people . . . in vengeance for the crime of some undiscovered individual. . . . Few of [the tenants] would believe that such a menace would, or could, be carried out. . . . They owed no rent. They had done no man wrong. Nevertheless, the blow fell. They were driven out by force—the old with the young, the strong with the weak. A widow was the first to be turned adrift. The Derry *Sentinel*, a Presbyterian paper, which could not be suspected of partisanship, gave a touching account of the whole bad day's work. 'An old man,' this journal said, 'of nearly ninety, on leaving his home for the last time, reverently kissed the door-posts. Another man, who was actually ninety, was given a week's grace, being in bed; but, for the most part, the cottiers were summarily driven off, like startled cattle. They had nowhere but the bare ground on which to lay their heads, while a collection was being made for them at a distance in order to buy them passages to Australia. Many sank beneath their sufferings on the bleak hillsides, in sight of the blackened ruins of the homes that had been burnt lest the peasants who built them should creep back to their shelter. A tenant named Bradley went mad from the surprise, grief, and hardship."

When at length they trooped away from their native hills, making on foot the first stage of their long journey to the Antipodes, they raised the funeral wail, the grand and immemorial Caoine, and the strong, sad music rolled, perhaps for the last time, over that bare and treeless "North Countrie" that they so passionately loved.

E. M. LYNCH.

THE SISTERS IN ALASKA.



AT the time of writing the first notice of the Alaskan missions, some two years ago now, the whole subject was to me, as to so many others, a revelation. I had no acquaintance with the sisters who were stationed there, and, writing at the other edge of the continent, I had not the faintest idea of the ways and means of reaching them. Since then, however, I have had the privilege of meeting the Alaskan missionaries. Last May a band of the Sisters of St. Ann passed through San Francisco on their way to the Yukon.

The return of the steamer which brought these sisters to the Yukon also gave me the coveted opportunity of speaking with one of the missionaries who had been on the spot. The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will remember that it was by a sister and two novices that the work at Kossariffsky was begun. Both of these novices pronounced their vows in their new home, but the hard physical labor which they were compelled and are still compelled to undergo so undermined the health of one of them, that it became an absolute necessity that she should return to San Francisco for medical treatment. It was only after a year of suffering, when the Mother Superior saw that the only chance of recovery lay in the best surgical attendance, that she came away. Since July she has been at St. Mary's Hospital in this city. Of course there, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, she has everything conducive to her comfort; still, it is easy to see that her heart is in Alaska. As yet no decisive opinion has been given on her case. Whether her desire to go

back and labor where her vows were made will be granted, no one can say. But her prayer, and the only prayer she asks from those who sympathize with her, is that which has always been in the mouths of the children of the saints: Thy will be done.

Indeed this is one of the saddest sides of the missionary life. Those who are on the field, who are engaged in the fight, are encouraged by their very work, and even opposition adds a certain vigor and human consolation. But the wounded who must drop out of the line of march, who must lie helpless as the tide of battle sweeps on and the tumult of the fighting dies away in the distance—the wounded who are alone with their pain and with God—ah! he alone can compass the depths of suffering and the heights of sacrifice in that divine word: Thy will be done.

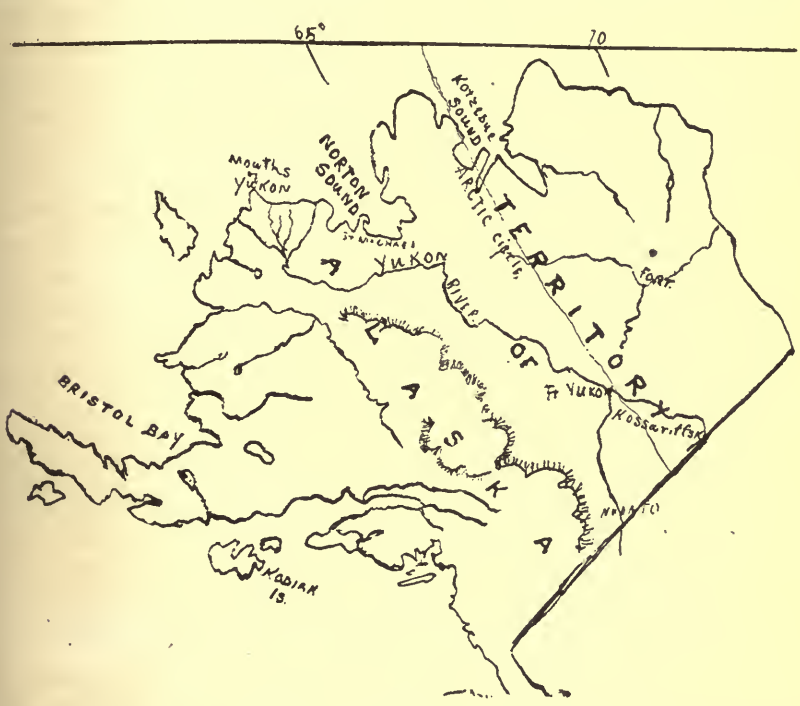
With this much introduction I will give a few extracts from the Journal of the sisters for the year 1891–92. What was true of the Journal of 1889 is true also of this:

THE JOURNAL OF THE SISTERS.

"It is more in the nature of a simple letter addressed to the sisters in the mother-house than a journal properly so called. It is no long, boasting, statistical account of 'doors opened,' and 'souls reached,' and 'Bibles distributed'; neither is it a record of morbid introspection; but it is a simple, common-sense letter which will appeal to simple, common-sense people. It flows on from day to day with the story of their uneventful life, their little pleasures, and now and again a hint of their privations. Their preparations for the great festivals, the progress of the children, the little visits paid them at long intervals —this is the sum of it all; but those who have eyes to see may read between the lines the story of heroic lives that I had almost thought were lived no more upon this earth."

The Journal opens with July, 1891. This is the month when the hermits of the snow and ice receive the first tidings from the outer world. From San Francisco the steamer *St. Paul* leaves in June. July sees her at St. Michael's, a town situated on Norton Sound, an inlet of Behring Sea. From this port the *Arctic*, a river boat, conveys passengers and freight about seventy miles along the coast southwards to the north mouth of the Yukon, and up the stream to the fort which takes its name from the river. Both these steamers belong to the Alaska Commercial Company. Captain Erskine, of the *St. Paul;* Captain

Peterson, of the *Arctic;* Mr. R. Neumann, the company's head agent, and his brother, Mr. H. Neumann, local agent at St. Michael's, deserve the best thanks of all interested in the mission work. Ever since the sisters set foot in Alaska these gentlemen have been remarkable for their help and kindness. All through the Journal we find them designated as "real friends," and every one who knows how much power a captain or an agent has in his hands for comfort or discomfort will feel grate-



ful to these gentlemen for in such a large way lightening the heavy burden of the Sisters of St. Ann.

From the Journal we learn that new sisters are expected. The three pioneers have sown the seed; they are looking for help to reap the harvest. A year ago almost a promise was received that new workers would be forthcoming. But that was a year ago. The long winter months have rolled by without a word or a chance of a word. Even in the midst of men silence nips the bloom of promise, and we are not surprised that the sisters at Kossariffsky were troubled with misgivings. How many things might have happened? Perhaps after all the volunteers could not be spared; perhaps the superiors had changed their minds about sending their tender young charges to this

desolate spot. The Rev. Mother had gone down to St. Michael's to meet the steamer from San Francisco, and the two sisters kept house at Holy Cross, hoping—fearing for her return.

THE FIRST BOAT ARRIVES.

"*July 19.*—At two o'clock in the morning the *Arctic* announced her approach to Kossariffsky. Judging from the sound of the whistle, she was still at some distance and we had time to put things in good order. The children had been told beforehand, and so in a few minutes we were all at the river-side. When the boat passed we had the pleasure of saluting our dear sisters from afar, and then we hurried to the landing-place. We flew, so to speak, and in less than fifteen minutes we were in the arms of our dear Sister Superior and our new sisters. At last we were sure. They were before us! What our feelings were words cannot express. We laughed and cried all in a breath. Soon we started for the house followed by our little troop of children, who were as excited as ourselves at seeing the new arrivals. Sister Superior led us all to the little chapel, and this was the sweet moment of their entry to the convent of Kossariffsky."

But the two who had spent three winters in the arctics had laid certain dark and deep plans. The new sisters must be properly impressed with the pleasant side of their new home. The Journal continues:

"It was six o'clock before all were ready for breakfast. To surprise the newcomers we had set the table in Indian style. We had dried salmon, raw salmon, salmon fried in seal-oil—all served up in unbreakable stoneware. Poor sisters! The very sight completely took away their appetite. But before they sat down Sister Superior said to them: 'Come and look at this room,' and there they found a breakfast prepared after a more civilized fashion. We had great fun. It is three years since we planned this surprise."

"It is three years since we planned this surprise." More than anything else do these words give us an idea of the utter isolation of these sisters' lives. They are surrounded by men and women. The men are brutes; the women—we shall read of them later on. None of their own kind have they to speak to, to converse with. Three years! So might a prisoner in the Bastile have laid plans for the surprise of his successor.

Kossariffsky is situated where the Yukon begins to turn west towards Behring Sea. Above the mission its trend is nearly north and south for over two hundred miles. Near where the river deflects from the westerly course it has followed from the Rocky Mountains is situated the mission of Nulato.

THE SISTERS VISIT NULATO.

"The Monday following (the arrival) the *St. Michael* had to go to Nulato to bring the fathers their provisions for the winter. As Sister Mary Pauline and myself had a vacation, I said to Sister Superior that this was a good opportunity to visit Nulato. She thought so too, and went over to see Father Tosi, who was glad to give us this little pleasure. He sent us word to be ready by nine o'clock. So we prepared our baskets for a ten days' journey. Anna and Paula, two of the children whose conduct during the whole year had been excellent, came with us; this was to be their reward. Likewise Father Tosi took with him five of the best boys. So at the hour fixed we were all ready, and were conducted to the river-side with great pomp and ceremony. Sister Superior, the other sisters, and all the children made up the procession. Soon the boat was on the way to Nulato. We were not on the *St. Michael*, but on a barge towed after it; so we had a little house all to ourselves. After a pleasant journey of four days we arrived at Nulato on Friday, at four in the morning. Father Robaut, who was on board the *St. Michael*, conducted us to the priests' house, where we found Father Rogaru all alone. Soon we went to the little chapel, where we had the happiness of hearing three Masses and of receiving Holy Communion. The chapel was full of Indians, who, like our children, chant the Rosary in their own language. We were very much edified. After breakfast we spent the greater part of the day in visiting the parents of our children in their camps. These Indians are much smarter than those of Kossariffsky. They keep themselves cleaner, and have a little bit of civilization. After supper we retired to our barge for the night. Next morning we again had the happiness of hearing three Masses.

THE RETURN VOYAGE.

At nine o'clock we left Nulato, very much pleased with our visit. We should have liked to have seen the place where Archbishop Seghers was murdered, but it is more than thirty-four miles from here. Father Rogaru, who has been waiting for the sisters for the last two years, wanted to keep us to teach class.

Indeed last spring, when Father Tosi visited the mission, he had to speak very sharply to these Indians, for they were a hard lot. He told them if they would not pay more attention to the fathers he would not send them any sisters. Since then there has been much improvement. The good is being done but slowly—they are so attached to their superstitions. Still they are much more tractable than the Indians of our mission.

"Sunday morning we had Mass on board. Father Judge had sent for the Indians, for all around Nulato belong to Father Robaut's mission. The boat was full, and we sang while the children said the Rosary in Indian. We also received Holy Communion. From this village we got a boy and a girl.

"Wherever there were any houses we made a stop in order to buy dried fish for the year. Tuesday we had Mass, again on the boat, and the same day we arrived at Kossariffsky, where we found the new sisters already perfectly at home."

Of course there is no disputing about tastes. Doubtless the sisters found the Rosary in Indian very edifying. I wonder if our readers would think so. This is how the Lord's Prayer reads in the Tanana or Shagaluk language. The vowels are pronounced as in Italian except *a* followed by *h*, which has no parallel outside of the Semitic tongues. *G* is a guttural, and *y* is always a consonant. An interlinear translation shows the difficulty of expressing the original ideas of the prayer in this dialect:

Tenagoto nen yoyit teinta nuusah kadeguta t'tlektsen
Our-Father thou heaven art thy-name be-loved all

t'natsaia': nen gonontla ketoyonah inlan: nogoyo
our-hearts thou above-all chief art. Thy-will

konenkoka yoyit goka t'tan: makadezeitaye tenatlonelaish
on-earth heaven as in what-we-wish us-give

tsogoyian: tsogutlakazen tenarokatlganetlniah; tsogutlakazen
always sin us-forgive sin

t'natse tagatanna gaborokatlgaztltniah tsogoku: tenatseinyi
we-and done forgive the same us-help

tsogutlakazen tsotoltlekelat'gogon: tsogutlakazen gokogtsen
sin not-to-commit evil from

tenalilo Amen.
us-deliver.

THE SCHOOL ACCOMMODATIONS.

On the first of September the school year opened. There were seventy-six pupils present. The house is anything but commodious, and the following notice shows how they are compelled to economize space:

"During the summer we did our washing in a shed, but now that the cold has begun it must be done within doors, in the children's refectory. Sure enough this is a place to acquire patience in a short time—seventy-six children, and such little ones! Half of them have to take their meals standing."

And we read that after Christmas the domitories are found too small. There are no spare rooms, and additions to their establishment cannot be thought of. Accordingly they build bunks one above the other, and the children sleep like sailors on board ship. The boys, being more agile, have three rows; but the girls have only two.

When we remember that these children under the sisters' care are savages of the first generation, we are surprised that the Journal hardly ever makes mention of the difficulties encountered in bringing them under the rule of civilized habits. Still there must be difficulties and great difficulties, but the sisters are evidently confirmed optimists and will look only at the bright side of things:

"The whole month of December was passed well both in spirituals and temporals. We are preparing for Christmas. Every moment of Sister Superior's time is devoted to the children. They are so good and strive so hard to gain the esteem of Santa Claus. They are encouraging, these children—for savages. It is true that compared with white children there is much to be desired, but then we cannot expect from them what we would from whites. Those who have made their First Communion receive every two weeks, and also on the feasts of our Blessed Mother. All who have been baptized go to confession every month. It is consoling to see them. True they apparently retain much of the old Adam, but the good is being done, and we have many reasons for being thankful to Almighty God. We also remark that the newcomers now fall more readily into civilized ways. The example of the old pupils gives them great

courage, and puts them more easily in touch with civilization. This lessens our trouble very much."

To teach these children the mechanical ways of civilization is not the hardest task. They are utterly unacquainted with those supersensuous ideas which lie at the base of Christianity.

"Sister Superior was trying to put into their heads that they had a soul, and that this soul was created for heaven, and the first question which they asked her was: 'Will we have good things to eat up there?'"

Still, perhaps this is not so surprising. I once knew a white boy whose idea of heaven was the unlimited consumption of jam-tarts.

A continual source of annoyance to the teachers arises from the actions of the parents. Here are a few incidents which form a valuable commentary on the doctrine of parents' rights and children's wrongs:

OPPOSITION FROM PARENTS.

"Yesterday (April 2) two women, accompanied by two large boys, came from one of the villages near Nulato. One of the women was starving, and she wanted to take away her daughters. The eldest she was especially anxious to get in order to marry her off. The husband was already secured, and after the marriage the mother would have plenty to eat. The child was only thirteen years old.

"The woman told Sister Superior that she would have a fight with her to get her daughter and would not go away without her. But in vain. She scolded, wept, entreated, but neither the prospective bride nor the three others would consent to leave at any price. All Monday morning was a regular battle. Before the Indians of our village, and in the presence of Father Judge and Sister Superior, they declared that they would not leave. Sister Superior told them plainly they were perfectly free to do as they wished. The old woman was exceedingly angry, but could do nothing.

"The other woman came for her only daughter. Last summer when we were coming down from Nulato she was glad to let the daughter come with us, for she had another one who was sick, and she told me that the reason she let this one come was that she feared both of them might be sick on her hands;

and besides, she was afraid of the miners carrying her off. Now at her arrival the woman would not even shake hands, for she said that I had enticed the spirit of her child into the woods and that was why she had died during the winter. At first the daughter did not want to go, but the mother threatened: 'If



"THE OLD WOMAN WAS EXCEEDINGLY ANGRY, BUT COULD DO NOTHING."

you do not come I will kill myself.' And in fact she came round next morning armed with a big knife. The child knew her mother's disposition and decided to leave. Still it was much against her will, and, weeping bitterly, she told us that she would return as soon as ever she could."

"On Ascension day we witnessed a sad sight. You remember I have spoken in the course of this Journal of the Indians who came to take away their children. Well, to-day they came again. During dinner a good number of Indians entered our house. They remained quiet, but were evidently on the watch. When leaving the dining-room two of the girls were recognized and seized—a boy also; but he got off and hid where no one could find him. Two other girls were not recognized, and they retreated to the cellar. The poor victims did not want to leave at any cost. They begged and cried, but it was of no avail—they could not escape. Father Tosi and Sister Superior tried in vain to have their parents let them stay. The only effect of their words was to provoke all kinds of insulting terms. At last the girls' father, raging like a madman, took them and dragged them through the brush over the fence to the bank of the river and threw them into the canoe; I am afraid the poor things must have had some bones broken. Here they made one last effort to escape, but their parents tied them hands and feet to the boat, and then rowed rapidly away."

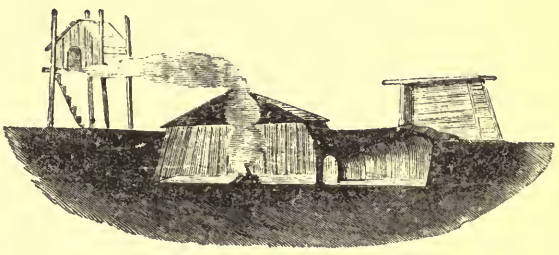
OPPOSITION FROM OTHER SOURCES.

Besides opposition from the parents, there is opposition from those whose interest it is to hamper the works of the mission. The state of affairs described in the Naulahka, where Kate contemplates the departure of all her patients, is not characteristic of Rhatore alone. Indeed one of the great difficulties in dealing with the savages all the way from Oregon to Alaska is that at certain times they are liable to stampede the school. Especially if a child dies—no matter from what cause—the parents will often sweep down in a body and the teachers are left to keep school alone. On March 9 Andrew died. Andrew was the Santa Claus of '89, as our readers will remember. He was the first child baptized by Archbishop Seghers in Alaska, and for a long time had been suffering from consumption.

"*March 9.*—Our poor Andrew has left the earth. He died very quietly at 4 P.M., after an agony of twenty hours. Surrounded by the care of the good Jesuit Fathers, he was well prepared. Monsignor Seghers has gained the first-fruits of Alaska, for Andrew was the first he baptized. His burial takes place to-morrow and the children go to Communion for the repose of his soul."

"*March 30.*—Andrew's death has given rise to many reports among the Indians far and near. A white man who has a child here came from Kuskokwim to make sure of the true state of affairs, for he had heard that the children were dying of hunger and cold. On his arrival he was astonished to see how things really were, and was delighted to mark the improvement in his daughter. He had brought with him two other children, intending to leave them with us if he found everything to his satisfaction; but unfortunately he had stayed at the Russian mission, and the priest had hidden them and would not give them up. As this priest has great influence with the Indians, the father did not insist on his rights."

This Russian priest is a full-blooded Indian, and perhaps this explains his mode of action. But not from such treatment do the most serious difficulties of the sisters spring. Everywhere throughout the world arises the cry that the multiplicity of sectarian preachers is making Christianity a byword among the heathen. "We would believe your religion if there were not so many of them" is the natural retort, and Alaska is no exception to the rule. For years a large number of sects have conducted their operations along the coast. They are well supplied with money by the phenomenal generosity of the members of their churches in the States, and their schools want for nothing. Naturally outward show has a great influence on barbarians. There is no school in San Francisco that has better furniture than the school in Unalashka, where the children even can wear silk dresses; but in Kossariffsky the washing is done in the refectory, and the children sleep three in a row.



THEY LIVE UNDERGROUND.

CATHOLICS WOULD SUPPORT THE MISSIONS IF URGED.

It may seem out of place in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, which has always proved itself such a good friend of the missions, to complain. But what can we do? Here in the United States we are over ten millions of people. We are

larger, wealthier than any other denomination. We give the noblest of our daughters to the service of the poor and the outcast. We send them into the waste places of the earth to toil in hunger and cold and nakedness for the souls of their brethren, and then we stand by with folded arms and do nothing. And yet we know we have the truth. If we are convinced of anything we are sure of this: that only by Catholic faith and Catholic discipline can these poor races be saved. We feel we are bound to save them, and yet we do nothing. And the while our separated brethren are sending millions to the cause. We must not think that this money is got by merely voting it. It is collected by enthusiasm and hard work. Neither have they a large constituency to draw on. Their people have proportionately more calls on them than ours have. Their congregations are small in comparison to the multitudes who from early dawn till late at night wear the thresholds of our churches. And yet these people send millions to the foreign missions. Why do not ours the same? Simply because they are not educated up to it. A man might attend many of our churches from New Year to Christmas and never know there was such a thing as a foreign mission. Of course, the reason is we have been absorbed in building up our home missions.

No wonder our people do not give. There are no more generous souls in the world if an object of generosity is brought before them, and generosity to those who are abroad never hurts generosity at home. The man that will give to spread the knowledge of Christ in foreign lands will never be stingy when parish work is concerned; and it is our earnest conviction that if one week in the year were devoted in every church and in every mission to explaining, instructing, and exhorting our congregations on the work of the soldiers of God in pagan countries, and the glories which the church has won in the mission field, there would be a revival of faith and practice which no mere preaching could produce, and an outpouring of the Holy Ghost that would bring back the time when every Christian was a missioner, and every day saw the departure of new workers to spread the name of Christ. "And the multitude of men and women who believed in the Lord was more increased."

But to return to the Journal. Some one has defined English conversation as a series of meteorological questions and answers. In Alaska the weather is always a serious subject.

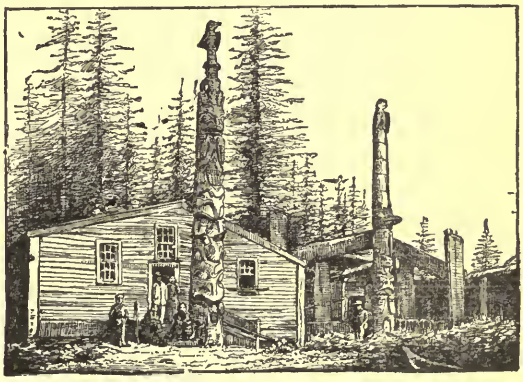
THE COLD OF AN ALASKAN WINTER.

"Up to this I have not had occasion to speak of the weather. Before Christmas the cold was intense. The thermometer ranged from twenty-five to fifty degrees below zero. In January the weather was mild, but during the last few days of the month and at the beginning of February the cold was so great that, even clothed in our furs and with a large fire burning, we were almost frozen. The thermometer was forty-five degrees below zero and there was a strong wind blowing. Sister M. Pauline wore her *parky* all day even when cooking, and professed herself moderately warm."

The *parky* is a garment of the common gender made of furs. It covers the body from head to foot, obliterating all distinction of sex and beauty of outline. Still, with the mercury below forty-five degrees one prefers comfort to æsthetics.

THIS IS HOW THEY SPENT CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas and all its charms. The evening before all the children went to confession, and at midnight Mass, which we had in the parish chapel, the Infant Jesus was born again in many hearts. This was the first time we had a High Mass—that is, with three priests. Father Judge, who has quite a taste for ornamentation, succeeded in making a beautiful crib. The grotto, the Infant, and all the persons at Bethlehem were wonderful. From a distance they looked like statues, but they were simply made of cardboard. What made the illusion perfect was the disposition of the lamps. They were so covered with moss as to cast their light only on the one side.



TOTEM POLES.

"After Benediction we had a visit from Santa Claus. He arrived on a sled, with two trunks filled with presents. The boys sang a welcome, and all the children received something

according to their merit. This time Sister Superior had something to draw on, for we had received several things from some good ladies in San Francisco—Miss M—— in particular—and also from the good Sisters of Mercy. Mother Russell wrote us a very touching letter last year. She told us that many of their children came to them after the Christmas-tree was stripped with their pretty playthings for the little savages of Alaska. You should see the joy of the children; Santa Claus forgot no one. Sister Superior received a carpet for her room, made by the children under the direction of Sister Prudence."

The good example set by Mother Russell is worthy of imitation. Out of their poverty the sisters cannot afford to give many presents. A rag carpet for a bed-room is not exactly a luxury in a climate where the thermometer has the habit of falling to fifty below zero; especially, too, when we remember that Sister Superior is racked with rheumatism, and the greater part of the winter had to bring her class of children into her room and teach them in bed. American children have a surplusage of toys, and it would be an education in generosity and self-sacrifice if mothers took the opportunity of telling their little ones of the children who dwell by the Yukon, hemmed in by snow and ice, and leave it to their naturally generous hearts to put by something that next Christmas may bring joy and pleasure to some one in that desolate land.

In January nearly all the fathers and sisters got sick. Father Tosi especially was at death's door; and, as I mentioned above, Sister Superior was compelled to turn her bed into a teacher's desk. The children were well, but the Journal notes that continual care is necessary to combat the scrofula which taints their blood.

On Palm Sunday the Stations of the Cross were erected in the parish church. The Journal adds this significant comment: "It does one's heart good to see them again after four years. When shall we have them in our own little chapel?" It is for your kind readers to answer this question.

And now I must draw these extracts to a close. There are a hundred other things worth copying, but time is short and space is limited. What is set forth above I have chosen in order that our Catholic people may form some faint ideas of the work done and of the work to be done. After all, Kossar-

iffsky is only one mission in the vast territory of Alaska, and even in Kossariffsky the means are so limited that the work is hampered. The sisters do not want sentimental sympathy. They appear to be the happiest, jolliest, brightest crowd imaginable; but they do want help. Prayer and almsgiving are the weapons by which their fight must be fought, their life-work accomplished. I am sure that in neither will our people disappoint their hopes.

PETER C. YORKE.

San Francisco.

The generous offerings and the substantial contributions made during the past two years, through THE CATHOLIC WORLD, have been forwarded to the Alaskan missionaries by Father Yorke. In reply acknowledging the same the sisters have sent the following letter:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 30, 1892.

"*To Rev. W. D. Hughes, Manager Catholic World.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: The donations for the Alaska missions which you entrusted to the kind keeping of Rev. Father Yorke, of San Francisco, were duly received. We gratefully acknowledge the same, as well as the generous gift of Mr. Joseph A. Donnely, of No. 30 South Indiana Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey. You asked Father Yorke in your letter of September 4, 1891, for definite information as to the manner in which donations may be received. In reply we are happy to inform you that Rev. Father Yorke is willing to continue his charitable office of receiving the donations of our friends and well-wishers. And we leave to you, kind Father, that of extending to them, through your excellent periodical, the heartfelt gratitude and the assurance of a participation in the prayers and sacrifices of

"THE ALASKAN MISSIONARIES,
"SISTERS OF ST. ANN."

TO OUR FRIENDS: If God has blessed you with some of the goods of this world, do not in your generosity forget these good sisters who have forsaken all that women hold dear, have exiled themselves from home and civilization, have voluntarily endured the rigors of Alaskan winters to save the souls of the savage. Any offering sent to us we shall be pleased to forward as before.

"CATHOLIC WORLD."



MY NIGHT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

IT is a strange story; but I give my word of honor that it is true in every detail, although I cannot decide where to draw the line between the natural and the marvellous contained in it.

C—— and I left Freyburg, in Brisgau, early on the morning of the 6th of September, 1804, for a ride through the Black Forest. We had good horses and hoped to reach St. Blasien before nightfall, and Waldshut on the following day at noon. The air was fresh and the roads passable. The scenery, dull at first, became interesting when we entered the valleys of that wild, dark region. We rode all day and did not encounter a soul upon the way. Towards evening thin clouds of mist began to float across the heavens, leaving only occasional patches of sky, where we caught a glimpse of the early risen moon. A drop or two of rain now and then warned us of the chances of a wetting later on; so we spurred our animals forward to avoid it. It grew dark earlier than we anticipated, and we were also grumbling at the barbarous length of German miles, when we came to a spot where our road divided. It branched out like a letter V, and both ways were evidently good and equally traversed. Which led to St. Blasien? Such a contingency had not occurred to us, and we were nonplussed what to do. Time pressed, however, night was fast coming on, and if we would avoid passing it in the open air we must decide quickly; so we resolved to separate and ride on for an hour more. Whichever one of us failed to reach a habitation at the end of that time was to turn back and follow the other over the road he had left. So we parted; C—— taking one way and I the other.

I did not much fancy being alone in the dark among the time-honored hobgoblins and sprites of that strange land; but I was well armed, and had more reason to anticipate an encounter with human flesh and blood than with beings of another world, so I plucked up courage and put my horse to the gallop.

For nearly an hour I got along very well, but by that time the darkness had increased very considerably, and I was compelled to slacken my pace and amble on at a more cautious gait. Not a being, not a dwelling, was in sight all that time. Finally, as I hesitated in my resolve to turn back and try to overtake

my companion, a feeble light twinkled in the distance, fully a mile down the road, straight before me, and with it my hope revived. A house at last, perhaps a village, ah! *I* was the lucky one; St. Blasien would soon give me a shelter and, what was more to the purpose, a good substantial supper, for I was simply famished; I could have eaten out a whole market-place without unbuttoning my vest.

In another fifteen minutes I was at the door of a small house. I rapped, but got no reply. I rapped again louder, and a gruff voice from within said, in very gruff German, "Who are you and what do you want?" I could never fully master the language of our Teutonic brothers, but I managed to make it clear to the invisible being within that I was tired and hungry, and wanted shelter. The door slowly opened and there stood before me a tall, gaunt, masculine-looking female, with very yellow skin and very small gray eyes, who gazed searchingly at me with anything but a hospitable look; there seemed even something of malevolence in her nasty little eyes. I cannot forget those eyes: they almost seem to be looking at me now out of the dim past, as I speak of them, after a lapse of fifty years, and still have the same penetrating, forbidding, treacherous look.

However (*peace* to the old hag's intentions!) she let me in, and had the good breeding to offer me a wooden stool, close to a great open fireplace, where huge logs were blazing away in delicious contrast with the chilly gloom and drizzle of the outside air.

In a few minutes there was spread before me, on a plain deal table, the food I so anxiously awaited. A loaf of dark, coarse bread; a slice of perforated cheese, resembling a honeycomb, which was far more inviting to the eyes than to the nostrils; a great blue bowl filled with fresh milk, and an odd-shaped earthen mug, with a pewter lion's head for a cover, from which oozed a thick, white foam—the silent but eloquent witness to the nectar-like beer that lay hidden within. It was a royal supper for a hungry wayfarer, and my heart began to soften towards the old woman despite the unfavorable greeting she had given me at first.

When I had satisfied my stomach—and I did strict justice to the demands it made—my next thoughts and inquiries were, "How and where am I to sleep?" "I have only an attic room to offer you," she said, "for I am not used to entertaining travellers." "Give me what you have," I replied; "a tired man is content with almost any place to lie down."

My hostess lighted a tallow candle and led the way up a

rough, barn-like, half-ladder stairway to a chamber under the roof, and placing the tin candlestick on a small table in the centre of the room, she immediately turned, bade me good-night and "May you sleep well" in the usual form, and left me to myself. After she had closed the door I heard her descend the stairs, and fancied also that a sound, like the drawing of a bolt, followed the shutting of a kind of trap-door, which stood open on the landing when we came up. "Well," said I to myself, "she means to make sure that I shall make no unbecoming intrusions on her maidenly privacy." The thought made me smile as I took out my pouch and pipe, preparatory to a quiet smoke before retiring.

While I sat there puffing the white fumes into the rafters of the attic a strange feeling of loneliness came over me. I was half vexed at the misadventure which obliged me to separate from my companion, but could not account for the dreariness that his absence produced. Then again, in the midst of my musing and as I looked around the room—where I was to pass the night away from my friend, for the first time since we left home—there came over me another feeling, one of unaccountable familiarity with all that I saw about me. I had never been in that country before, and certainly never in that room, yet I seemed to know every bit of the furniture there as well as I did the fittings of my own study at home. What could it mean? The more I thought of it the more confident I became that I was not in a strange place, that I had seen it all before, and that there was something connected with it which had an important bearing on my welfare. In vain I puzzled and puzzled my brain to account for the notion.

All at once, as though a veil were lifted from my eyes, the whole matter flashed upon me: "Yes, I remember now, that *dream* of mine last winter. Here it is! Let me see—what was that dream about?" I could not recall the circumstances of it; there was a certain indefinite remembrance of danger and fear, but nothing would come back to me except the vivid familiarity with the appearance of the room and its furniture. So I set to work very calmly and deliberately to see how far my present position resembled that of my dream. For the time being curiosity drove away all my previous misgivings, and I began to dive into the past, into the dreamland I had visited a year agone. "Yes, *there* was a window, an attic window, rising from the floor half way up into the roof. *There* stood the bed —a large, cumbersome article, like a stage-coach—with head and

foot-boards high enough for the walls of a small house; even the same great coverlet of feathers, puffed up like a balloon, which we should lie *upon* in any other country, but in Germany it lies upon *us*—yes, that is the very same. *There* is the old oak chest of drawers, with its broken looking-glass, that odd, triangular bit of mirror, frameless and leaning back against the slanting roof, with its sharp point holding it in position. How natural that glass looks! It was in the very same place when I saw it in my dream. And *there*, too, is the little three-legged table with its yellow wash-bowl and jug. O mercy! and there is that hideous colored print in its black frame, with its glaring young lady, whose *very* blue eyes, *very* red lips, *very* pink cheeks, and *very* yellow hair are in strong contrast with her *very* blue dress and green scarf; a veritable rainbow of artistic horror. I remember the face *well*, though nothing more expressionless ever dared pass for a *jungfrau*.

"And that high-backed chair!—yes, the very same, with its double-headed eagle, carrying the golden fleece, carved upon its panel. I cannot forget it, because the head of one of the eagles had lost its crown, and the crooked, rusty nail that stands in the place of it nearly tore my best coat, in my dream.

"But that wardrobe, that queer old Gothic clothes-press! I cannot recall that; was that in my dream too? No; let me see—was it? No—no; there was a *door* on that side of the room; yes, there ought to be a *door* where that wardrobe stands." Here my musings ceased and feelings of regret, mingled with a shade of superstitious fear, crept over me. "Why do not *all* these things tally with my dream? Is there anything in this intended as a warning? Am I in danger?" Instinctively I put away my pipe and took out my pistol. I looked to the priming and the lock, and assured myself that it was ready for use in case of need. I laid it on the table before me and sat watching it, with a queer sensation, which must have been near akin to cowardice, slowly creeping up my back. I was unnerved. How I did *wish* that C—— was only with me!

Presently it occurred to me that a door might perhaps be concealed behind that unfamiliar wardrobe. It was not a very brilliant idea; any man in his sober senses ought to have thought of it at once. I did not wait to reconsider my tardy thought, but rose to my feet and essayed to move this wardrobe. Inch by inch I pulled it forward, in dread every moment that some creak or grating noise would attract the attention of my grim hostess below stairs.

As fortune would have it, the floor was smooth and it moved easily. When it was about eighteen inches from the wall I looked behind it. *There was the door*, just as I had seen it in my dream. Now everything coincided: the room was complete. I was just about to push back the wardrobe when—well, I stopped; I didn't push it back, but I said to myself, "What a fool not to see what that door leads to: it cannot go out of the house, so must be a closet; why not examine it?" I took the candle and peeped into the dark recess. It was filled with clothing of all kinds; some quite costly coats and waistcoats and a few cloaks, with several sword-belts and a number of rusty swords also, hanging on the nails within. I drew one of the coats forward to the light, that I might examine the gold embroidery on it, when I noticed large blood-stains just under a deep rent in the left side. The candle almost fell from my hand. Here was a tell-tale coat indeed! I lifted up and turned about also the other garments in the closet: all had red marks; some large, some all spattered with little spots of blood, dried on like mud. One coat and waistcoat were still damp with the crimson stains, and, to my horror, some of the blood remained on my hand when I pushed them back in their place again. Blood! Why, there was only one conclusion possible: I was in a den of some kind; I was in danger, and my dream was the warning; knowing that room was to put me on my guard. I closed the closet door, put the wardrobe very silently and softly in its former position, and then sat down to calm myself and think what to do. "Escape?" Where could I go in the middle of the night? If I aroused the old hag below, she might give an alarm which would lead to my certain destruction. If I jumped from the window and took to my horse (which impatiently stamped the ground and pulled on his fastening, as I thought of him, poor beast!) I might only ride into the very face of the danger I wished to avoid. I resolved to remain and make the best of my chances. I would lie down and pretend to sleep; I would do some admirable amateur snoring, so that the old woman should not know that I had any suspicions, but like a cat I would have one eye open and both hands shut—on my pistols. Thereupon I again looked to my pistol, and also gave its mate a thorough overhauling. Then I turned down the great feather coverlet, and, blowing out the light, I crawled into or onto the bed, just as I was, with all my clothes on; I pulled the cover over me, close up to my chin, and with a pistol in each hand I lay awaiting events.

For more than an hour I remained in that condition, growing gradually more composed and calm; but it is useless to add that I felt no inclination to sleep.

It was probably close upon midnight when I thought I could distinguish the sound of distant riders. Horses seemed to be approaching—a number of them—from the direction opposite to that by which I had come. Presently my own horse, fastened below, gave a loud neigh; and then I was sure of my first impression. It was no fancy; it was a fact—not a pleasant one altogether, but a fact. It *might* mean that my companion was returning to search for me, with an escort of royal dragoons, to snatch me from my bed of terror, or it might also be that they whom I now heard would hang my clothes with the others in that hidden closet. Just then I heard the door of the house open softly, and a "H-u-s-h!" went out into the night air. The cavalcade drew nearer, but evidently at a walk, and with an effort to make no noise. The riders then dismounted and entered the house. There seemed to be at least a dozen of them. Soon the sound of voices talking low and in whispers came up to me through the thin floor. A cold sweat came out all over me, notwithstanding my almost furnace-like covering of clothes and feather-bed.

Surely I had fallen into evil hands, and God only knew what would become of me. Fortunately my agony was not to last long; the conference down-stairs was to be followed by a tour of inspection up-stairs. The horrid old woman was on the ladder; I knew she was coming, though I could scarcely see my hands if I held them before me, and only a faint outline on the other side of the room showed where the window was.

I listened with all my ears; I held my breath to catch every sound. Nearer and nearer, but very softly, came the footsteps. Then a little gleam of light struck the floor from under the doorway, and I knew the candle was coming up the trap-door; creeping through the crack and slowly moving across the room went the light, then it was dark again. I heard the latch give a little click, and then I resolutely shut my eyes; I *felt* the rest. The door opened; the woman entered, shading with one hand the candle which she carried in the other; she came forward and peered into my face. I could feel her hard gray eyes almost cutting me in two. A little low grunt of satisfaction, as though she would say, "He sleeps like an innocent babe," and she had turned to go down again. I opened my eyes; her back was towards me and her hand on the door-latch. Now

was my moment; now for my deliverance! With one bound I reached the floor and laid the woman prostrate with a blow from the butt of my pistol. I bolted the door to delay the men below from entering the room; for the fall of the woman's body had already caused a commotion and the ladder was being mounted. Then I leaped from the window—it was not over ten feet to the soft turf below—mounted the first horse I found, and, driving my heels into his sides, galloped for my life. It made no difference to me where I went, so long as I put distance between myself and that ill-omened house. How long I rode I do not know; but it was just in the gray of the morning when my horse, covered with foam and dripping with sweat, stood still before the inn of a small village, which proved to be St. Blasien. I was safe.

My arrival aroused the village; C—— rushed into my arms as I entered the inn; the burgomaster was soon called, and a troop of mounted and armed villagers was dispatched at once to the house which I described. It turned out to be the rendezvous of a band of robbers, long sought and never caught.

That very house had often been visited by the upholders of the law, but the most minute search failed to discover any one except "the gray-eyed monster who would have sucked my blood." No one dreamed of moving the wardrobe until *I* did it. That the robbers were all taken and given over to their merited punishment; that C—— and I were once more united, and that I got safely home to the bosom of my family, will always, in my opinion, be due to the merciful Providence which let me see that room in a dream.

The above tale was related to me nearly forty years ago by a dear old gentleman who had travelled much in Europe, and whose fund of anecdote was the delight of my boyhood.

It is told in sorry style now, compared with the elegant manner of the charming old friend who gave me the details; and though I have retained the main features of the story, yet must I crave the indulgence of those who read it for having put it in a dress so ill-suited to the one from whom I obtained it.

T. A. Metcalf.



THE GLARING RED IS TONED TO SOFTEST UMBER.



St. Francis de Sales, Founder of the Visitation.

THE VISITANDINES AT MOUNT DE CHANTAL.

A MARKED characteristic of the human mind is the facility with which it is impressed with certain ideas by the mere process of repetition. What is repeated frequently and authoritatively, however repugnant to feeling and inclination, finally assumes the aspect of truth, and is often so accepted without further investigation.

Of this character are the slanders against the church of the middle ages. Thrown out in the beginning by those who had rebelled against the stringency of her rule, they are, even at this date, meekly accepted by her votaries, or repelled with but half-hearted zeal, because these accusations have been repeated so often, and thundered forth so vociferously, that we are deafened by the clamor and more than half convinced by the persistence.



The Chaplain's House near the Front Entrance.

Human nature ordinarily cannot be divested of its passions and follies, and while the church retains this human element there will be among her children sad instances of treachery and rebellion. Naturally, those who have deserted from her ranks



RT. REV. R. V. WHELAN, D.D., FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL.

are her most bitter enemies, and seek by traducing her to find excuse for their dereliction. Prominent among these were the leaders of the so-called Reformation.

The burden of their accusation was that the church was sunk in superstition and idolatry, that she was opposed to progress,

and that she pandered to ignorance and vice. They and sometimes their successors, in the face of refutation, repeat these allegations, proclaiming them from the rostrum and the pulpit, till they have fully convinced themselves, and in great part their hearers, "that they speak whereof they know," when in fact the wisdom and authority of the church formed the only bulwark during all those ages against the barbarism of the North, the crafty sophistries of the East, the obscenity of the "unspeakable Turk," and the arrogance of imperial Rome. She held them at bay in their onsets made singly, and she alone, by the strong arm of authority, controlled the heterogeneous peoples born of their combinations.

The ways of God, however mysterious to man, work always to his own ends, and the machinations of the wicked serve but to manifest his power; thus the ages of persecution are marked by a greater affluence of grace upon the church, and heroes of the spiritual life rise up to defend her. The storm of wrath and rebellion that swept over Europe in the sixteenth century brought in its train the most powerful reaction of grace that has ever come to the church, and at a time when the world resounded with declarations of her irremediable corruption, with prophecies of her imminent destruction, were raised up those marvels of zeal, piety, and learning, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Vincent de Paul, and St. Francis de Sales.



Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart.

These three were in themselves brilliant exemplars of the very characteristics of the church which heresy had chosen to deride or to deny: abnegation, charity, and profound erudition.



In Music Mt. de Chantal deserves to rank as a Conservatory of high standing.

They also were founders of religious orders whose members were to spend their lives for the poor, to instruct the ignorant, and to reclaim for the church, from the horrors of paganism,

more children than the Reformation had swept from her arms. These are the orders which to-day stand as monuments to her purity, sanctity, and truth. The members of the Society of Jesus are her bravest soldiers, who live but to defend her; the



Bishop Kain.

world with one accord gives testimony to the self-sacrifice, devotion, and sublime courage of the Sisters of Charity; while the Sisters of the Visitation are no less renowned as the guides and instructors of youth. The one order ministers to the ills of the

body, while the other trains to virtue and develops into wisdom and grace the minds of those who will ultimately mould the characters of men.

Of all the religious orders existing at the beginning of the seventeenth century there was none whose spirit and rule perfectly responded to the exigencies of the church, and at the same time offered a régime suited to those calm and gentle souls who have no attraction for the austerities of asceticism, or whose strength would not justify its practice. To supply this deficiency was the design of St. Francis de Sales in the establishment of the Order of the Visitation. His connection with it was twofold: he originated the idea of such an institute, and he moulded and directed another mind to carry out the plans which he had conceived.



LILIAN TAYLOR, THE POETESS OF THE SCHOOL.

St. Francis de Sales was the son of a noble house, born at Annecy, near Geneva, in 1567. His early studies were prosecuted at the Jesuit College of the Paris University, and he afterwards took his degree of LL.D. at Padua. As was remarked by Henri IV., at whose court he was filling a diplomatic mission, "the Bishop of Geneva unites in the highest degree illustrious birth, rare learning, and eminent piety"; he was also distinguished by a dignity, gentleness, and suavity of manner that won all hearts. He was appointed in 1599 coadjutor, *cum jure*, to the Bishop of Geneva, and consecrated soon after.

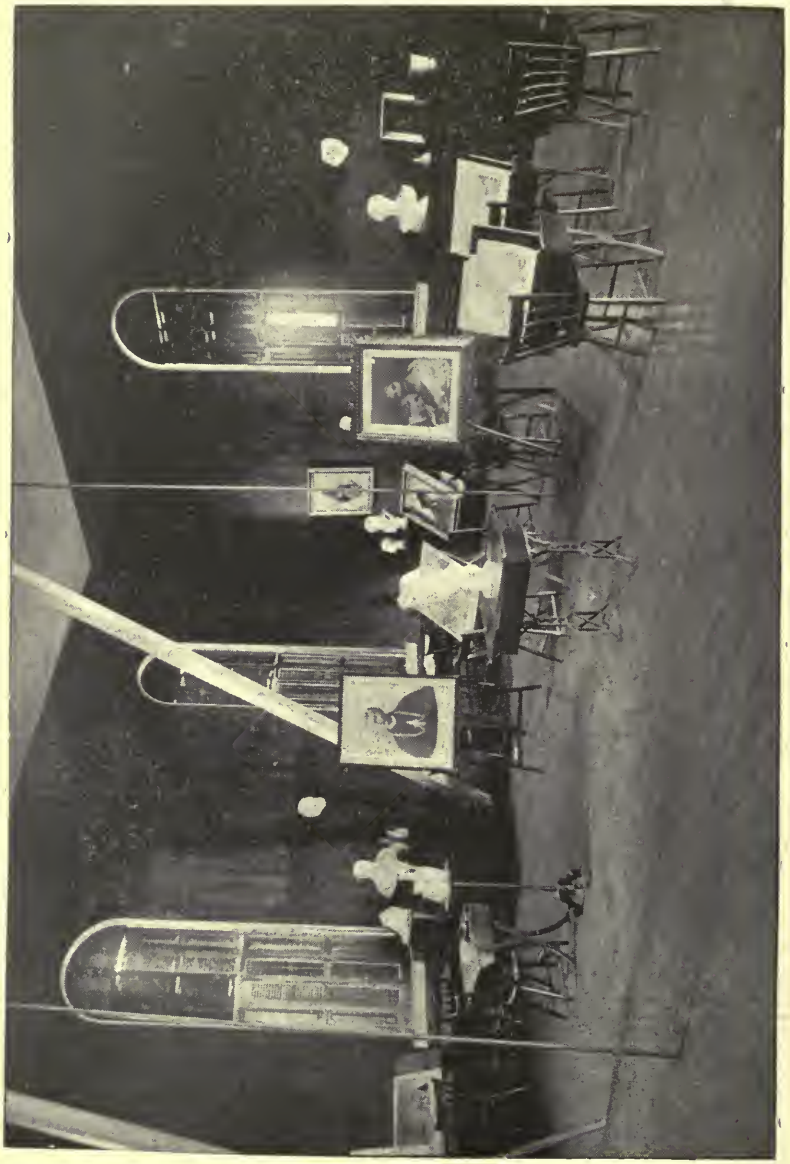
In 1603 the bishop, on a visit to Dijon, met Madame de Chantal, a woman whose clearness of intellect, strength of will, and greatness of soul marked her as the fitting instrument of great designs.

It was hardly to be supposed that a woman of such strength



TO THE RIGHT IS THE NUNS' CHOIR.

and resolution would have been the founder of an order whose characteristics are pre-eminently mildness and gentleness, nor was such her original intention. Her first attraction was to Carmel



THE STUDIO OCCUPIES THE STORY OVER THE CHAPEL.

—she loved the perfect seclusion, the austere rule, and the perpetual contemplation; but such was not the life to which she was called.

Brought in contact with a mind the true complement of her own, her force and energy were controlled by the sweetness and mildness of the most amiable of men. Together they instituted the new order, and together they drew around them hosts of devout souls, amiable yet strong, magnanimous yet humble, simple and serene: scarcely bound to earth, yet already of heaven in the ardor of their aspirations. They had formed a new type of religious life hitherto unknown—calm, simple, frugal; a life like a placid stream—



BARONESS VON OVERBECK, NÉE ROMAINE VINTON GODDARD.

"Deep yet clear, gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full,"

and withal uniting poverty with exquisite neatness.



LOUISE GUBERT, AFTERWARDS SISTER MARY AGNES.

The first house of the order was established at Annecy in 1609; but it was not until 1618 that it was erected into a monastery, with strict enclosure and solemn vows. Within a hundred years there were as many houses of the Visitation in France, and, keeping pace with this wonderful expansion, there was the diffusion abroad, as of a delicious perfume, of the most holy and

benign influences; thus proving how opportune had been the appearance of the order, and attesting its marvellous adaptation to the requirements of the age.

The oldest cloisters in the United States are at Georgetown, D. C., where is the actual mother house, in the sense that it is the oldest institution of the order in the country, and that from this prolific root have sprung the numerous branches which now exist.

The earliest foundation was at Baltimore, and from it was in turn established the subject of this article—Mount de Chantal, near Wheeling, West Virginia.

This monastery was established by the Right Rev. R. V. Whelan, then Bishop of Richmond. In those days all the country comprising Western Virginia and Pennsylvania was sparsely settled, and Catholics were "few and far between." The tide of immigration seemed to circle around instead of coming into it. The first lines of colonists followed the path of the Jesuit missionaries along the river and great lakes, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the upper springs of the Mississippi, and down that river. Some settlements were made along the Ohio, and Wheeling was for a time a trading-post. She even boasted of a fort, whose site in the centre of the city was still to be recognized a few years since, and around whose memory lingered many tales of thrilling incident and blood-curdling adventure. Since those early days Wheeling had grown to be quite a city; and along the banks of the river other cities had sprung up, dotting the shore from Pittsburgh to Cairo; but from Cumberland to the Ohio the impenetrable forests of the Alleghanies, and the steeps and valleys of the Cheat River, slumbered in almost unbroken solitude.



MADAME BIGOT, NÉE MARY HEALY.

Bishop Whelan found his diocese an aggregation of magnificent distances; and after spending a few years in the East, he removed his residence to its western limit, and finally the State was divided.

The pioneer bishops of this country usually find it necessary to devote their energies, in great part, to erecting churches and schools; and this see was not an exception. As soon as

possible after his removal, Bishop Whelan applied for and obtained from Baltimore a foundation of Visitation nuns, who were



A FINE LIBRARY WELL FILLED WITH CHOICE VOLUMES.

at first domiciled in the city, but after some years removed to their present location, about two miles distant.

Twenty-eight years ago the house and grounds presented a very different aspect from the Mount de Chantal of to-day.

Perched high above the surrounding valley, it was a bare, unfinished, red brick building, without trees or vines. It was approached by an ungraded road, guarded by rough board fences, the grounds cut up with gullies, and strewn with lumber, bricks, and sand. But now what a transformation! The glaring red is toned to softest umber; trees, shrubbery, and vines cluster and climb over sward and lintel; the valley is superb, and the mountains close round it like a guard of honor.



FATHER PARKE. BISHOP KAIN. MGR. O'SULLIVAN.

The changes within are not less marked, and year by year the improvements go on. The monastery was soon completed; the beautiful chapel erected; the science-room supplied with needful apparatus; the library, once a poor little class-room with a few meagre shelves, is now a noble apartment, comfortably furnished, and filled with handsome cases of valuable books; the studio is a fine atelier with a goodly corps of students. All the appliances of modern science are brought into play for comfort and convenience; and from the distant turnpike on a moonless night the noble building, brilliantly illuminated along its whole façade, glitters like a fairy palace.

"Travellers in that happy valley
Through the red-lighted windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-timèd law."



HERE MAN HAS NOT SPOILED GOD'S WORK BUT BEAUTIFIED IT.

It is needless to say that the advance in methods and scope of teaching has been quite as great as in material things. It is not too much to claim that Mount de Chantal has kept even pace with the foremost ranks of modern innovation; and that in rule and discipline, in breadth of view and liberality of treatment, she stands well ahead in the progressive host.

Convent-schools have been made the subject of much un-



MISS EUGENIA SCHMIDT, IN THE OPERETTA "CULPRIT FAY."

favorable criticism, and, for the benefit of those who are ignorant of the methods of such schools, it may be well to give a brief outline of the course pursued at this institution.

The curriculum offers the usual course in mathematics, phy-

sics, and astronomy, for which are provided the necessary instruments and apparatus. Mental philosophy, rhetoric, composition, literature, history, languages, and art criticism form the senior course of three years or more. These have been led up to by regular gradations, through the middle and junior grades, of three classes each, giving for the thorough course nine to ten years.

The course of literature will give a fair example of the method of teaching. It covers four scholastic years, and consists of an earnest and critical reading of English authors, from the earliest to those of our day ; a discussion of their merits and faults, a criticism of their style, and finally a written estimate of each author given from the stand-point of the pupil. In the same manner, when a century of history has been finished, a treatise on the subject is expected of the class, giving its principal characters, their exploits, and the synchronisms of the different nations.



A Group at the Bridge.

The lectures on art criticism are accompanied by magic-lantern exhibitions, illustrating the principal types of architecture and other branches of art.

The library contains the works of the best writers in poetry, history, biography, and fiction. Bound volumes of the periodicals of the day fill whole bookcases, and encyclopædias, American and British, occupy the shelves of another. In the Reading Room are current numbers of the best magazines, and topics of the day are not excluded. In the classes of calisthenics exercise is given with dumb-bells, wands, and various drills.

It is almost a work of supererogation to allude to the music school of Mount de Chantal. The founder of this school was Miss Gubert (in religion Sister Mary Agnes), a proficient in



WESTERN VIEW.





ST. JOSEPH'S GROVE.



GROTTO OF LOURDES.

RUSTIC BRIDGE.



BRIDGE BELOW THE GROTTO.

vocal and instrumental music, whose wonderful talent, developed by thorough and judicious culture, elicited the admiration of the most critical masters. The marvellous power, sweetness, and flexibility of her voice ravished her hearers as with a spell of enchantment. These extraordinary gifts, however, though they won for her the enthusiastic applause of such artists as Thalberg and Patti, and, for the time, shed upon the house of her choice the lustre of her reputation, would have resulted in no permanent advantage to the school had she not possessed in an eminent degree the gift of transmitting her information and her perfection of technique to those who were to succeed her. The first essential of a teacher is the power to impart the knowledge that is in him; without this power, his learning is a talent "hid in a napkin." The qualities of a good singing-master are, a thorough acquaintance with the mechanism of the vocal organs, familiarity with musical literature, a poetic tem perament, facility in accompaniment, a knowledge of music, vocal and instrumental. The difficulty of meeting all these accomplishments, combined with the patience indispensable to that vocation, shows how rare a thing must be a competent vocal teacher; and yet this rarity Mount de Chantal possessed in Sister Mary Agnes and still claims to possess in her successors, who have established and maintained a school of music second to none in this country.



Saint Jane Frances de Chantal.

It has been remarked that in all these years, and with these unusual advantages, Mount de Chantal has on her catalogue so few graduates in music; but this fact serves only to show the high grade of excellence necessary to attain such honors.

Prominent as is the school in all the branches of a polite education, in none is there shown more liberal and enlightened principles than in the plan of government. While many philippics have been written against the great laxity of discipline prevalent in our day, the régime of this institution is emphatically that of reason. The spirit of the age is one of independence, and the young American of to-day scouts the restrictions which held in thrall the youth of earlier times. The ancient rigid discipline must be relaxed, but care be taken that its place is filled by a true sense of dignity and honor, based on proper self-respect. Autocratic command and constant supervision are here substituted by a mutual confidence and a high regard for integrity and truth. The brave and honorable will far more readily respond to this liberality, and others are shamed into compliance. This elevated code prevailing, has shown its benign influence in the moral atmosphere of the school, which is marked by a candor and simplicity charming as it is rare; and who shall limit the beneficial results to society in the dissemination of principles so admirable?



AGNES KEANE, NOW MRS. JUDGE MCNALLY.

In the early days of the Visitation Order the most brilliant and spirituelle of the women of society had been inmates of those convents, and in our own country how much of intelligence and refinement has been found among the pupils of the same order.



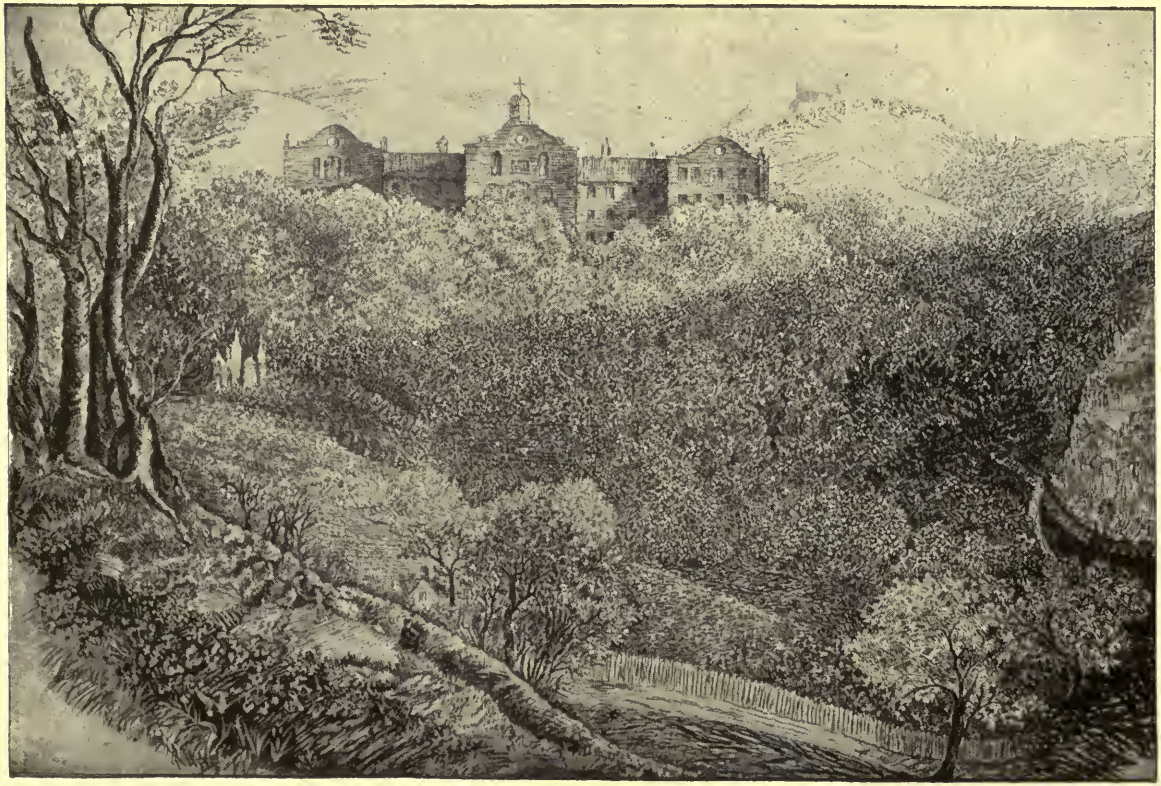
In the Nuns' Garden.

Among the many admirable women who have gone out from these walls to become ornaments of society our space will permit us to name but few: Miss Mary Healy, the daughter of the eminent artist whose portraits and original works have been

held in high esteem. As Madame Bigot she has made quite a name for herself and secured a prize for literary work from the French Academy. Miss Romaine Goddard, who graduated here in music on both harp and piano, is the daughter of Mrs. Madeleine Dahlgren, whose literary work is well known, and is living in Germany as Baroness Von Overbeck. Miss Anna Benninghaus, one of the "sweet singers" of the school and of society. Flattered and admired in an unusual degree, she never lost the sweet simplicity of her early youth, and as the wife of Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, whose death we now deplore, she has been one of the most popular and brilliant members of Washington society. Miss Agnes Keane, a young lady distinguished for great personal beauty and grace of manner, having a delicious voice of unusual compass. She is now the wife of Judge Clifford McNally, of Utah, a rising lawyer of Salt Lake City; and Miss Eugenia Schmidt, the first graduate of the institution in vocal music, whose laurels, won at the closing exercises of 1892, have not yet faded on her brow, and whose success in concert has been enthusiastically extolled by the journals of her native city. The photographs given in this article are excellent presentments of the Right Rev. R. V. Whelan, the venerable founder of this institution, whose memory is yet green in the hearts of many of his people; of the present superior of the school and bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. J. J. Kain, who has been ever ready in word and work to advance the interests of the Academy, and who seems to believe Mount de Chantal one of the brightest jewels in his crown; and of the Very Rev. H. F. Parke, the chaplain of the house, who,



ANNA BENNINGHAUS, NOW MRS. JOHN E. KENNA.



MOUNT DE CHANTAL FROM THE TURNPIKE.

notwithstanding the fragility of the body in which his brave soul is enclosed, is unwearied in his attendance through the severity of the winter and summer's heat. Not content with administering to the young band committed to his care, he is always willing to extend his labors among the Catholics of the neighborhood.

It would leave this article incomplete to close without allusion to the religious training of the institution which, under the guidance of these venerated superiors, has not been less zealous for the spiritual than for the merely intellectual welfare of the pupils. The study of Christian doctrine and of church history forms, for the members of her communion, a regular division of the classical course, and her Sodalities, her Rosary Bands, and her Guard of Honor combine to foster the spirit of devotion. First among the influences that mould the religious sentiment of the school is the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which here holds every spirit captive and is so universally established in the Catholic Church.

The name of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque is a household word in the community, and, while acknowledging that this manifestation of the Divine Heart was addressed to the whole world, the sisters rejoice in claiming this greatest devotion of modern times as the crowning glory of the Visitation.

Eleanor S. Houston.



THE MINORITY IN IRELAND UNDER HOME RULE.

THE principal objection offered to Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule policy is, that it will put the Protestants of Ireland in the power of a hostile Catholic majority. The other objection, that the establishment of a native legislature would lead to the dismemberment of the empire, I dismiss. If there be any force in it, it makes the granting of autonomy to Canada and Australia a danger to the empire. It means that Ireland must be kept in her present condition at all cost and against every principle of justice.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, in the *New York Tribune*, gives voice to the same objection, but only in a more bigoted way, when he says: "The phrase which Lord Randolph Churchill applied to the whole policy of disruption applies to this part of it most forcibly of all—the great betrayal. Nor has there been since Monday from any quarter any hint of help for Ulster or for the Protestant minority scattered all over Ireland. They are to be ruled by the Catholic majority, and the Catholic majority means the priests."

In what way will the Protestants of Ireland be at the mercy of the Catholic majority? Are the Catholics of Ireland so bigoted that they will deny justice to their Protestant countrymen? The opponents of Home Rule are bound to answer these questions. Since the beginning of the controversy nothing has been advanced except rhetorical flourishes about the persecuting character of the Catholic Church, and the ingrained and essential Romanism of Irish Catholics.

THE ACCUSATIONS OF THE ENEMIES OF HOME RULE.

We hear it said that the Catholics are "the ancient and irreconcilable enemies" of the Irish Protestants; that they are the party of disorder, robbery, and treason; that when they get power into their hands they will reduce Ulster to the lawless and poverty-stricken condition of the southern provinces; that they will destroy its industries by taxation; and, finally, that they will establish the Catholic Church.

All these rhapsodies are proclaimed in one form or another by statesmen, publicists, and Orange orators. A sort of frenzy

seems to possess all alike. It is impossible to find anything in the harangues of Lord Salisbury and the appeals of Lord Randolph Churchill substantially different from the madness of the Rev. Mr. Kane, of Belfast, and of Mr. Johnstone, of Ballykilbeg. A contagious folly seems to possess the Orangemen and their allies. Whoever lends himself to the party speaks as if he had been smitten with moral and intellectual blindness. Even the late Lord Iddesleigh could not escape it. In England no one could be more moderate and sensible than this man, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote. He went to Belfast, and the epidemic seized him; he outranted Colonel Saunderson, and suggested assassination with as much calmness and obliquity of moral sense as the firebrand Kenna himself. With such men argument is wasted. Indeed it is idle to argue with alarmists. The course is, not to heed them.

We are informed that the minority possess all the wealth and intelligence of the country, and that they are two millions in a population of five millions. Without accepting these figures or believing in the monopoly of intelligence and wealth, we may confidently appeal to any man outside an Orange lodge or a lunatic asylum, whether a minority circumstanced like that in Ireland could be safely oppressed. They do not believe it themselves. If they did, the threats of civil war, of non-payment of taxes, and all the other wild utterances of the election campaign would never have been heard.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MINORITY.

To judge fairly of Mr. Gladstone's policy in the face of this clamor, one must have regard to the antecedents and character of this minority, and the purpose it served in the economy of English rule in Ireland.

Sir John Davis and earlier historians called this part of the inhabitants of Ireland the "English." In the seventeenth century there began to be a distinction between the old English and the new. In the eighteenth century the old English, having for the most part shared the fate of the Celtic Irish, the Cromwellians and Williamites came to be called the "English interest," or at times the "Protestant interest." In this century began to be used the phrase the "English garrison," and we have now the "loyal minority" as the latest formula. In addition brilliant writers like Lord Macaulay introduced the term "imperial race." Mr. Froude adopted it with the occasional variation of the "ruling class." The result of all this wild talk

is that every petty landlord who plundered his tenants, and every emergency man who made life unsafe in the name of law, believed that he exercised the right of a superior over a subject race.

HOME RULE MEANS EQUAL FREEDOM TO ALL.

Mr. Gladstone's policy, then, means only that there shall be no favored section among the people of Ireland—that all the subjects of the queen shall stand equal before the law; that the principle of government which made Ireland so often the weakness, so often the danger, and always the disgrace of England shall be no longer tolerated.

Even if there were a danger to the rights of the minority one would be justified in maintaining that the rights of the nation at large are of more importance. The interests of classes, however considerable, must give way to the interests of the whole community. Every revolution which has enlarged liberty in this and the last century consecrates the principle. But the rights and interests of the minority are compatible with the powers proposed to be given to the Irish people by Mr. Gladstone. He has pointed out over and over again that on the three occasions since the connection of the two countries when the Catholics obtained power in Ireland, they acted with absolute fairness to the Protestants. Their sense of justice can be better apprehended from their history than from the pretended alarms of an oligarchy desirous to retain the power which it has so long abused.

THE GENEROSITY OF CATHOLICS WHEN IN POWER.

Under Queen Mary the Irish Catholics had supreme power in Ireland. Yet they gave an asylum to the Protestants who fled from the persecution in England. This is a fact that cannot be argued away by theories. It is idle to suggest that this was a factitious liberality founded on opposition to English policy—a perverse spirit of charity based on treason. They saw in the preceding reigns the great religious foundations—founded by the piety and munificence of their ancestors for the church and the poor—granted to grasping courtiers and nobles. In their persons and property they had experienced what persecution meant. They could have had no prophetic insight to inform them that in a short time there would be a Protestant reaction, and that it would be wise in time to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

Again, the Council of the Confederate Catholics in 1642 proclaimed religious liberty as one of the canons of their political creed. This principle is not to be explained away by calling them rebels, and charging that it sprang from the exigencies of their position. Those who argue in this manner reason from an unconscious premise that Irish Catholics have no right to religious liberty at all. It means that in making themselves the equal of Protestants by such a declaration they advance an insolent claim to which they are not entitled. But surely it must be admitted that when men with arms in their hands, and almost the entire of a country in their possession, assert a right to equality, it does not mean that they claim a right to oppress others. Their offence was in asserting liberty of conscience for themselves. It meant that if Catholics could profess their faith with the same freedom as Protestants there would be no more fines for recusancy, no more confiscations of estates, no more compositions of arrears of fines, no more pretences to exact fines, no more inquisitions to be bought off, no more bribes for connivance at worship, no more bribes for informers, jailers, judges, and lords-justices. In this way the Protestant religion might be injured in its members, or the "loyal minority" reduced to the sad necessity of respecting the rights of the majority.

ON A THIRD OCCASION CATHOLICS RESPECT THE RIGHTS OF THE MINORITY.

I now come to the third occasion on which the Catholic majority exercised power, namely, when they refused to accept the Revolution of 1688, and declared in favor of James II. Around this period the bitterness of religious and party hatred has raged for two centuries. Upon the actors on the Irish side in that drama Macaulay has poured out his most brilliant and passionate invective. The description he gives of the flight of the Protestants of the North until they found a refuge behind the walls of Derry is, perhaps, the most effective piece of word-painting in the *History of England.* We see families from every town and hamlet and farm-house hurrying in to escape the savage Irishry; men, women, and children leaving their happy homes in the fairest part of Ireland, their well-fenced fields and all that their orderly and industrious habits had accomplished in making a wilderness bloom like a garden—we see them flying from the skeans of the ferocious foot-soldiers or the sabres of Richard Hamilton's reckless horse. We are made to see thousands fainting on the way, and abandoned to their pursuers;

we see thousands die of sheer exhaustion; and, finally, we accompany the remnant of the imperial race to Derry, "where it turns desperately to bay."

This is a pathetic picture, but it is solely a work of fancy. There is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end—not even that alloy of truth which gives *vraisemblance* to fiction. We have the clearest evidence that the Protestant freeholders in the district around Derry lived during the siege in perfect security. Archbishop King, who is Macaulay's authority for the events of this time, does not give warrant for this highly-colored picture—except by the rather vague statement that it was the intention of the followers of King James "to rob one-half of the Protestants and hang the other half."

No doubt, in the war then raging between the Irish and the Councils of Union—which acted as a provisional government for the Williamites—many families left their homes and sought protection in the strong towns. Numbers fled to Dublin, for instance, and found perfect safety among the Catholic majority and under the Catholic government. Such panics are incidents of every war. But the fact that the Protestants were able to reach whatever places they chose to fly to sufficiently disproves the idea of pursuit. As late as the year 1867 the very partial rising of the Fenians caused the Protestants in many districts to fly to the towns near them in order to enjoy the protection of the military and police. With as much justice it might be said these persons had been hunted by the Fenians from their homes. We all know that the Fenians showed the greatest courtesy and consideration to all classes—in fact, on the trials of those men in 1867 this was proved by the witnesses for the crown—but if the interest of any faction would be served by defaming them, some scribe as unscrupulous as King in 1689, or Pigott in 1889, could be found for the purpose.

THE CLASS WAR OF 1879.

I perfectly well remember the pictures published by the English illustrated journals, during 1879 and the succeeding years, of incidents in the class war then going on in Ireland. Families drove out to dinner escorted by servants armed to the teeth. A running footman or outrider ran or rode in advance, keeping a vigilant lookout. Yet there was nothing like these pictures to be witnessed in Ireland, although they were received in England with unbounded trust. Every landlord or agent and his family went about their affairs as usual. The only differ-

ence observable was what a witness before the *Times* Commission deposed to as evidence of revolution and throat-cutting—that the tenants and lower orders no longer took off their hats to their betters, as they had been accustomed to do. Misrepresentation was useful to a political party, and it was supplied in every form, by picture, letter-press, and column, more abundantly than the future historian of the time will relish. Irish people regaled their friends in England with narratives of what was going on before they left Ireland, or read letters from their agents or relatives tending to show the evils of the unhappy country and the perils to which loyal persons were exposed.

When this could be done now it certainly could have been done two centuries ago. I have no doubt but that accounts far more false than any of the later years were circulated in 1689. I am strongly of the opinion that numbers of those who were permitted to take away all their effects from the houses, and sell the cattle from off the lands which by right belonged to others, told in England that their lives were endangered, their houses plundered, and their lands laid waste by the ferocious mobs of Irishry who were again massacring the Protestants as in 1641.

THE PRACTICAL RESULT OF KING'S WORK.

Undoubtedly Mr. Lecky has come to the conclusion that King's narrative is utterly untrustworthy; but he is the sole authority for statements handed down concerning the government and Parliament of 1689. Every writer on the anti-Irish side down to Macaulay accepts him. All the legislation which began in 1692, and which we have in its latest development of contempt and ferocity in the Crimes Act and County Councils Act of Mr. Balfour, is the practical result of King's work, the *State of the Irish Protestants under King James's Government.* At least from the pages of King a new stimulus was given to the doom *væ victis* decreed by the Protestant Parliament of 1692 against the Irish nation.

When his right reverend brother, Dobbs, Bishop of Meath, preached the court sermon before the lords-justices in 1691, the object of which was to rouse the government to a due sense of the enormity of keeping faith with Papists, it would be an injustice not to give King credit for the remote suggestion of that pious doctrine. At all events, the treaty of Limerick was violated with a haste, an indecency, a fanatical cruelty which cast eternal infamy upon the victorious party in Ireland and the English government.

How easy it was to accept the libels of any ruffian when they would advance the interest of this faction and the policy of England! King was the son of a person of the humblest origin among the debauched and fanatical Presbyterians who settled in Ireland under the Plantation of Ulster. The influence of a man of position in the part of Antrim where King was born secured him a sizarship in Trinity College, Dublin. Young King, with true Irish-Scotch regard for his advancement, abandoned "the errors of Presbyterianism for those of Episcopacy." He wrote a work defending arbitrary power and denouncing the impiety of resistance when James succeeded to the throne. His principles were rewarded by lucrative appointments in the church. The revolution broke out, when, forgetting his doctrine of passive obedience, he favored the rebels against James. He was imprisoned on suspicion. On his release he showed his gratitude to the government that did not hang him for treason by writing his libel entitled the *State of the Protestants.* For this he was rewarded by William of Orange, who made him Bishop of Derry—the third richest see in Ireland—and shortly after he was translated to the archiepiscopal see of Dublin.

THE CATHOLICS IN THE TIME OF KING JAMES.

We think, therefore, that the interested misrepresentations of Archbishop King may be set aside, and a judgment formed of the liberality of the Catholics from the enactments passed by them in their Parliament and from a review of the circumstances of the time presented by Charles Leslie, a Protestant gentleman who had himself with great courage opposed what he regarded as an illegal act of King James's government.*

James landed in Ireland on March 12, 1689. He issued one proclamation summoning all Irish absentees, on their allegiance, to assist him in the war with William, and another proclamation summoning a Parliament in Dublin for May 7. "In the Lower House," says Mr. Lecky,† "there are said to have been only six Protestant members. In the Upper House the Protestant interest was represented by from four to six bishops, and by four or five temporal peers." He observes with perfect fairness that the Catholic bishops were not summoned; yet the king had a perfect right to summon them if he thought proper.

The importance of this in estimating the desire of his gov-

* Leslie was son of the Bishop of Clogher. He was exceedingly prejudiced against the Catholics and opposed to a relaxation of the laws passed against them in preceding reigns.

† Hist., vol. ii. 198.

ernment to conciliate Protestant prejudice cannot be too much insisted upon. Not only had he a perfectly constitutional right to summon the Catholic bishops, but he had an equally constitutional right not to summon the Protestant bishops. Moreover the Protestant peers could have been as legally excluded from the House of Lords and the Protestant members from the Commons as the Catholic peers and commoners had been from the first Parliament of James I., by resolutions of the House requiring members to take an obnoxious oath. But the vicious precedent was not followed. Of course resolutions of the kind would have been unconstitutional; but the Protestants had set the example, and therefore they could not complain if the weapon of injustice should be turned against themselves. Mr. Lecky says that "the corporations appear to have been tampered with by Tyrconnell." He doubtless means by this to account in some way for the small number of Protestants in the Lower House. The implication from the remark is that their charters were violated in order that Catholics should be returned for these places. But the fact is, that there were very few towns in Ireland which had not forfeited their charters by abuse of privilege.* The charters had been violated in the preceding

WITH EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO OPPRESS THEY LISTENED ONLY TO HONOR.

reigns for the purpose of disfranchising the Catholic citizens and burgesses. A privilege granted on condition—and such a privilege was the franchise—becomes forfeited by violation of the condition. It was open to James II. to withdraw the privileges conferred on towns and manors by his predecessors. What Tyrconnell, as his viceroy, seems to have done was to have restored the disfranchised Catholics without at all interfering with the rights of the Protestant electors. The small number of Protestants elected was clearly owing to the fact that the persons of rank and station belonging to that religion had either gone over to the Prince of Orange, or fled to England, or at least had resolved to withdraw themselves from public affairs till the result of the struggle was determined.† Undoubtedly the members in the House were sufficiently numerous to represent the loyal Protestants. Everywhere over the country the Protestants had risen in rebellion against the king. They had disarmed the Catholics

* Leslie's answer to King's *State of the Protestants.*

† Lecky, *ib.* In the two first alternatives they were clearly incapacitated by treason from sitting in Parliament. In the last they did not want to compromise themselves with William.

and expelled them from their homes. At the very time the Parliament was sitting, though driven from the other provinces after severe fighting, they had a force in Ulster able to contend on equal terms with the royal forces and were hourly expecting an army from England under Schomberg.

ESTABLISHED PERFECT RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

Under such circumstances one fails to see how there could be a large Protestant representation in the House of Commons. Yet the Parliament established perfect religious equality in the face of that Protestant rebellion, and while the memory was still fresh of the wrongs inflicted upon them during the reign of Charles II.; with the transplantation to Connaught and the massacres of Cromwell still fresh in their minds; with the memory of the shocking tribunals instituted under Charles I. and James I. to defraud their fathers out of their estates; with the 10th of Charles I., by which their fathers could be shipped to the West Indies at the will of the men who robbed them; with the warnings before them of the terrible suppressions of the wars of Shane O'Neil, and Desmond, and Tyrone, when over large districts not one man, nor woman, nor child was left living, nor a beast could be seen "but the wolves and foxes and other ravening beasts of prey"*—with all these calls for vengeance pressing loudly on them they listened only to the voice of honor.

A MONUMENT OF UNEXAMPLED PUBLIC SPIRIT.

In the records of that Parliament its members have left behind a monument of unexampled public spirit, a work of patriotism, of foresight and humanity so far in advance of anything ever done before, so high above the passion and the rage of party, that even enemies should regret the briefness of their day of power. It was some such feeling that caused Grattan a century later to break into a cry of sympathy and admiration: "They were Papists, but they were not slaves!" It was a recognition of what they tried to accomplish which caused the best and brightest part of the Irish press in the era of 1782 to contrast their courage, dignity, and justice with the bigotry, corruption, and cruelty of the Parliaments that succeeded them. And their descendants, wherever their lot is cast—whether at home, or in Atlantic cities, or the mines and railways of the American continent, or by the long wash of Australasian seas—can point

* Holinshed, cited by Mr. Lecky, Hist., ii. 106.

to them with pride in proof of the high qualities of the Celtic race.

By an act anticipating the policy of Grattan and Mr. Gladstone they declared themselves independent of the Privy Council and Parliament of England, enacting that there was no power competent to bind Ireland "only the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland"; and by the same act emancipated the Irish courts of justice from the corrupt and tyrannical interference of the courts in England.

Just thirty years after, in the ejectment case of Sherlock *v.* Annesley, the same question of English jurisdiction over the Irish courts came up. The acts of the Parliament of 1689 had been blotted from the journals of the Houses; the other official records of their proceedings were, I believe, burned by the common hangman. Therefore the usurpation of the English courts was a title sustained by unquestioned precedent. In the case mentioned the Irish House of Lords asserted the finality of its judgments in appeals in answer to a decree of the English House of Lords reversing its judgment. The English House of Lords retorted by a resolution declaring its authority over the Irish courts, and denying that the Irish House of Lords had any authority whatever; and, what was more material, in getting the declaratory act of 1721 passed by which the English Parliament asserted the right to bind Ireland by its enactments. I cannot help thinking that this bigoted and cowardly body was justly made to feel, and with it the whole "loyal minority" of the day, that it might efface the enactments of its Catholic predecessors with the full approval of England, but that it should not dare to imitate their patriotism and public spirit.

Of course this was really the policy afterwards carried by Grattan to a triumphant issue. I am very far from pretending that many Protestants of the last century were not as ardent patriots as the Catholics of the preceding one. Their names shine across the darkness and degradation of the last ninety years as a light and inspiration to those men now engaged in the task of restoring some of the powers of self-government torn from their country by the Union. But what amazes me is, that so many Protestants, the descendants of the patriots of 1782, refuse to receive the inspiration under which their fathers echoed Grattan when he declared that the spirit of Molyneux, of Swift, of Lucas had prevailed. If their attitude were that the men of today are bartering the national inheritance for a compromise, I could sympathize, though I could not follow them. I could re-

spect them if they consistently maintained that an enlarged parish vestry, under the name of a statutory parliament, was not a restoration of what the country lost in 1800. But they are not consistent. Their pretence, their subterfuge, is that Mr. Gladstone's board for Irish affairs is the first step to the dismemberment of the Empire.

HIGH PRAISE FROM MR. LECKY.

I return to the Parliament of 1689. Mr. Lecky says concerning all their acts, except the act adjusting tithes, that repealing the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, and the Act of Attainder, that "if these had been the only measures of the Irish Parliament, it would have left an eminently honorable reputation." This is high praise from one of the "loyal minority."

It seems plain that Mr. Lecky's own account of the legislation of 1689, which he condemns, amounts practically to a vindication. With all his candor, there is the influence of early prejudice in his treatment of those enactments of the Irish Parliament which appear even accidentally to carry a religious bias. If the pressure of this part of the legislation seemed to affect Protestants more injuriously than Catholics, it is because there were a greater number of Protestant than of Catholic rebels. He indeed explicitly states this aspect of the controversy, which is undoubtedly the true one, but loses sight of it in the course of his examination.

For instance, he condemns the act requiring the members of the different creeds to pay the tithes to their own pastors, instead of to the Episcopalian clergy. His objection is not that Catholics should, in the abstract, be compelled to pay tithes to the clergy of the Established Church, but that the new direction of the tithes was a special loss to the Protestant clergy because it affected them unequally. That is to say, because the Catholic tithe-payers were in the majority their clergy would necessarily have the larger share. The only excuse he can offer in favor of the Irish Parliament is that the doctrine of compensation for vested interests was not then understood. I propose to offer another excuse in the circumstances of the time.

THE QUESTION OF TITHES.

Were the Protestant clergy entitled to compensation at all? Take the contemporary history of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches in Scotland as a parallel. In the interest of the Church of England and of the monarchy, the Stuarts endeavored

for a long time, by means of a savage persecution, to impose an Episcopal form of Protestantism on a Presbyterian people. The stubborn resistance of the Scotch forced the government to the compromise called the Indulgence—which meant the toleration of those who were called the "indulged clergy" and the persons who accepted their ministrations, on certain conditions. The latitudinarians, by entering into "confederacies and base compliances with the enemy," necessarily deprived the Episcopalian clergy of a portion of their stipends. Surely no one would say that these last, whom a foreign interest endeavored to force upon the people, were entitled to compensation for the loss caused by the compromise. If the Scottish government of the time had maintained their first intention and compelled all Presbyterians to bow to Episcopacy, they would have to deal with the whole people instead of the Cameronians. When these stern and wild enthusiasts gave the government so much trouble in putting down the insurrection of 1679, it is not difficult to judge what would have been the result of a rising of all Scotland, backed by those English Whigs who saw in Charles the pensioner of France and the enemy of civil and religious liberty. Still less when Presbyterianism was established at the Revolution as the religion of the state can it be contended that the Episcopalian clergy were unjustly ejected from the parishes. They had no business there and were in no way entitled to compensation.

'DOES CROSSING THE CHANNEL MAKE RIGHT WRONG?

What is the difference between the position of this alien Episcopacy in Scotland and Ireland? Is there to be one measure for Irish and another for British rights? Or is it because the Irish are Catholics they are to be judged by a different standard from English or Scotchmen? The Irish Catholics, with the power in their hands, did not establish their own religion. They declared absolute religious equality for all creeds, and simply enacted as to tithes that the tithes payable by Catholic or Protestant should thenceforth be paid by each to his own pastor.

The Scotch Covenanters demanded absolute religious supremacy. They would be satisfied with nothing else. Even when they asserted the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience, they charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who not only had not established Presbyterianism but had tolerated other

sects. The Puritans had only a short time before driven the English clergy from their churches and livings; at the Restoration the clergy returned and expelled the unsurpliced divines from the pulpits.* There was no talk of compensation in either case. For great points of form or criticism, such as whether the church ritual was an English mass, or long hair and a surplice symbols of orthodoxy, the two sections of English Protestantism despoiled each other in turn; and it seems the very madness of cant to impeach the Irish Catholics because they did not abandon to their enemies everything for which they had taken up arms.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE MINORITY TO-DAY.

This really is the attitude of the insolent faction to-day which calls itself the loyal minority in Ireland. Advantages won for all the people of that country by the sufferings and courage of the majority must be conceded to the minority alone. Not a single measure for the last two centuries that has in any way advanced the interests of Ireland has been obtained by the minority. They were too much engaged in upholding their power over the great body of the people to seek reforms calculated to increase public liberty and the prosperity of the country. Whenever their own interests were attacked by trade jealousy from England, they appealed to the masses of the people for assistance. When that assistance had safe-guarded the threatened interest the people were rewarded with new chains and new insults. In fact the minority were maintained by England as a garrison with the privileges of garrison soldiers over the enemy. They were allowed free quarters as long as they were content with robbing, outraging, and oppressing the subject people, but as soon as they were suspected of any intention to establish a common interest with them, they were made to feel that their rights and liberties were only those of jailers over prisoners, slave-drivers over niggers.†

In fact Chesterfield, who was lord lieutenant in the critical

* It should be mentioned that the lands belonging to the chapters were sold at the full price to private purchasers by the Commonwealth. At the Restoration the chapters got back the lands without one farthing compensation to the purchasers. The canons of the cathedrals could only have a life-interest in the chapter-lands, and it seems hard that the remainders expectant thereon should not have been left to the purchasers.

† Arthur Young speaks of an "aristocracy of 500,000 Protestants crushing the industry of two millions of poor Catholics" (*Tour in Ireland*, cited by Lecky, Hist., vol. ii. 310). In 1739 a petition to George II. stated that the Catholics were "daily oppressed by the number of idle and wicked vagrants of this nation by informing against their little leases and tenements if the law gets any hold thereof." The petition asserted that two-thirds of the business of the Four Courts in Dublin consisted of Popish discoveries.

period of 1745, and by his humanity kept Ireland quiet when both England and Scotland were convulsed by the rising in favor of Charles Edward, uses almost these words to describe the condition of the Irish Catholics. It made no difference what the rank of a Catholic was, he belonged to an inferior race and should be made to feel the difference between him and his masters. Lecky truly states in the following words the effects of this atrocious policy: "A Protestant gentry grew up, generation after generation, regarding ascendency as their birthright; ostentatiously and arrogantly indifferent to the interests of the great masses of their nation, resenting every attempt at equality as an infringement of the laws of nature."

CATHOLICS A DOWN-TRODDEN CLASS.

A Catholic could not carry the arms that were formerly the indispensable sign of the position of a gentleman unless he had a license, which it was often very difficult to obtain. It was necessary to petition the government and Privy Council in order to get such a license; and there is a case mentioned in the departmental correspondence of the Irish State Paper Office where a field officer in the imperial service was refused one. In these and other particulars we perceive the politic creation of a class prejudice even more than of a religious one. It seems monstrous that the policy which accomplished this should be perpetuated, and the persons who have enjoyed the sinister advantage arising from it should be allowed to say that their enemies have been always the enemies of the empire, and should be kept in a condition of social and political inferiority in consequence.

THE MALIGNITY OF TRADITIONAL POLICY.

The malignity of this class prejudice has been pointed out in all its cynical significancy by Archbishop Synge and by Edmund Burke. Synge wrote: "There are too many amongst us who had rather keep the Papists as they are, in an almost slavish subjection, than have them made Protestants, and thereby entitled to the same liberties and privileges with the rest of their fellow-subjects." Burke, whose study of Irish affairs was profound, expressed the same opinion. Every event of the last two centuries proves its correctness. It seems to me idle to attempt reasoning with those Irishmen or their backers. The prejudices of the first are too deeply rooted to be amenable to argument, the views of their supporters are too well fortified by interest to be surrendered as long as they can be asserted with any ap-

pearance of advantage. The classes of England, by fixing the attention of the masses upon Ireland, hope to keep their own privileges intact. It is, therefore, in the last degree important that the party of justice should have the moral support of American opinion.

What could be hoped for from a country the condition of whose people is correctly described by the following sentences which Lecky has extracted from writers in the last century. It was "not unusual in Ireland for great landed proprietors to have regular prisons in their houses for the summary punishment of the lower orders"; * that "indictments against gentlemen for similar exercise of power beyond law are always thrown out by the grand jurors," that "to horsewhip or beat a servant or laborer is a frequent mode of correction."

RELATION OF LANDLORD TO TENANT.

The fact is, that the condition of the great mass of the Irish people has been described over and over again by Protestant bishops and dignitaries as in the last degree degrading. The landlords ruled their tenants with despotic authority. Arthur Young tells us, in 1776, that if a landlord sent a message to any tenant on his estate whose wife or daughter had found favor in his sight the tenant was only too happy at the honor done him. This ascendency became so ingrained in the social life of Ireland that it survives the many rude checks it has received from the legislation of the last fifty or sixty years, and has been the most potent influence in the election which has just been concluded. No one outside Ireland can conceive its power. I merely suggest, as some mode of estimating it, that although the Earl of Fingall is the premier earl of Ireland, and The O'Conor Don the first commoner in the United Kingdom, both of these gentlemen have less influence with the class to which they belong, and whose policy in the present conflict they have espoused, than the lowest of the ignorant and worthless squireens whose brogue and Protestantism are the most conspicuous of their properties.

Somehow or other this subtle spirit of ascendency seems to escape all analysis. That it is not a matter of race or of religion, in the true acceptation of the words, is to me clear enough.

* Contrast with this the spirit which animated the Parliament of 1689 in passing an act to enable servants to recover their wages more cheaply and expeditiously. These Irish aristocrats were the greatest democrats that ever lived.

The explanation may be found in the natural antagonism of landlord and tenant, which became intensified when the landlords found in the Land League an organization that would give no quarter. The ownership of the land was the great object sought by English adventurers from the first. Every war of invasion proceeded from land-hunger. Younger sons, or desperate men who had no hope of fortune in England, turned their eyes to Ireland, where there were tens of thousands of acres waiting the first mailed hand that should seize them. What did it matter that the natives were in occupation? A policy embodied in the statute book declared that the mere Irish had no rights; and, naturally, the adventurers did not permit the principle to lapse by non-use.

"It was manifest," says Sir J. Waris, attorney-general for James I., "that such as had the government of Ireland under the crown of England did intend to make a perpetual separation and enmity between the English and Irish, pretending that the English should in the end rout out the Irish." Mr. Lecky, citing from Richey's *Lectures on Irish History*, informs us that the monks of the English Pale did not think the killing of an Irishman a reason to refrain from saying Mass.

THIS IS THE POLICY OF THE MINORITY.

Their power is as great an anachronism as that of the Bulgarian pashas before the war. They cling to the mismanagement and neglect of Irish interests under the existing system because it in some degree preserves their power. For this they are prepared, despite their boast of loyalty, to perpetuate the disaffection which has so often broken forth against the rule that upholds them. They see with indifference the tax-payers and earners of one year becoming the paupers of the next, and look on like idiots at their own approaching extinction: for the emigration that is taking away the life and energy and promise of the country bids fair to realize Swift's suggestion, that the population henceforth should be confined to a few thousand graziers and their herds, with a guard of twenty thousand English soldiers and their trulls to collect the taxes for their own support and the government of Ireland.

George McDermot.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

The Voluntary Schools of Great Britain.—In the current number of the *Dublin Review* there appears an article written by one of the government inspectors of schools, and therefore by a man of wide experience and knowledge, which deserves the attention of those who are interested in the school question in this country; and as the *Dublin Review* is under the personal supervision, if not the editorship, of Cardinal Vaughan, the suggestions made by the writer may be regarded as having deserved the attention of the ecclesiastical authorities. At the present time, according to the article, the voluntary system is responsible for the education of the great bulk of the children of the nation; while the revenue is, to the extent of nearly three-fourths, derived from the general taxation of the country. Yet the management of the schools is largely individual, and if representative at all, is only very partially so. Furthermore the management is to a large extent practically irresponsible; it appoints and dismisses teachers *ad nutum;* it regulates to a great extent the course of instruction; it disburses vast sums of money with comparatively slight control. The school buildings are its own, and can be dealt with almost as the managers choose. All this freedom as a matter of fact exists, although the state contributes so large a proportion of the cost.

Proposals for more Effective Organization.—Many will consider this an almost ideally perfect state of things, and perhaps it might really be so were it not for the existence of a strongly aggressive movement for rendering all the schools purely secular. It therefore is important, not merely that the education given in the voluntary schools should in every respect be efficient, but that it should be recognized to be such by the popular sentiment. The writer of this article, therefore, thinks that the management of the schools should be placed under some form of public control; that some way should be found of removing the stigma of hole-and-corner, one-man management; that the despotic method which at present weakens their position, and forms a permanent menace to their continuance, should be superseded by the adoption of the representative

principle in the governing bodies of the schools. He proceeds to outline a plan by means of which each Catholic school should be controlled in the first place by a local body; this local body, or parochial committee, should itself be brought into contact with a wider popular jurisdiction—the diocesan; and the latter, in its turn, would be in contact with a central and supreme body representing the entire Catholic community. On all these bodies a strong lay element would be engrafted. The germ of this new organization already exists in the Catholic school committee, which has done so good a work for many years on behalf of the Catholic schools of Great Britain. By conceding in some such way as this the less essential privileges the writer of the article hopes to retain for the voluntary system the more valuable rights which it now possesses, and in this way to ward off the attacks of the enemies of religious education.

New Labor Department for Great Britain.—Mr. Gladstone's government has taken a very important step in order to give to the demands of labor a fuller recognition, and to afford to working-men greater assistance on the part of the state. For some time it has been desired by many workmen that a distinct labor-minister should be appointed. The government has not seen its way to gratify these desires in their fulness. It has, however, constituted a separate department of the Board of Trade, under the supervision of a new official to be called the Commissioner of Labor. The first commissioner is an Oxford man of distinction, who has out of sympathy with the difficulties of the laboring class been living for five years in the East End of London, and has made a thorough study of all labor problems. Another official will be the former labor correspondent of the Board of Trade, who for many years was the secretary of a trades-union; and Mr. Robert Giffin, who is looked upon as a statistician almost without a rival in Europe, will have the general supervision of the whole department. By organizing this department Great Britain is only doing what has been done already in other countries. In Switzerland, in France, and in no less than twenty-seven of the United States, official departments or bureaus have been established, headed in our own country by the Department of Labor at Washington. English writers claim, however, that although they have as yet had no distinct and special Department of Labor, the statistical department of the Board of Trade has done valuable and useful work in the way of publishing statistics of strikes, reports on wages and on the state of various industries. And now that they are

going to have a department of their own, they claim that it will be far more efficient and reliable than any hitherto established; they say that the statistics published by the American Labor Bureaus are of surprisingly little value, being thrown together in so confused a way as to render it very difficult, and sometimes even impossible, to get at the elementary facts about American industry. This is due to inexperienced men being appointed to conduct the work, and to the haste with which the volumes are published. These English writers go the length of affirming that the productions of these bureaus are sometimes influenced by the desire of their authors to afford support to the party to which their authors owe their appointments. The English labor department, therefore, hopes, though later in the field, to excel its predecessors in accuracy and usefulness, and we are sure that no sympathizer with the hard lot of the British workman will grudge him the acquisition—if such should be his good fortune—of the best labor department in the world.

The Labor Gazette.—No small share of the troubles of the working-man is due to the want of information as to the state of trade and of the labor market in different parts of the country. The first thing proposed, therefore, by the new department is to publish a paper, to be called the *Labor Gazette*, to give not merely reliable information on these subjects, but also upon all things relating to the condition of labor. An account will be given each month of the trade disputes begun, closed, or in progress, and of important industrial negotiations, such as arbitrations, changes of sliding scales, apportionment of work between different trades. Monthly digests will be published of the reports of factory and mine inspectors on the state of labor in their districts, and on accidents. Accounts will be given of the action taken by local authorities under the acts bearing on the housing of the poor. Important meetings and conferences—such, for example, as those of the Trade-Union and Co-operative Congresses, of the Miners' Federation, of international congresses on labor questions—will be noticed. The working of the acts providing allotments and small holdings will be recorded. The lady labor commissioner, who has been appointed under the new arrangements, will report on matters connected with women's work. It is also intended to give the retail price level of the chief articles of ordinary consumption as well as comparative tables of wholesale prices of leading articles in the

chief markets of the world, thus enabling the workman to see whether or not he is being cheated. Notices will be inserted of the more important events affecting labor in various foreign countries, as well as short popular abstracts of the contents of the more important government publications treating on labor. As all this work will be done by skilled and impartial officials, it will easily be seen that, should mistakes be made hereafter, it will not be for lack of information, and as the *Labor Gazette* is to be sold for one penny, and large numbers are to be distributed gratuitously to free libraries, trade-unions, mechanics' institutes, and other institutions, there will be nothing to prevent a wide dissemination of all attainable knowledge on the labor question.

Arbitration of Trade Disputes in France.—While the work of the new department in England is, so far as at present laid out, limited to the collection and dissemination of information on labor questions, and no attempt is to be made by the government to interfere in trade disputes, either by way of arbitration or of conciliation, France has found time in the midst of her Panama agitation to pass a law establishing courts for the arbitration of labor disputes. Under this law the government does not take the initiative, for reference to the courts is not compulsory, although the Comte de Mun, the great Catholic Socialist of France, made a speech in the Chamber in favor of its being so. The law as passed is so framed, according to the circular recently issued by the Minister of Commerce to the prefects, that it can readily be put into operation at the very beginning of a conflict before mutual recriminations have, as is usual, embittered the minds of both parties. The minister, accordingly, urges employers not to be afraid of compromising their authority by giving their workmen, as required by the law, the reasons for their decisions and by admitting the intervention of outsiders, and warns workmen that now strikes will meet with less sympathy, and that coercion of fellow-workmen will be without excuse. The law just made affords an opportunity for bringing their disputes to an honorable and satisfactory conclusion, but presupposes and requires the willingness of both to make use of the means provided. So far as we are aware, compulsory arbitration, although often proposed, has not in any country become law; the difficulty of carrying it into effect being well-nigh insurmountable.

The Agricultural Union.—The Agricultural Conference to

which we referred last month, and which was so enthusiastic in favor of Protection, and in a less degree of Bimetallism—two proposals which are at the present time looked upon as outside the range of practical politics—is likely to have at least one important result. This consists in the formation of an Agricultural Union, of which all the parties interested in agriculture—landlords, tenant-farmers, and laborers—are to be members. The principle on which it is to work is that all these three classes are equally interested in the prosperity of agriculture, and that what makes for the good of any one will be for the good of the rest, all three being recognized to be, as they really are, partners in one business. Hitherto associations have been formed by the farmers against the landlords, by the laborers against the other two; the parties who should have been the closest allies being the most opposed one to the other. Now, however, "an aristocratic agitator in a black coat," the Earl of Winchilsea, is delivering addresses from one end of the kingdom to the other in order to promote the success of this scheme. The main point being to bring every one interested in agriculture into the union, its programme does not embrace any subject on which there is little hope of obtaining general agreement, and as the laborers have not been converted to the support of protection, this forms no part of the objects avowed. The more modest, and therefore, perhaps, the more easily attainable aims, consist in transference from the land of certain burdens in the way of taxation, the abolition of the middleman, and the protection from disease of flocks and herds. Success seems to be attending upon the efforts made to form this union, and should this be the case, it will afford a valuable means of proving to other trades and occupations that it is not by conflict, but by mutual consideration, that the interests of both the employer and the employed are best secured.

Brief Notes on the Labor Movement.—In this paragraph we propose to give a few brief notes on the progress and development of the labor movement which may be of interest. The differences between the Old Unionism and the New Unionism have almost disappeared of late. This has been brought about by the gradual approximation of the respective views of the two parties, the New Unionists having practically abandoned the more obnoxious of their proceedings, such as sympathetic strikes, and the Old Unionists having adopted, to a large extent, the aims of the New, such as the eight-hours day. Mr. John Burns, who

in 1887 was looked upon as about the worst specimen of the revolutionary agitator, is now a member of Parliament and of the London County Council, and is considered to be a respectable and a responsible leader. It has not fared so well, however, with one of the other New Unionist leaders, Mr. Ben Tillett; for he, although an alderman of the London County Council, has fallen into the hands of the law for having, as it is said, encouraged the strikers at Bristol to treat with violence those who had taken their places.——A new labor party has been formed called the Independent Labor Party, of which the president is Mr. Keir Hardie. The sphere of its action is chiefly political, and among the objects which it seeks to secure are the nationalization of the land and the acquisition by the community of all the means of production and distribution. As its name signifies, it will be free from alliance with all the existing political parties. ——The results of the memorable strike of 1889 are much in dispute. One thing seems certain, however, and that is that while it has proved to be advantageous to a certain number of men, it has injured others. The efforts of the dock-owners have been directed to give permanent work to the men whom they employ, and to abolish casual labor. Consequently a large number of men, who formerly had a chance to get employment for a few hours a week, are now completely without work. This is bringing to the front in Great Britain the question of the right to labor, that is to say, whether it is not one of the duties of the state or of the municipality to find employment of some kind for all the citizens. This right was recognized by Prince Bismarck in 1884, and forms the principle of many of the measures which under his leadership have been adopted by the German Reichstag; and many who would scout the name of Socialist seem to be adopting similar views in Great Britain.

Committee of Inquiry into the "Darkest England" Scheme.—Our readers will not have forgotten the "Darkest England" scheme of the General of the Salvation Army, and the publication of the Report of the Committee of Inquiry into its working forms a convenient opportunity for giving a brief account of the progress and success of this endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the outcast—of those, that is, who are abandoned by such bodies as the Charity Organization Society as unhelpable. This committee of inquiry was appointed by General Booth's desire to investigate three questions: 1. Whether the moneys collected by means of the appeal made to the public in "Darkest Eng-

land and the Way Out" have been devoted to the objects and expended in the methods set out in that appeal, and to and in no others. 2. Whether the methods employed in the expenditure of such moneys have been and are of a business-like, economical, and prudent character, and whether the accounts of such expenditure have been kept in a proper and clear manner. 3. Whether the property, both real and personal, and the moneys resulting from such appeal are now so vested that they cannot be applied to any purposes other than those set out in "Darkest England," and what safeguards exist to prevent the misapplication of such property and moneys either now or after the death of Mr. Booth. The committee consisted of five well-known men, the chairman being Mr. Henry James, who is looked upon as one of the shrewdest of investigators, and moreover as in no way biassed in favor of the army; the Earl of Onslow, who has recently filled the office of governor of one of the British colonies; the president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants; a member of the former government, and a member of the present, formed a body at once competent to form a reliable judgment and influential enough to entitle such judgment to respect. The necessity for inquiry arose from the fact that statements impugning the good faith, honesty, and competency of the managers of the fund, and especially of General Booth, had been so widely circulated as to hinder the work and to stop the inflow of subscriptions; and it is characteristic of the spirit of too large a class of people, who neither do good themselves nor wish others to do good, that as soon as the opportunity was given for making a full investigation the man who had been most prominent in making these accusations, although specially invited to give evidence, found an excuse for not appearing.

Results of the Inquiry.—The committee held eighteen meetings and examined twenty-nine witnesses; the "Farm Colony" was visited as well as many of the institutions of the "City Colony"; the president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, with the assistance of his office staff, made a careful investigation of the books and vouchers, and full opportunity was afforded to those who had preferred charges against, or who had adversely criticised, the administration of the "Darkest England" funds and institutions to appear and give evidence before the committee. The conclusions at which the committee arrived were that, with one exception, the funds collected by means

of the appeal had been devoted to the proper objects and expended in the way set forth in the appeal. The one exception consisted in the building on the "Farm Colony" used as the barracks of the Salvation Army, and as rent was paid for its use this exception was more apparent than real. With reference to the management and employment of the moneys collected, the members of the committee were of opinion that so far it had been of a business-like, prudent, and economical character, and that the accounts had been kept in a clear and proper manner. Moreover they declared that should the general apply any of the property to other purposes he would be liable to proceedings of both a civil and criminal character for breach of trust. In one point they found fault. A general who should misapply the moneys could be punished after the deed was done, but there was no way of preventing such wrong-doing beforehand. Accordingly the committee suggested that trustees should be appointed with carefully limited powers, and that in their names the real property should be vested. This suggestion, however, conflicts with the fundamental principle of government of the army, which places unfettered power in the hands of one man. The general, therefore, has felt himself unable to comply with the proposed arrangement.

Proposals for the Future.—Having been thus triumphantly vindicated, the general is pushing forward his work with renewed zeal. As things are now, he is in debt to the large amount of three hundred thousand dollars. In his book he had asked for half a million to start with, and ninety thousand dollars per year for ten years. The half million he received, but only a small part of the annual income was subscribed. The works were, however, proceeded with, and money was raised by borrowing from the other wing of the army. Since the publication of the report confidence shows signs of reviving, and subscriptions are again coming in. The general is determined to allow nothing to stand in his way. Should the richer classes of the community withdraw their support he will appeal to its poorer members. He has founded for this purpose a Social League which is to consist of three orders, the first of which is to contribute five guineas per annum, the second one guinea, while the third is to consist of those who promise to give or to collect the latter amount. Membership may also be secured by any one who engages to place at least one half-penny per week in a box to be provided for that purpose, and which will be

collected regularly by agents. General Booth asks his friends to allow these boxes to stand upon their dinner-tables, so that when they sit down to their meals they may be reminded of those who are in want, and may be led to avail themselves of an opportunity of assisting their distressed fellow-creatures. He recalls to their remembrance (without, however, giving due credit for the fact) the customs of their Catholic forefathers, who more or less fed the hungry at their gates or in their halls at the same time as they fed themselves, appealing thus from these days in which the greed of wealth has made England a "paradise for the rich and a hell to the poor" to the times when through faith and charity she deserved to be called "merry."

Operations of the "City Colony."—We have space only for a brief account of the work already accomplished through this the largest effort that has yet been made to modify the existing evils arising from chronic poverty and lack of employment. There are, as our readers are aware, three branches of the work: the City Colony, the Farm Colony, and the Over-Sea Colony. Of these the latter has not yet been commenced, although funds have been set aside and land secured for the purpose. In the London City Colony twelve Men's Shelters and one Women's Shelter have been established where accommodations for the night may be obtained at the cost of from one penny to sixpence, and food at equally low prices. A large number of factories, called "Elevators," have been opened where work is given to all applicants, and a large number of industries are followed. A Labor Registry free of cost has been established, with a central bureau and twelve branches, of which three are in provincial towns. A Prison Gate Home has been opened. Prisoners are met at the gates on their discharge, and housed at the Home for a time, and then either sent to the Elevators or to situations found for them. Attached to the City Colony, but not forming part of it, are a bakery and a match-factory. Besides the Shelter for Women, there are fourteen homes divided into three classes, one for the better class of girls, one for mothers and children, one as a Maternity Home, and the rest for the rougher class of inmates. There is also a Labor Bureau for women, and a kind of missionary enterprise on behalf of the social scheme has been undertaken by what is called the "Slum Brigade." Its members live among the poorest and most degraded, act for them as nurses, doctors, relieving officers; they strive to lead them to improve their position by making use of

the agency of other branches of the social scheme. Seventy-four women are engaged in this work, which is divided into thirty-nine districts.

Operations of the "Farm Colony."—Passing now to the Farm Colony, which is the second step in the development of the scheme, we find that since its opening 1,002 men have been received there; of whom 462 have been sent to situations; 140 have left on their own account, some of them having run away; 88 were dismissed, and 312 are now on the farm. There are in all 1,629 acres, and the estate is situated at a convenient marketing distance from London. Money has been spent in building piggeries, a granary, a dairy, and a covered yard. Good brick-earth having been found, a railway is being constructed in order to facilitate the transport of the bricks to be manufactured. The work on the farm is divided into nine departments: the farm, market garden, brick-making, chair-making, the home, the stores, butchery, poultry, and general works. It is proposed to start a steam joinery works and a chair-making factory, to provide work during the wet winter weather for the colonists who cannot be employed on the land. The cost of feeding the colonists is now 5*s.* 3*d.* a week. The working at the present time exhibits a loss; but this is not to be wondered at considering that a return on the expenditure cannot be looked for for one, two, or three years to come. What we have said is sufficient to show that a business-like effort is being made to realize the promises given two years ago. To ourselves and to our readers the chief interest of this movement lies in the fact that religious motives are the source of the undertaking. A sadly imperfect religion, as we know, but a vast step upward from mere philanthropy; and therefore we cannot but hope that it may prove so successful as to show that even an imperfect religion is more potent than merely human motives in contributing to the temporal well-being of man.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

I.—HIERURGIA; OR, THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.*

This is a very beautiful edition of an exceedingly valuable book. The *Hierurgia* of Dr. Rock is one of the works selected by John Hodges, of Charing Cross, London, for publication as a part of the Catholic Standard Library which he is bringing out, and is the twelfth of the series. The excellence of the paper, the very great accuracy of the print, the profusion and beauty of the engravings and wood-cuts—there are thirty-seven of them in the two volumes—render these volumes what Mr. Hodges desires the books of the Catholic Standard Library to be—specimens of typographical art. The selection of Mr. W. H. James Weale as editor is fortunate, both because Mr. Weale is a Catholic—Catholic works to be of value to Catholic readers should be edited by Catholics—and because of his well-known reputation as an antiquarian, especially in matters ecclesiastical. He is one of the keepers of the South Kensington Museum. We have compared this edition with the one published in 1851 by C. Dolman, London, and find evidence of the careful editing of Mr. Weale. The first edition of the work, the one of 1833, we have never seen. Mr. Hodges is to be complimented on his discernment in selecting Dr. Rock's *Hierurgia* to be a part of the Catholic Standard Library. The work has been long out of print, and yet we know of no work more valuable or accurate or readable. Father O'Brien's *History of the Mass*, published some years ago, is the only work in English published in this country, as far as we know, that at all approaches to *Hierurgia*. Protestant scholars who desire an intellectual conception, comprehensive in its scope, of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will do well to procure these volumes; while every Catholic scholar cannot well afford to be without them. Anent the projected missions to non-Catholics, rumors of which have come to us, we would suggest these volumes as invaluable sources of information to the preachers engaged in this work. Dr. Rock's *Hierur-*

* *Hierurgia; or, The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.* By Daniel Rock, D.D. Third Edition. Revised by W. H. James Weale. Two volumes. John Hodges, Agar Street, Charing Cross, London; New York: Benziger Bros. 1892.

gia is too well known to need further comment, nor would it be within the scope of a book notice to review the book in detail.

2.—WASHINGTON ALLSTON.*

It may seem strange, and at first thought would argue that we are an unappreciative nation, that no complete biography of the great historical painter, Washington Allston, should appear until nearly fifty years after his death. But happily the delay of such a fitting memorial is not to be ascribed to the indifference of the host of his friends and admirers, but to their desire that a book worthy of such an artist should make him more known and loved by his countrymen.

All agree that Richard H. Dana, Sr., was the one who could have done this work better than any other, and it was his loving purpose to have made such a biography his crowning life's work; but death intervened.

Dunlap, Irving, Mrs. Jameson, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and a few others have contributed short sketches of his life.

The author of this biography has had before him the notes and plan of the unfinished work of the elder Dana, and has been assisted by Miss R. Charlotte Dana, Mr. George W. Flagg, and other relatives and friends of Allston. His method is that of Newman in writing the *Lives of the Fathers*, the pen-picture of his subject, not the measurement of him according to the abstract principles of art. On this account we have found the book interesting throughout. The general reader is content with knowing the artist in his life and works without learning the lessons which he studied, just as the average visitor of art galleries looks on pictures with pleasure, but would not submit with patience to hear lectures on their style of composition.

The subject of this narrative was born in the State of South Carolina during the time of the Revolutionary War. His boyhood was spent at school in Newport, R. I., where his talent and love for painting were wonderfully displayed. At this time he was fortunate in receiving encouragement from the principal men in this centre of culture, among whom were Bishop Berkeley; King, who was himself a fair artist, and Malbone, who was a celebrated miniature painter. Afterwards he entered Har-

* *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston.* By Jared B. Flagg, N.A., S.T.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

vard College, and during his academical course of study found much leisure for his favorite art; and when he graduated in 1800 had decided to follow the profession of art. Not finding in this country a chance to acquire the cultivation which he desired for his life's work, one year after leaving college he went to London, where he became a student of the Royal Academy, then presided over by Benjamin West, an American, who had already become famous as an artist. Here his progress was rapid; at the end of three years he had acquired the power of conception and facility of execution which afterwards enabled him to rise to the first rank of modern painters. In 1804 he went to Paris, which then contained the greatest collection of masterpieces in Europe, and thus became acquainted with the chief excellences of the various schools, which broadened his taste. A year of hard work in Florence and four years in Rome put the finishing touches to his education.

His most famous productions are, "The Dead Man Revived," for which he received a prize of two hundred guineas, which was purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; "St. Peter Liberated by an Angel," purchased by Sir George Beaumont; "Uriel in the Sun"; "Jacob's Dream"; "Portrait of S. T. Coleridge"; "The Sisters"; and the unfinished "Belshazzar's Feast," all of which are now considered among the choicest works of art.

From 1818 until the time of his death, in 1843, he lived quietly in Boston and Cambridgeport, Mass., devoting nearly his whole time to his profession. He was remarkable for literary taste, which he occasionally displayed in verses; his letters to his friends are beautiful compositions.

He had a deep religious spirit and high moral sensibility, as the following incident will show. Once when suffering from pecuniary embarrassment in London, having sold a picture for a considerable sum, it occurred to him that to a prurient imagination it might have an immoral effect; he returned the money and destroyed the picture.

His personal qualities attracted a most select coterie of friends.

The Life and Letters before us is published in a most attractive form, and is illustrated by eighteen representations of Allston's productions in the best style of printing.

3.—THE WORKS OF SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.*

We think it well to reproduce here the title-page of the volume before us, as it gives the clue to the projected publication of a complete edition of the works of St. Francis: *Œuvres de Saint François de Sales, Évêque de Genève et Docteur de l'Église. Édition complète, d'apres les autographes, et les éditions originales, enrichie de nombreuses pièces inédites. Dédiée a N. S. P. le Pape Léon XIII., et honorée d'un Bref de sa Sainteté. Publiée sur l'invitation de Mgr. Isoard, Évêque d'Annecy, par les soins des Religieuses de la Visitation du Ier Monastère d'Annecy.*

The present volume is the first to appear of this important publication. It is not within the scope of a book notice to do more than indicate the importance of the work and its contents. The dedication of the work is to Leo XIII., *Pape de Saint Rosaire, Docteur de la société moderne, indefatigable Zélateur de la Prière et des Études.*

The first volume contains the letter of the Holy Father, with an admirable French translation, granting permission to dedicate the work to himself. It also contains the decree *urbis et orbis*, "*Quanto Ecclesiæ*," of Pius IX. declaring Saint Francis a Doctor of the Church, and the solemn brief of the same illustrious pope, "*Dives in Misericordia Deus*," to the same purpose.

These documents are followed by a letter of commendation from Louis Isoard, Bishop of Annecy, addressed to the readers of the present volume. The general introduction by the learned Dom B. Mackey, O.S.B., is a most interesting essay on the life, work, and character of the saint, and constitutes not the least valuable portion of the present volume. Dom Mackey writes under the following captions: I. Intellectual growth of St. Francis, viewed from the history of his works; II. Character of the works of St. Francis; III. Former editions of the works of St. Francis; IV. The present edition of the saint's works. The general introduction comprises some seventy-five pages.

In passing, we may refer to the admirable preface written by Dom Mackey to the English translation of *The Catholic*

* *Œuvres de Saint François de Sales, Évêque de Genève et Docteur de l'Église. Édition complète. Dédiée a sa Sainteté Léon XIII. Publiée sur l'invitation de Mgr. Isoard, Évêque d'Annecy, par les soins des Religieuses de la Visitation du Ier Monastère d'Annecy.* London: Burns & Oates.

Controversy of St. Francis de Sales, and to the many contributions to Catholic literature from that group of learned Benedictines: Dom F. Cuthbert Doyle, Dom Francis Gasquet, D.D., and Dom H. Benedict Mackey.

After the general introduction there follows a scholarly preface to this first volume, which is also written by Dom Mackey. There is also a list of authors, Catholic and non-Catholic, quoted or named by St. Francis, and of works referred to. The list serves to show the great erudition of the saint. It is curious to note how thoroughly he was acquainted with the writings of Luther, there being no less than twenty-four of Luther's works mentioned in the list.

The main part of the volume, comprising some 387 pages, is devoted to *Les Controverses*. At the end are *Attestations d'authenticité jointes a l'autographe conservé à Rome dans la Bibliothèque Chigi*.

Finally the volume concludes with a *Glossaire des locutions et mots surannés employés par Saint François de Sales dans les Controverses*, and a table showing the new order followed in this edition as compared with the older ones.

The great importance of the works of the great modern Doctor of the Church is the warrant for sending out this magnificent edition of his works, and the care and attention shown in the publishing of this first volume is a pledge of the thoroughness with which the other volumes will be prepared.

4.—FOUARD'S SAINT PAUL.*

We have received from the hand of the author the history which he has just published of the three great missions of St. Paul the Apostle.

Such a work comes to our hands at this moment like a welcome visitor in a lonely hour. While we are preparing to follow in the footsteps of our great patron in evangelizing the non-Catholics of our land, we are often tired and weary. We take up such a work as this of the Abbé Fouard and read in the eloquent language, terse and vigorous, in which he writes, of the life and apostolic labors and journeys of the saint, and our hearts take fire and are filled with zeal to do great things

* *Saint Paul ses Missions*. Par l'Abbé C. Fouard. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

for God. To those, and there are many, who are interested in the conversion of the people of our country to the faith, this book will be a guide and a help. There are many points which the men of this age and this generation have in common with the age and generation of St. Paul the Apostle. It will need men, therefore, with the spirit *omnia in omnibus* like him to meet the difficulties and needs of our people. The book shows how St. Paul met his audiences; shows who and what they were, and how the great apostle adapted himself to them. We commend it, therefore, to the serious and earnest study of our fellow-workmen in the priesthood. We are glad, also, to be able to say that there will be for sale very soon an English translation. We hope to give a more extended notice at that time.

We hope also, at some day in the not far distant future, to have another volume on St. Paul's conversion and preparation for his apostolate, and his last visit to and death at Rome.

5.—BROWNSON'S VIEWS.*

"Believing that many persons are deterred by the cost and the size of the complete edition of 'Brownson's Works,' in twenty volumes, from owning and reading them, it has been thought likely that a small book of extracts containing that writer's views on questions of great interest would be acceptable. In this busy age, also, men have not, or fancy they have not, time to read anything larger than a small duodecimo; and although it is impossible to make extracts from any author of the first order of genius that will not suffer by being torn from their connections, and consequently the author is placed at a disadvantage before the public, yet the spread of sound principles on the subjects embraced in this volume seems important enough to warrant the undertaking." These words are from the preface of the volume before us. They are true and wise. For the very reasons stated by Major Brownson his present work will prove most acceptable. During the past eighteen months the writer of this notice has entered the libraries of some twenty or more of his friends, in various parts of the country, chiefly those of clergymen, and in many of them he has seen the complete works of Brownson. A natural question has been, Do you read

* *Literary, Scientific, and Political Views of Orestes A. Brownson.* Selected from his works by Henry F. Brownson. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Brownson? And the answer has invariably been, Yes, and with profit always. Sometimes the question was put in these words: Have you read all of Brownson? An expression was at once visible on the face of the party addressed which showed that a foolish question had been asked. Indicating that your question was fair and earnest, you were answered by being asked, How and when could I, busy as I am with the cares of a parish, have had time to read twenty volumes, and read anything else? Major Brownson is right. Men have not, or fancy they have not, time to read anything larger than a duodecimo. In nine cases out of ten it is more fact than fancy. But Dr. Brownson is much read nevertheless. His works to those who have the means to possess them are reference books of great value, and his authority on most subjects of which he treats is of great weight. One clergyman to whom the question, "Have you read all of Brownson," was put, answered, "No, and do not expect to. But I often read him. In the evening, when I feel that I will not be interrupted, I take down a volume at random, and read with very great delight whatever I happen on." This may be a very inexact method, but it is the way of busy people. So this volume of extracts will prove valuable. It will serve as a sort of index to the complete works, for from the extracts one will be induced to go to the original for thorough information on the subject in hand. The book is sure to go into a second edition. When it does we suggest that not only the volume from which the extract is taken be indicated, but also the title of the work, essay, or review. The extracts are ample and to the point, and are arranged under the following captions: "Literature, Education, The Sciences, The United States, Political Economy, Civil and Religious Liberty, Philosophy, Philosophy of the Supernatural," making in all a volume of some four hundred pages of closely printed matter.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

IN the cozy parlor of a most successful Catholic writer a party of friends met about a year ago to talk over the prospects of the Catholic Reading Circle movement. The conversation was turned into a sort of guessing bee when the question was asked: "How many Catholics have written books of fiction?" Every one agreed, after mentioning many names, that the total number would hardly exceed one hundred. The Columbian Reading Union is now prepared to furnish a list of over two hundred Catholic writers of fiction, whose complete works would make a collection of about one thousand volumes. After many plans of arrangement had been tried and discarded, it was finally decided to limit the list to those story-writers and novelists whose names could be found on the title-page of a book; hence the names of many who have written exquisite stories for THE CATHOLIC WORLD and other publications could not be included. By the methods of co-operation which we have encouraged, this list can be fully completed if each one who perceives any omission will promptly send the information to the Columbian Reading Union.

* * *

For the tedious work involved in the preparation of the list of fiction-writers we are indebted to the Rev. John Talbot Smith. To him it was a labor of love for the sadly-neglected makers of our Catholic literature. He makes no attempt to disguise his indignation in pointing out some of the errors of catalogue-makers and publishers, who send forth books which are not as the authors wrote them; change titles, and make translations appear as original works, in many cases omitting even to mention the name of the author. Many stories have appeared whose authors are unknown. The Catholic Publication Society Co. deserves honorable mention for unrewarded efforts to classify accurately the works produced for the Catholic book-trade in the United States. Next in merit are the catalogues issued by Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

* * *

For the present we cannot undertake, for want of funds, to send this new list of Catholic writers of fiction free of cost to educational institutions. Only those who have paid one dollar for the year 1893 are entitled to the lists published by the Columbian Reading Union. No generous benefactor has yet appeared this year to pay the expense of sending our documents gratuitously to public libraries. Our efforts for the diffusion of good literature are limited by the funds at our disposal. We hope the friends of the movement in the past will promptly send a substantial proof of their continued interest in our work for Catholic literature.

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The experiment of a Catholic Summer-School proved very successful at New London, Conn., where the first session was held in August, 1892. Since that

time the question of a permanent location has been much discussed, and several places where inducements were offered were visited by members of the General Council. Every proposal was maturely considered before the site near Plattsburgh was finally accepted. The future home of the Summer-School, known at present as the Armstrong Farm, is beautifully located on Lake Champlain three miles south of Plattsburgh, and contains four hundred and fifty acres of land. There is about one mile of lake-front, and a large section of wooded land which can easily be transformed into a classic grove. The property includes the Bluff Point quarry, from which the United States government took stone to build the breakwater on Lake Champlain. There is a military post near by which the government is improving at a cost of $250,000. The Delaware and Hudson Railroad has a station near the property. There are several buildings on the estate which can be utilized. The estate was purchased by the citizens of Plattsburgh and the Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company for $36,000, and given in fee simple to the Catholic Summer-School. For the purposes of next summer's school the free use is offered of the Plattsburgh Opera House, the High School building, and the Normal School.

The Catholic Summer-School is now organized under a charter granted by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, so that its property will be exempt from taxation, and it will have authority to award diplomas. The General Council of the trustees is limited to twenty-five, of whom five must be business men. The remainder is made up of clergymen and professional men. At a recent meeting the Hon. John D. Crimmins, of New York; Major John Byrne, of New York; J. M. Mertens, of Syracuse; the Hon. John B. Riley, of Plattsburgh, and Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, of Boston, were elected to membership.

The officers of the association are: President, the Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia; First Vice-President, Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., of New York; Second Vice-President, George Parsons Lathrop, of New London; Treasurer, the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.; Secretary, Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, O.; Chairman of Board of Studies, the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.; Chairman of the Committee on Audits, George E. Hardy, of New York.

The Committee on Finance, which has charge of the property, consists of George Parsons Lathrop, of New London; the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.; Major John Byrne, of New York; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, of Boston, and W. R. Claxton, of Philadelphia.

The Executive Committee, which has supreme control of the work of the school, consists of seven members appointed by the Council.

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Those who attended the school last summer have been anxiously awaiting the announcement of the programme for the second session. This programme has not yet been fully completed, but in deference to the many urgent requests the Board of Studies have consented to make a statement through their chairman, Rev. Thomas McMillan, of the plans thus far considered.

Six regular courses, to include at least thirty lectures, have been outlined on the following subjects: Educational epochs, philosophy of history, science and religion, literature, ethical problems, and mental philosophy. Final arrangements for these lectures cannot be completed until the next regular meeting of the General Council. Negotiations are under way, however, to secure Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., Vice-President of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, for the course

on ethical problems; Brother Azarias, of the De La Salle Institute, New York City, for the course on educational epochs; Charles Warren Stoddard, of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., for the course on literature; Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., of the Notre Dame University, Indiana, for the course on science and religion; Rev. J. A. Doonan, S.J., of Boston College, for the course on mental philosophy, and Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J., of London, editor of *The Month*, for the course on the philosophy of history.

An invitation has been sent also to Brother Potamian, of the Christian Brothers' College at Tooting, England, who is recognized as one of the highest living authorities on electrical subjects. In union with the editor of *Engineering*, he prepared a standard work on the recent developments of electrical science. He received the degree of doctor of science from the London University, and was the first Catholic thus honored by an English university since the Reformation.

In addition to these distinguished names for the regular courses many prominent specialists are expected for the lectures on miscellaneous topics. Among them are Agnes Repplier; Agnes L. Sadlier; Judge Robinson, of Yale University; George Parsons Lathrop, of New London, Conn.; Revs. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., editor of *The Catholic World;* J. L. O'Neil, O.P., former editor of the *Rosary Magazine;* T. J. Conaty, D.D., editor of the *Home and School Magazine;* J. H. McMahon, of the New York Cathedral; D. J. O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, Vt., and William Livingston, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. Arrangements are also in progress for a series of illustrated lectures by Messrs. Thomas H. Cummings and Donald Downie.

* * *

The General Council decided unanimously to adopt the report presented at the recent meeting of that body, providing for the appointment of a women's committee of five members, to act in conjunction with the Board of Studies. This auxiliary committee is intended to prepare plans for securing the active co-operation of Reading Circles and other organizations, especially devoted to the interests of women. Except during the time of the session, this work will be carried on by letter. The secretary of the committee will prepare a detailed report for the Board of Studies on all matters calculated to protect women's interests at the Summer-School.

For 1893 the following ladies have been invited to act on this committee: Miss K. G. Broderick and Miss A. T. Horgan, of New York City; Miss E. C. Cronyn, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss E. Gaffney, of Rochester, N. Y., and Miss E. A. McMahon, Secretary, of Boston, Mass.

At the New London session women teachers and members of Reading Circles attended in large numbers, representing New York, Maryland, Kentucky, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Minnesota, Georgia, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Michigan, Indiana, Louisiana, California, Missouri, the District of Columbia, and Nova Scotia. This list shows the widespread interest that was taken in the Summer-School.

The object of the Catholic Summer-School is to foster intellectual culture in harmony with Christian faith by means of lectures and special courses on university extension lines, conducted by competent instructors, while at the same time combining healthful recreation and profitable entertainment. On this line of principle and of thought the Catholic Summer-School proposes to offer to its students, young and old, abundant instruction in the various departments of knowledge. The spontaneous demand which arose for something of this kind

met with hearty approval from high dignitaries of the Church in the United States and aroused much interest among laymen and clerics.

The plan adopted for the Summer-School does not conflict with existing educational institutions. It does not aim, nor does it advertise, to fill the wants provided for by colleges and universities, but, on the contrary, is intended to be a helpful auxiliary to them, besides doing a special work exclusively its own. In conjunction with the Reading-Circle movement, it will fill the wants of those who have completed the college course, and of those who never had nor expect to have an opportunity for a college course. It is for persons in professional and private life, graduates and under-graduates, for those who are ambitious in every walk of life to teach and to learn.

* * *

Miss Katharine E. Conway, of the Boston *Pilot*, had a large audience at Cathedral Hall, Rochester, N. Y., to hear her admirable paper on "The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate." Rev. T. A. Hendricks presided. The members of the Catholic Reading Circles were present in large numbers to testify their appreciation of one whose work at Boston has strengthened the Reading-Circle movement throughout the United States. We never felt in sympathy with the theory which would restrain women of acknowledged ability from expressing their thoughts on public questions in the home circle and in social gatherings. Under competent management there is also a work to be done by women, and for the advancement of women's interests, from the public platform, whether their utterances be called readings or lectures. After reading carefully the reports of Miss Conway's paper in the Rochester papers, kindly sent to us by a vigilant correspondent, we feel our convictions on this matter very much strengthened. In many places Catholic women are deprived of some of the best thoughts from thinkers of their own sex, on account of fanciful objections to women appearing to speak on public occasions.

The Rochester *Union and Advertiser* states that, although making no pretension to oratory, Miss Conway has a pleasing and expressive voice easily heard, so distinct is her enunciation. She dwelt on the influence of women in various spheres. In her opinion public life is not generally for woman, and she manifested no sympathy for female suffragists. Numerous instances of the influence of women on affairs of state, society, and religion were given in which she showed that these influences were exerted primarily in the domestic circle, where there was no loss of womanly character. On the question of a college education for girls Miss Conway's opinion was that it is all right for girls with college heads. There are a few women, she believed, fitted perhaps for professional life; but for most women the home is their proper place. Where one woman, by years of study and preparation, has attained a position of public influence, a hundred others, untried and unprepared, are rewarded with indifferent success at the expense of a life of usefulness in domestic circles. The biographies of such women, which appear in papers that thrive on human vanity, give an idea of the cheap and spectacular notoriety which has, in some minds, taken away dignity and comfort.

The regeneration of society will not come from club life, but from quiet, painstaking domesticity. When girls get out of college they should not forget home and its duties. Their standard should be the perfection of womanhood which is better than to be greatest in music, literature, or art. A happy home of virtue and blessedness surpasses the highest worldly fame ever won by women. The women who have wielded the greatest influence in the world were the women

of the salons. Their power lay in the natural charm of highly developed womanhood. While there are men who quote Byron and Moore on women, there were never so many men who stood ready to encourage women as there are to-day. She is the dispenser of material and spiritual encouragement. In the morning call, the reception, and the dinner party her influence for good lies in generous and cultured hospitality.

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How to Study is the title of a small pamphlet by a professor at Niagara University, New York. Bishop Spalding, in a letter to Father Downing, C.M., says it will be "a great help to students." Bishop Ryan approves it in these words: "The application of this method of study will assist the memory, and help to develop all the powers of the mind." So many patent remedies, which will not be given out for public investigation, are now in vogue, that we are disposed to welcome a learned professor who insists that undivided attention is the best aid to memory, and that the mind can be trained to habitual attention by reason and common sense. His method is plain and simple by question and answer. Having stated that a good memory is absolutely necessary to attain success in study, he proceeds as follows:

"Memory is the recalling of a past *mental impression;* but there can be no mental impression without attention; hence, when no attention has been paid, there is *nothing* to be remembered. You cannot take money out of your pocket if there is no money in it. You cannot recall a mental impression when no impression has been made on the mind.

"*Q.* But do I not remember some things to which I paid but little attention?

"*A.* You remember them just in proportion as you paid attention. If you were only half-attentive, you can only half-remember. Many people injure their memories by paying only partial attention; they expect memory to recall *distinctly* an impression which was *indistinctly* made.

"*Q.* Can you more clearly explain the meaning of the mental impression?

"*A.* Yes; after having steadfastly gazed upon Niagara Falls you easily remember this wonderful scene, because, while you were looking at the Falls your undivided attention imprinted upon your mind a *vivid picture, a photograph,* a 'mental impression.' You do not remember the people you met at the Falls, because, although you saw them, your slight attention to them left on your mind only a *weak* impression which soon *faded* out.

"*Q.* Can you give some illustrations of the effects of undivided attention?

"*A.* Yes. The sun's rays are so powerful when brought to a point by the sun-glass, they will kindle a fire; so when the powers of the mind are brought together by undivided attention, they make a more vivid and lasting impression. The flume collects the wayward waters of a river and puts them to good use. Undivided attention utilizes the powers of the mind by directing them into one channel. Undivided attention may be illustrated by the funnel which controls and unites streams of fluid which would otherwise be scattered and wasted."

A copy of this excellent pamphlet may be obtained for five cents; 100 copies, $3; 200 copies, $5. Send remittance with order to the Treasurer of Niagara University, Niagara County, N. Y.

M. C. M.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has earnestly contended for the principle of Home Rule in Ireland. Its many and vigorous articles during the past decade have done not a little to mould public opinion in favor of a large and generous effort to readjust the differences between the two countries. With considerable pleasure it joins in the general congratulations expressed at the universally accepted measure of Home Rule offered by Mr. Gladstone. The bill is a wonderful monument to the genius, perseverance, and historical insight of the great statesman who has played the chief part in its construction.

It may have a stormy time before it, but it is certain to triumph in the end. There is no section of Irish Nationalists, call themselves what they will, who will be bold enough or unpatriotic enough to attack it. Subject to amendments in some detail, it is frankly accepted by all. This is in itself a splendid augury, not only for the prospects of the bill, but for the no less serious problem of the future peace and progress of a long vexed and unhappy country.

In the able paper of George McDermot the only real objection as yet offered to the bill is effectually answered.

Father Ryder's article on "Modern Biblical Criticism" will be read with a great deal of interest in view of the many discussions among scholars as to the limits of "Inspiration." Among the sects higher criticism has almost demolished the last stronghold of their faith, and in the contention as to how far the divine responsibility extends many have entirely thrown aside the Sacred Book.

Father Ryder, with all his deep learning and theological acumen, gives us a luminous exposition of the Catholic position. The present article will be followed by another dealing with the vexed question of the "Obiter dicta."

Christian Reid's vivid description of the wonderful "Valenciana Mine," with its enormous output of silver, with its magnificent stairway leading for two thousand feet into the bowels of the earth, with its twenty-eight miles of underground passages, reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights. The *patio* process

of reducing the ore seems quaint in comparison with our modern stamp-mill, but it is doubtful if any better process for a certain class of ore has ever been invented.

The interesting narrative taken from the Journal of the Sisters living at the Arctic Circle will induce many a generous one to bestow on them a little of what we enjoy so much living within the pale of civilization. They are now enduring as best they can the dreadful colds of an Alaskan winter. It will be July before they get the first news from the civilized world. The boat that leaves San Francisco in June should carry some generous donation from THE CATHOLIC WORLD readers.

CORRIGENDA.

For Arminians, on page 748, line 25, read Armenians.
For Driado, page 748, line 32, read Driedo.
For test., page 748, line 12, read lect.
For quod, page 752, line 32, read quoad.
For encourage, page 753, line 21, read envisage.

NEW BOOKS.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Words of Wisdom from the Scriptures. A Concordance to the Sapiential Books. Prepared from the French (Migne's collection). Edited by Rev. John J. Bell. With a Preface by Very Rev. A. Magnien, S.S., D.D.

George T. Dixon, Toronto:
The Archdiocese of Toronto and Archbishop Walsh, with an Introduction by His Grace the Archbishop (Jubilee volume). Illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Froebel and Education by Self-Activity. By H. Courthope Bowen, M.A. (The Great Educators.)

Burns & Oates, London:
Œuvres de St. François de Sales. Tome I., Les Controverses.

Macmillan & Co., New York and London:
Don Orsino. By F. Marion Crawford.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
A Moral Dilemma. By Annie Thompson.

Catholic Truth Society of England:
A Mother's Sacrifice, and Other Tales. By A. M. Clarke.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago:
First Steps in Philosophy (Physical and Ethical). By William Mackintire Salter.

PAMPHLETS.

The Tenth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Indian Rights Association, 1892. Philadelphia: Arch Street.

The Theocracy and the Law of National Caducity. A Reply to recent dissertations on the *Temporal Power.* By the Author of "Civil Principality." London: Burns & Oates.

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